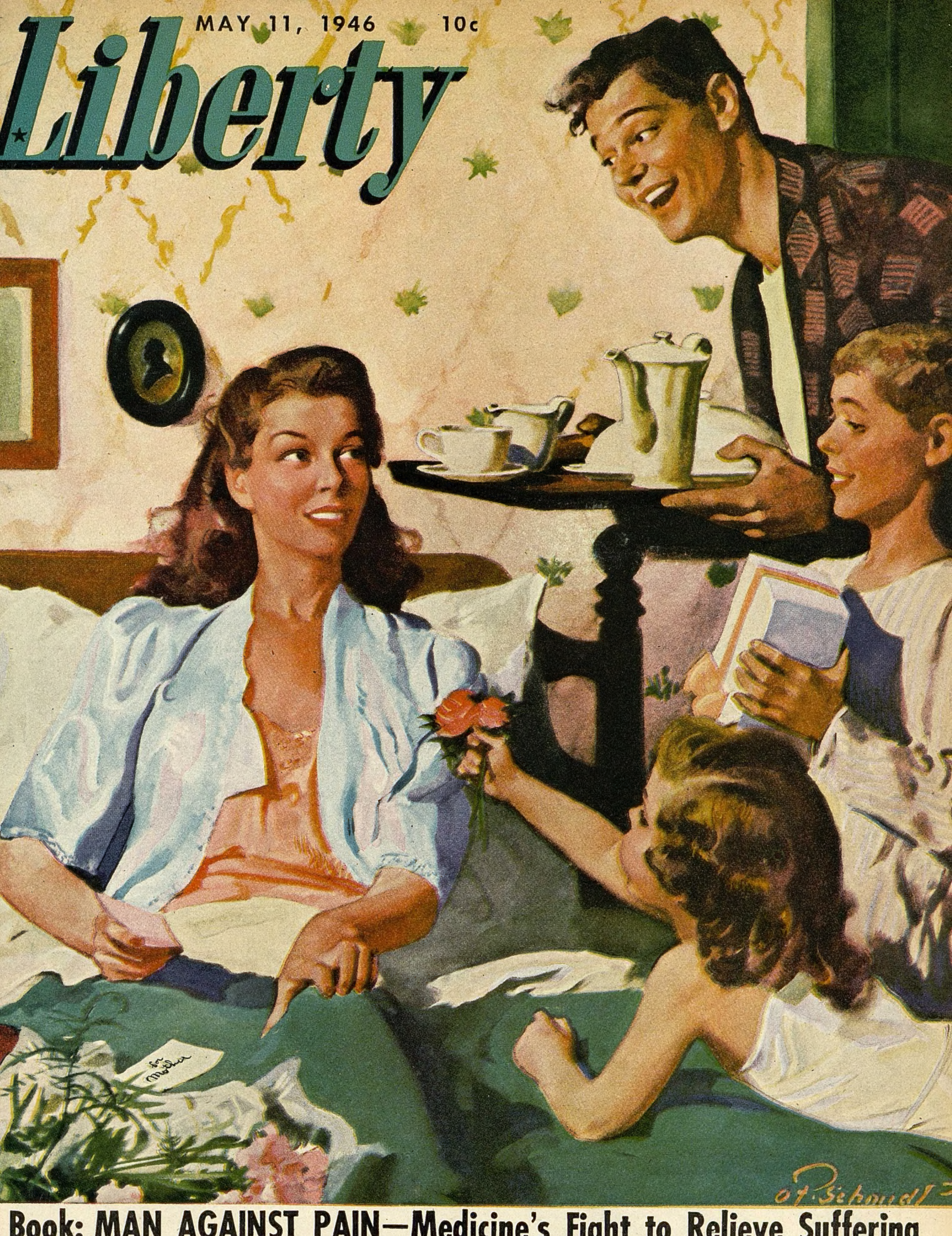
Liberty

MAY 11, 1946 10c



Book: MAN AGAINST PAIN—Medicine's Fight to Relieve Suffering

BEGINNING A NEW URSULA PARROTT LOVE STORY

It's fun to go out
When the sun's about
And fix a screen or two.

And it's fun to go in
When shadows begin
And fix a cocktail, too.
H. E. Kelley

Quittin' time is cocktail time

...And Cocktail Time is Old Thompson Time, for "Thompson" makes them *good.* There's no secret why. It's because Old Thompson is blended in Kentucky by Glenmore and you taste the Glenmore touch-of-quality in every sip.... Try Old Thompson in your next drink and meet the one blend that makes them the way you like them—everytime!

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
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Blended Whiskey

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

Now you can look better than you have in years!

Vitalis is back!

This is the day your hair has been waiting for all war long.

Vitalis . . . yes, *genuine* Vitalis . . . is back!

Remember?

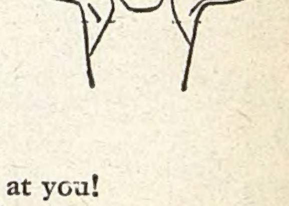
Remember how *alive* your hair used to look? And your scalp used to *feel?* How your hair had that *naturally* well-groomed, exactly-right look . . . and *stayed* that way? And how knowing that gave you the extra confidence that helps a man go places?

Remember? . . . Then get a bottle today. Treat your head to the healthful, invigorating tingle of Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout." Then sneak a look at yourself in the mirror.

Man, you look better than you've looked in years!

Reconvert with Vitalis! Whether a job or a girl is included in your postwar plans, Vitalis will help you. Here's how to have the handsome, vigorous-looking hair you get when you use . . .

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"



The famous "60-Second Workout." First, take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. Feel that stimulating tingle as circulation quickens. And with the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis, your hair takes on a fresher, natural lustre.

Now . . . 10 seconds to comb—and Man, take a look at you! Your hair's in place and set to stay that way. What's more, the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" routs embarrassing loose dandruff, prevents dryness, and helps retard excessive falling hair.

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Painted by O. F. Schmidt

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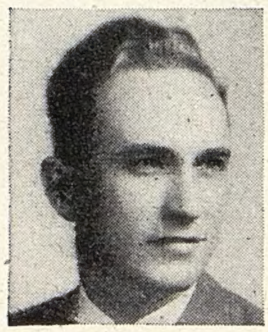
JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND THE BY-LINE

At thirty, Ned Russell is chief of the London Bureau of the New York Herald Tribune. For the past four years he's been lobbing news stories across the Atlantic as adroitly as he once slammed balls over the net. For Russell was a national tennis champion back in 1933 when he exchanged the racket for the typewriter and became a newspaperman. This week he introduces Trygve Lie, KEEPER OF THE PEACE. . . . Ruth Moore first discovered the World Almanac when she had a job answering questions for subscribers to the Encyclopedia Britannica. She used it often after she started free-lancing and it never failed her. Several months ago she decided to write an article on the men who publish it. And that's how THE THREE GAZETTEERS was born. Miss Moore is a regular Jill-of-all-trades, having done everything from social work for a federal agency to theatrical publicity. . . . Much of the material in CUMSHAW (see page 19) hinges on Jack Huie's experience as a naval supply officer aboard a tanker and an attack transport in the Pacific. Before the war he was a schoolteacher and a country editor in the South. Now he's in California, working on a novel about a Southern politician of the Senators Bilbo-Claghorn variety.



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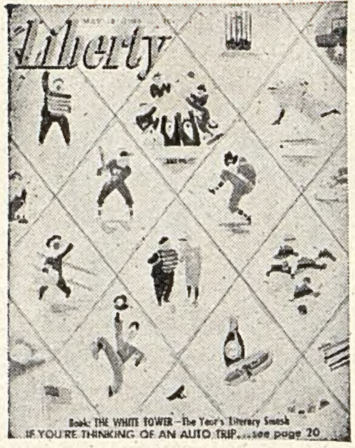
Liberty
Book: THE WHITE TOWER—The Year's Literary Smash
IF YOU'RE THINKING OF AN AUTO TRIP... see page 20

Does the coming struggle between THE LION AND THE BEAR in the Middle East mean war? Not necessarily, says Waverley Root, who tells why Britain and Russia are shaking their fists at each other. . . . IF YOU HIT THE ROAD in the old jalopy this summer, you'll need to know about restaurant, rest-room, and other conditions. Here's Dickson Hartwell's firsthand report. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE WHITE TOWER, by James Ramsey Ullman, is a saga of love, fear, and courage—the year's literary smash.

If your car feels like *this*... it's time for MARFAK Chassis Lubrication

THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH **MARFAK!**

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

NOT ALL FEMALES ARE LADIES

Rochester, N. Y.—I find that when a female really acts like a lady, there are plenty of gentlemen among the males—all ages.

There may be an overwhelming ratio of females to males, but there are still fewer ladies. Not all females are ladies!—*Alice L. Fauber.*

SUBCONSCIOUS SKELETONS

Philadelphia, Pa.—Are you being psychoanalyzed? Everybody else is, it seems. And I think it's ridiculous and sometimes dangerous. Nobody recognizes a purely physical ailment any more. If you've got a toothache, they call it a guilt complex. If you want to travel, it's probably because you've got a mother complex. If you like privacy, it turns out that you're suffering from a persecution complex.

I grant that there are some cases where mental upsets can cause actual physical disability. And sometimes analysis will straighten you out.

But it's not healthy for perfectly normal people to go around digging skeletons out of their subconscious. By the time they're through, they will be complex-ridden, whether they started out that way or not. —*Bill Pard.*

ON FEEDING THE GERMANS

Bluffton, Ind.—There's one thing Perry M. (Vox Pop, March 23) seems to have overlooked. Although the Germans started the war, there is one thing to consider—the children of that country are our future peace. If we let them starve, they will hate us. And if they can, they will wage war against us.—*Mrs. A. F. N.*

New Milford, Ohio—Perry M. is right! I don't want to feed any Germans' faces! What can we do about it? If any food at all goes to Europe, it means that the German people will have a better chance of survival. They shouldn't survive at all —they breed trouble as fast as a dog breeds fleas!—*Mrs. H. B.*

SPEAK UP!

Narragansett Bay, R. I.—A. C. Hinsdale says in Vox Pop (March 16), "Hush about Russia, or else write a good constructive article." Has he forgotten that one of the laws provided by our Constitution is freedom of the press—not oppression of it, such as Russia has?

The American people are entitled to know the truth about foreign lands.—*Bruce Nusbaum.*

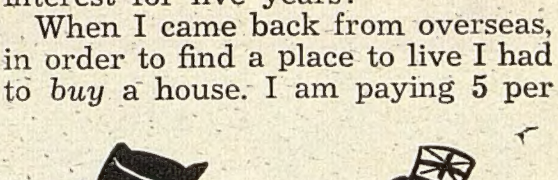
BRIDGE IS STIMULATING

Providence, R. I.—The good old game of bridge is gradually becoming extinct in the face of gin rummy, poker, and fads like mah-jongg. And I, for one, think it's a shame. Most card games are simply games of chance, but bridge is a pastime for experts. It's stimulating for the mind, it makes for intelligence, and it depends on skill rather than fate. I wish more people would learn how to play. It's becoming impossible to find a fourth in any neighborhood. —*Beryl King.*

CITIZEN vs. ENGLAND

Minneapolis, Minn.—Why lend England $6,000,000,000, and, if we do, charge only 2 per cent with no interest for five years?

When I came back from overseas, in order to find a place to live I had to *buy* a house. I am paying 5 per cent on a mortgage on it, and 6 per cent on a contract for deed. I didn't attempt a G.I. loan at the time I purchased the house, because houses were based on 1939 estimates then and the G.I. loan was useless.



I have always paid my bills, while England still owes us from the last war and has no intention of paying. What do we owe England? How

(*Continued on page 8*)

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY

Pepsi-Cola
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Hats
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Hats
A. MARKS

"Only $19.80, Madame, plus a two cent deposit on the bottle!"

The Movie Man of the Year.......in the Comedy Hit of the Year!

Oscar Winner Ray Milland follows up his dramatic triumph in "The Lost Weekend" . . . and this time he's after the laughter prize!

Start laughing! Loosen up your funnybone because Olivia, Ray and Sonny are hitting new heights of hilarity in the screaming screen riot that just *couldn't* be funnier!

Paramount presents

"THE WELL GROOMED BRIDE"

starring

Olivia DeHavilland
Ray Milland
Sonny Tufts

with
James Gleason · Constance Dowling
Percy Kilbride · Jean Heather
Produced by Fred Kohlmar
Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Screen Play by Claude Binyon and Robert Russell

Alto, muy alto!

High, very high above the blue Caribbean they distill this famous "Mountain Rum"

T. Sinnickson

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Up goes your enjoyment of rum—when the rum is Ron Merito. This delectable "mountain rum" is distilled in Puerto Rican uplands, where nature helps man to achieve taste perfection. The better the rum, the better the drink. Better use Ron Merito!

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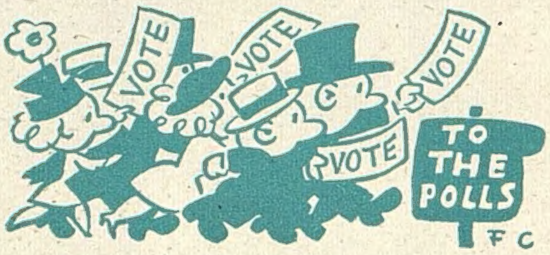
(*Continued from page 6*)

come England comes before a citizen (and an overseas veteran besides) in our country?—*W. E. Fisher.*

Anybody ready with an answer?—VOX POP EDITOR.

UNCLE SUCKER

WARSAW, N. Y.—If, as Perry M. says in Vox Pop (March 23), Uncle Sam is a sucker, so are several millions of his nephews and nieces, because they have, through their indulgence, allowed him to become one. About the only way by which the old boy can be prevented from becoming a bigger sucker is for every one of us who are of voting age to go to the polls and vote him a brand-new set of guardians who are able and willing to place the welfare of this nation above that of certain groups within it.—*C. A. Betz.*



THIS IS THE HOME OF THE NEGRO

SEATTLE, WASH.—So T. A. Lockwall (Vox Pop, March 23) thinks that "many years ago the white folks went pioneering to make this country the great nation it is." And therefore "why not let us Negroes go pioneering also?" Did it ever occur to him and his kind that it was also the blood, sweat, and tears of innocent dark-skinned slaves that cultivated this country

I'm only fifteen years old, not out of high school; yet I have already experienced some situations which I hate to think the following generations of Negroes might experience. —*Eugene Walton.*

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS—I think Vox Poppers Buddy Miller and T. A. Lockwall are wrong in suggesting that Negroes settle in Africa. Our fathers fought and died in many wars. They didn't die for Africa. Why should we give our lives for America and then go to Africa to live? Africans are discriminated against, too.—*Pvt. W. C. F.*

THE GAME OF GOLF

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It's beginning again—the season when grown men knock themselves out hitting little white balls around the grass with sticks. Golf may be one means of luring human beings out into the open air, but a good brisk walk would do just as well.

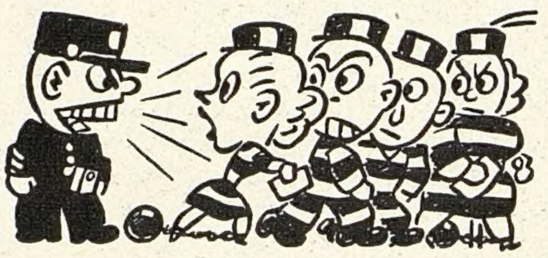
And the land that's been earmarked for golf courses is usually the best real estate in the country—at a time when good real estate is at a premium!—*R. K. L.*

SUN WORSHIPERS

JACKSON HEIGHTS, L. I.—Every summer the same old trek takes place. People jam the beaches to worship the sun and get themselves burned to a crisp. I don't get it. Unless they make a daily business of it, they never get an even tan. And there's nothing attractive about people whose noses are always peeling. —*B. R. T.*

COURTESY IS DEAD

NEW YORK, N. Y.—They used to call it war nerves; now it's commonly known as postwar jitters. But by any other name it's still utter lack of courtesy. You walk into a store or a restaurant, and merchandise and food are thrown at you. You get on a bus, and the driver treats you like a member of a chain gang.



And the customers are just as bad. They demand service instead of asking for it. It's high time we stopped this business of being rude to everybody. A kind word and a smile will always get more than a scowl and a growl.—*Laura V.*

WAGES AND PRICES

CHICAGO, ILL.—Paul Hunter seems to think that the new wage-price policy is putting business in a strait jacket and handing labor all the benefits. At least that's what I get out of his editorial, Will the New Wage-Price Policy Work? (April 6).

He doesn't think the new government policies are bringing full production and full employment any closer. I agree, but there's another angle that he seems to have overlooked. By removing obstacles in the way of more wages for labor, and by allowing the rise of consumer prices at the same time, the government is handing labor a gift with the left hand and taking it away with the right.

Labor gets more money to meet the abnormally high cost of living. And then the cost of living soars even higher, so labor will have to strike again to meet that.

That's hardly what I'd call solving anything.—*Francis Kirsen.*

They BEND on the ROAD

There are many, many "bends" for your tires even on a straight road, for tires are bending—flexing—continuously. Your tires cushion with air all the road surface irregularities and give you a smoother ride.

You can save your tires while they flex over these millions of "bends" by carrying the correct

air pressure in each tire. Tires *overinflated* make hard riding and increase the wear on treads. *Underinflated* tires shorten tire life as much as 30%!

Check tire pressures with your LEE tire dealer—he's an expert on proper inflation. And when new tires are needed, safeguard yourself with maximum protection—

Replace with LEE *of Conshohocken TIRES*

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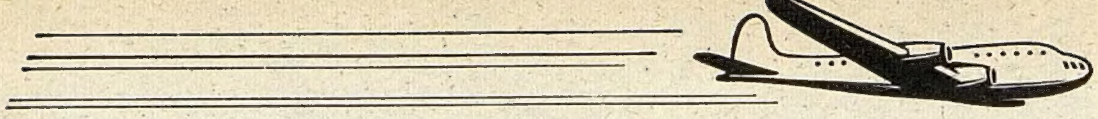


ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

A bouquet to Western Air Lines, now of age, or within a year of it. . . . So you want to learn to fly? Here's your Cub Special!

On April 17, 1926, a helmeted young man with goggles pushed back on his head stood by a Douglas bi-plane which he had just landed at Vail Field, Los Angeles. A local post-office official handed him a sack of mail, and amid the clicking of cameras he took off on the first flight of Western Air Express with the first sack of air mail from Los Angeles.

The young man was Charles N. "Jimmy" James, now vice-president in charge of operations of Western Air Lines. Western is the first U. S. air line to reach the age of twenty years, and Jimmy James, who is a legendary character in West Coast aviation, holds, along with one other, the record for the longest consistent service with one company.

Another of the original Western group, Fred Kelly, is today the air line's chief pilot. Organizer of the company in 1926 was the late Harris "Pop" Hanshue. Operations manager was Major C. C. Moseley, who subsequently left the air line and became one of the nation's biggest aviation school operators.

For years Western's route consisted of San Diego and Los Angeles to Salt Lake City. Then it extended north to Great Falls and Lethbridge, Canada. Not long ago Western obtained routes to San Francisco and across the Rockies to Denver, and it purchased Inland Airlines reaching to Great Falls on the north and Huron, South Dakota, on the east. Mileage-wise, Western has grown rapidly. On the Beam salutes this pioneer company whose twentieth birthday was the first in U. S. air history.

Aviation's Favorite Flivver

Far outpacing all other lightplanes in production since V-J Day, and perhaps the most familiar sight on the most airports throughout the country, is the two-passenger Piper Cub Special, built by Piper Aircraft Corporation at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

Well known before the war, and slightly modified for postwar output, the Cub Special is coming off the assembly line at the rate of thirty a day and sells at a factory price of $2,010. William T. Piper has often been called the Henry Ford of aviation, and if that's what he is, the Cub Special is the Ford of the lightplane field.

Critics will say the 1945 Cub is the same old prewar job. For the most part, it is. But it has long served as the "beginner's airplane" and in cost it rates far below most of the planes coming out this year. One reason for the low cost is the small engine—a 65-horsepower unit—and a cruising speed of 73 m.p.h. If you go to your local airport and say you want to learn to fly, the chances are pretty fair that you'll start out in a Cub. And sales to date certainly testify that the Cub is popular.

The two seats are tandem with dual controls. The color scheme is yellow with black trim. Standard equipment includes hydraulic brakes with controls for both passengers, cabin heater, compass, carburetor heater, steerable tail wheel, tires, and a few other items.

The Cub Special's cruising range is about 200 miles. It is popular in local areas and for recreational trips. It has a very low landing speed, 39 miles an hour, and will take off and land in the smallest of fields. Its operation is economical, using only 4.4 gallons an hour, and it will climb as high as 14,000 feet. Its empty weight is 680 pounds.

If you are looking for something radically new, you won't find it in the Cub Special—just a standard, reliable two-place and economical starter in the lightplane field. But Piper is beginning production on a three-passenger Super Cruiser with faster speed and much longer flying range. It will sell for $2,905 at the factory. We'll tell you more about it when more of these improved planes are delivered around the country.

Beamed from the Crystal Ball

Here are several predictions:

That this year and next year will see more air records established in altitude, speed, and distance than have been in any similar period heretofore.

That the United States will capture most of the world's air records even though several other countries, notably Britain, will try to nose us out. (Britain holds the speed record of 606 m.p.h. at present.)

That 1947 will probably be the year in which a supersonic speed is established; in which for the first time a piloted airplane will reach or exceed the speed of sound—which means an airplane speed in excess of 700 miles an hour.

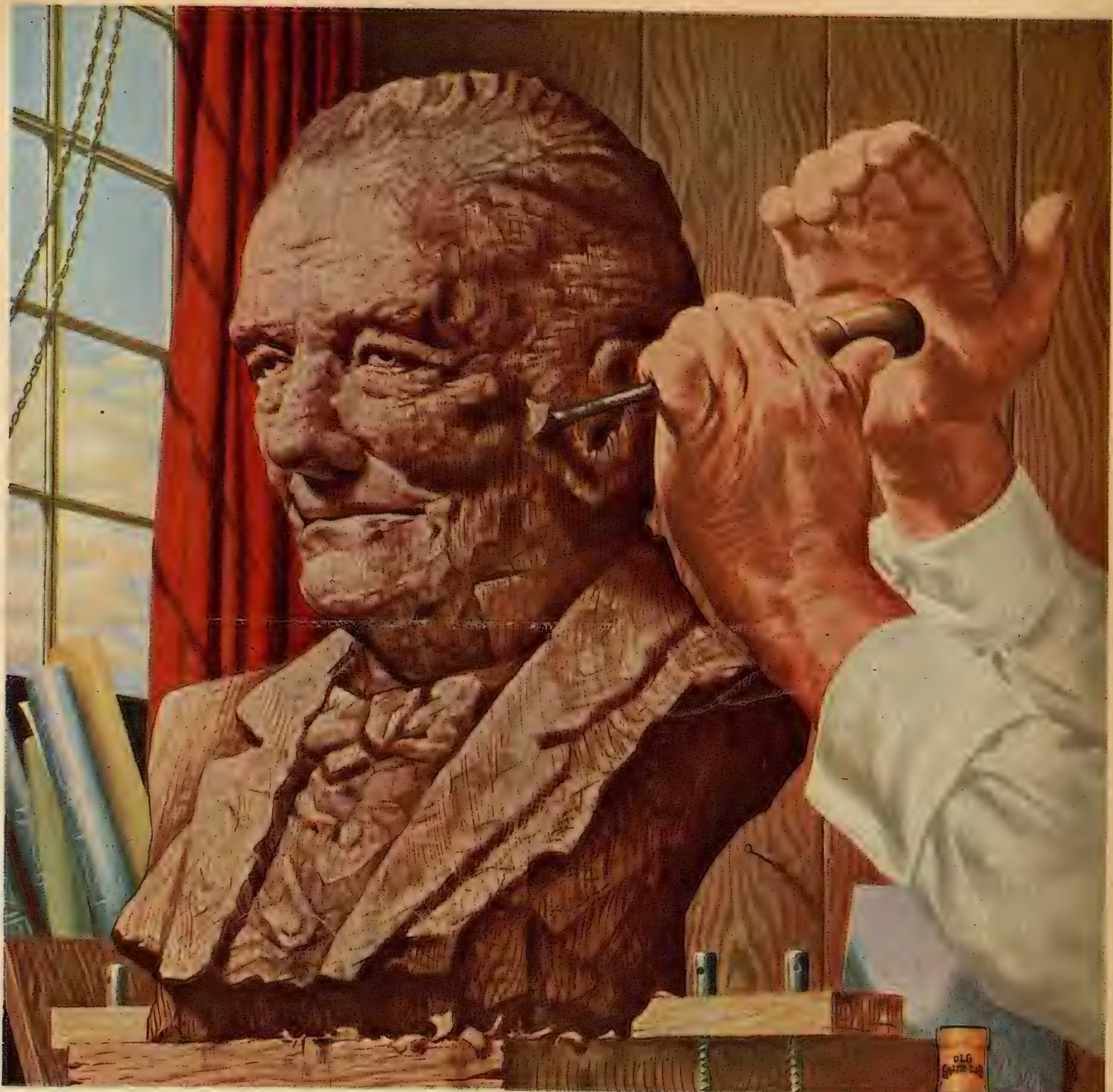
That instruments used heretofore in measuring air records are so obsolete as speed and altitude marks go up that radar and other electronic devices will be utilized to attain proper accuracy.

That 1947 will see at least one round-the-world air race that will catch the imagination of the whole globe.

Wartime Production Figures

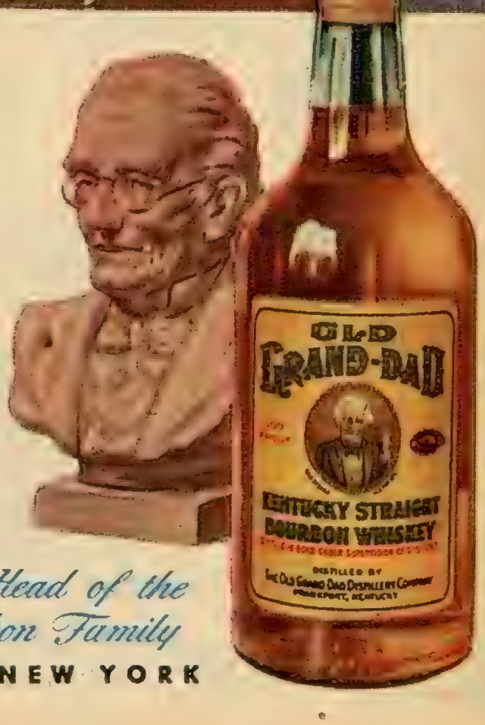
You probably aren't interested in any more wartime statistics, but here's one that might catch your fancy and the figures have recently become available. The United States topped the world by producing 230,188 airplanes during the war years. Great Britain produced 79,154. The unknown quantity was Russia, and it is now revealed that her production was in the neighborhood of 120,000. On the Axis side, German production ended up with about 80,000 and Japan's with 53,824.

Judging from postwar production and from sales, this familiar reliable Piper Cub Special is just about the most popular low-cost lightplane now available.



CRAFTSMANSHIP

One of the prime elements of good craftsmanship is pleasure in the doing. Certainly this is true of Old Grand-Dad. For when you take your first sip of this fine bonded bourbon you just naturally feel that he who made it took great delight in his craft. And that out of this delight he imparted to Old Grand-Dad a flavor, aroma and mellowness such as you've not experienced in many a long day. Why not make that long day a short one hereafter by taking Old Grand-Dad permanently into your family circle?



OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond — 100 Proof

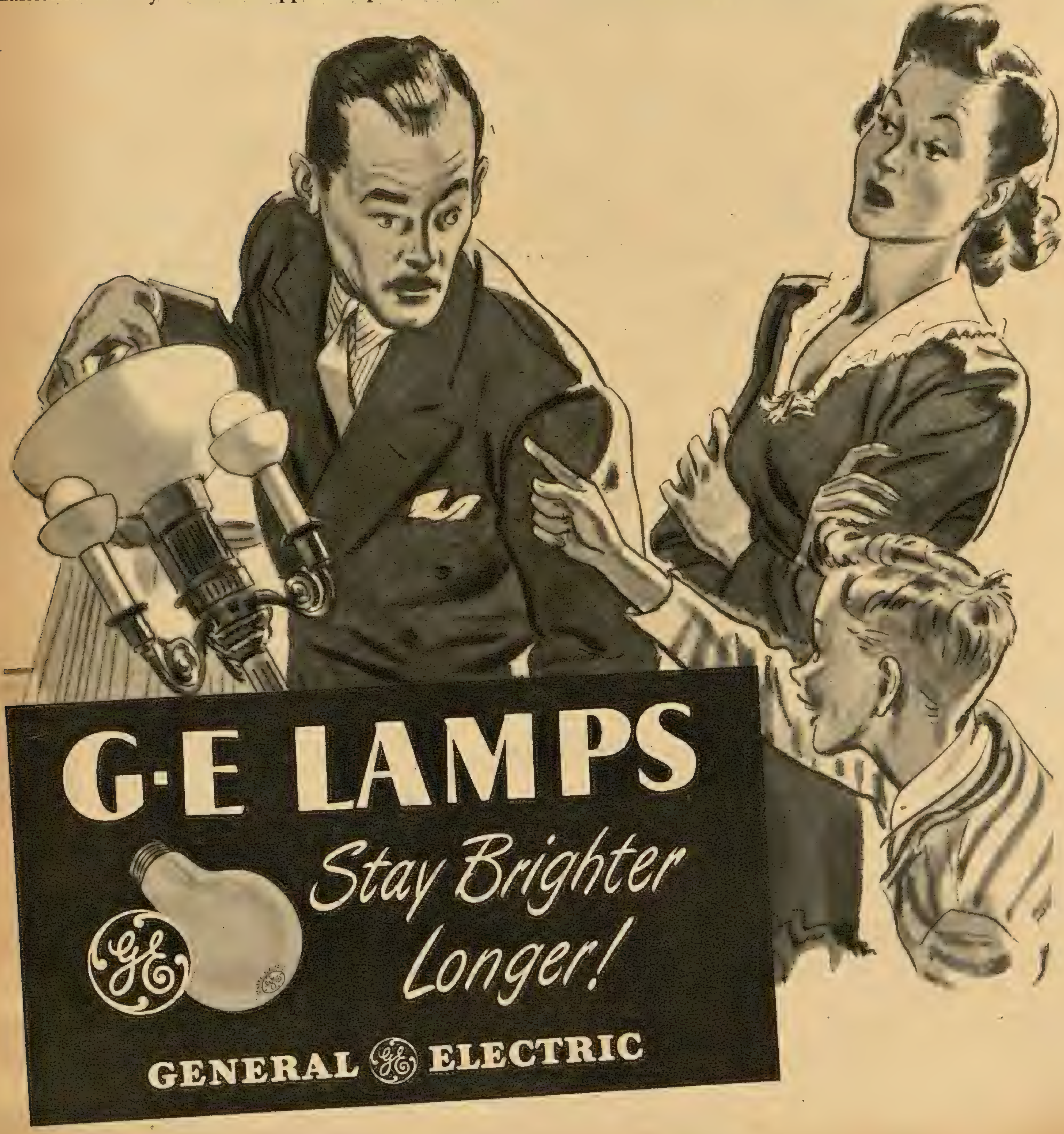
Head of the Bourbon Family

NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

When fathers bulbsnatch... what should mothers do?

HOW would you solve this domestic crisis? You've laid down the law about bulbsnatching. You've warned that when the bulb is swiped from the study lamp and the hall light robbed to fill the reading lamp, somebody's sure to strain his eyes or sprain his ankle in a darkened hallway. And what happens! Pop tries to snatch a bulb for his work-bench—and Junior catches him.

What to do? Send Pop to the nearest store for a fresh supply of G-E lamp bulbs! Put an end to bulbsnatching. And be sure Pop gets G-E—because General Electric Lamp Research works constantly to improve G-E Lamps and make them *Stay Brighter Longer.*



Keeper of the Peace

As UNO's Secretary-General, Trygve Lie has powers greater than almost any man in the world. Here's how this Norwegian measures up to his job

BY NED RUSSELL

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

BLACK STAR PHOTO

Trygve Lie, son of a Norwegian carpenter, is now secretary-general of UNO. As Norway's Foreign Minister, he learned big-power politics the hard way.

ONE day last January a forty-nine-year-old man with a burly frame but a kindly, smiling face, wandered through a little Swedish village on the Norwegian-Swedish frontier. He was hungry after a journey by plane, boat, and train from London via Copenhagen. He was on his way to Oslo to confer with his government. But he was "broke" as far as the money-wise villagers were concerned, because the few English pounds he had were of no use to them.

A few days later this man mounted the blue-and-gold rostrum in London's Central Hall, blinked in the glare of the floodlights and photographers' flash bulbs, and told the assembled representatives of the fifty-one United Nations:

"I am the servant of all of you."

Trygve Lie (pronounced Trigva Lee), the shrewd and honest son of a Norwegian carpenter, who had risen to the heights of political prominence in his native Norway and become its Foreign Minister, had just been elected the first secretary-general of the United Nations Organization. For the next five years Lie will hold the world's toughest and most important job.

He will be, as he said, the "servant" of all the United Nations. He will have to direct the work of a gigantic staff of officials and underlings from virtually all the sovereign nations of the world.

He will have to be the friend of all and the enemy of none. His will be a delicate and arduous role in a world that is still feeling the terrible effects of more than five years of war, and where common trust and friendship are still things that have not yet been attained.

His job will thrust him also into the role of the world's supreme investigator and mediator—a responsibility which will weigh heavily upon a man of such simple and honest ideals as his are.

The United Nations Charter gives Lie powers greater than those of almost any other man in the world. For example, the Charter says that he "may bring to the attention of the Security Council any matter which, in his opinion, may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security." Such power means, in fact if not in practice, that Lie could go to the Security Council with a complaint against any nation in the world which he thought was not living up to the ideals of the United Nations Organization.

His responsibilities, however, are not limited to "police" duties. He will be the chief administrative officer of the General Assembly as well as the Security Council and the other major organs of the UNO—the Economic and Social Council and the Trusteeship Council. According to the Charter, he will have to do whatever else those bodies want him to do in addition to his administrative tasks.

Lie expects that he will have to do a lot of traveling throughout the world if he is to be the success he is determined to be in his new position.

He will probably want to seek out his own information on the economic and social conditions in various parts of the world where they come

(*Continued on page 67*)

The Barker Is Back

The guy in the checked shirt who "conned" Mom and Dad inside a tent for a dime, "the tenth part of a dollar," is back again with his snakes and his jelly-hipped dancing girls

BY CHARLES B. CLEVELAND

"STEP right this way, folks, and see the seven wonders of the world, including Lila the snake charmer. She fondles the deadliest snakes in the world. It's all on the inside, for twenty-five cents, a quarter of a dollar. The show's about to begin, so step right this way!" It's the familiar carnival barker with his big cigar, his loud bow tie and louder vest, and a voice like a rasping file, talking the crowd into his show.

This summer he'll be talking in more than ever before, for people have money, and the outdoor show business expects to "sit 'em on the straw" this year.

Even the most conservative showman is anticipating attendance and cash receipts equal to 1941, the record year in the amusement field. And most of them foresee overflow crowds not only this year but for the next four years as well.

Circus folks believe they will chalk up 100,000,000 cash customers before New Year's the carnival and fair operators think they may top that figure by 25,000,000.

It's big business, and the men behind the nation's fun industry have been spending millions to attract it.

Springfield, Illinois, has forked out $2,000,000 to improve its fair grounds; Louisville, $328,000; Minnesota, $500,000 for a new building; and operators large and small are shelling out cash for new equipment.

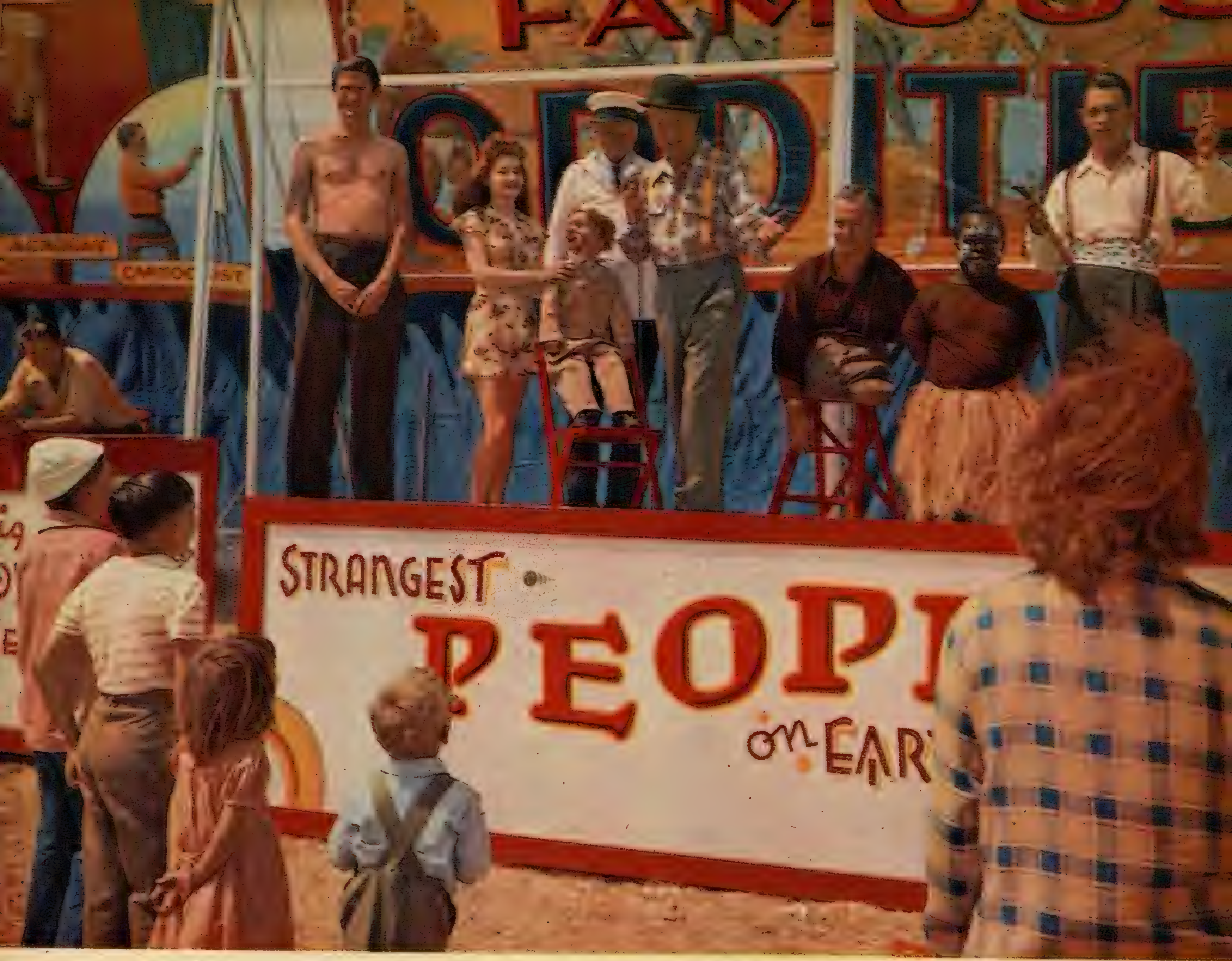
To go with the new paint job and new trimmings will be new wrinkles on old acts, many of which the war forced into temporary retirement. Among the best of these will be automobile thrill shows, motorcar racing, and fireworks—faster, louder, and more exciting than before. One big producer of pyrotechnics estimates that outdoor show business will touch off $1,000,000 worth of fireworks this year.

Then, too, the midways will be packed once more with sword swallowers, rubber-skinned gents, tattooed torsos, 600-pound ladies, shimmy shakers, five-legged calves, balloon-lipped natives, bingo operators, pitchmen, and ride operators. The steam calliope will still pump out its shrill tunes, gravel-voiced barkers spout their spiel, and gawking men and frolicking kids will jam the areas.

But old-timers will notice a difference: the rowdy carnival, for years a rough-and-tumble operation, has taken on Sunday-school overtones. As it has become big business, it

Alice Holmes, who sells thrill ride tickets for the Endy Bros. show, hires a boy to do her shopping.

John Lilly is the barker for the Fun House. Here he's making up at the Dade County Fair in Miami.



HARRIET ARNOLD PHOTOS FROM PIX

This array of the world's oddities packed the Floridians in at the Miami fair. Barker Scotty McNeal introduces John Saylor as Pop-eye, Hozy Wheeler the midget, and (extreme right) Chick Williams who makes a living with an enchanting act: he drives nails into his head.

has grown respectable and has dropped most of its crooked-wheel specialists, its light-fingered gentry and short-change artists. It still has its crooks, but they're giving way to operators who are building fortunes on reputable shows.

Even the colorful slang of the old days is gone. One notable casualty is the time-honored war cry of "Hey, Rube!" that used to bring stake-wielding carnival men on the run. A group of potential customers is still the "tip," and those lured inside, "the turn," but the barker, talker, or grinder is now an announcer or master of ceremonies and the "bally" has become "an outside announcement." No one today would think of calling a policeman a "fuzz," or saying "There's a flea in the drum" when he meant there was a cop looking for trouble.

Even the traditional carnival midway is due for a face lifting, thanks to the inventions of men like John F. Courtney of Chicago. Time and space are the biggest carnival problems (outside of the weather), but Courtney has found a way to lick them with telescoping equipment. From a base that travels on a single flatcar, his neon tower, used to illuminate the midway, rises in sections, like the old-fashioned drinking cup, to a height of fifty-two feet.

This year, moreover, the public will watch tent shows in greater safety as the operators convert to fireproof canvas. S. T. Jessop of the United States Tent and Awning Company of Chicago says that 30,000,000 yards of flame-resistant canvas will house the shows this year.

ALL told, there will be about 350 carnivals on the road this year and more than 3,000 county and state fairs here and in Canada. Following the warm weather north from their southern winter quarters, the carnivals will reach their peak in August and September, then work south again ahead of cold weather.

The country's biggest carnival operator is Carl J. Sedlmayr, fifty-nine, boss man of the Royal American Shows, who this year observes his twenty-fifth year as a carnie owner. He started out as a bellhop in an Omaha hotel, learned to sell by pitching fountain pens in a drugstore, then moved into circus life as an usher and later a ticket man.

Starting from its winter quarters in Tampa with a show that takes sixty flatcars, and 1,000 performers, artists, and workmen, Royal American will sell tickets for its twenty-two major rides and twenty side shows to some 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 people this year.

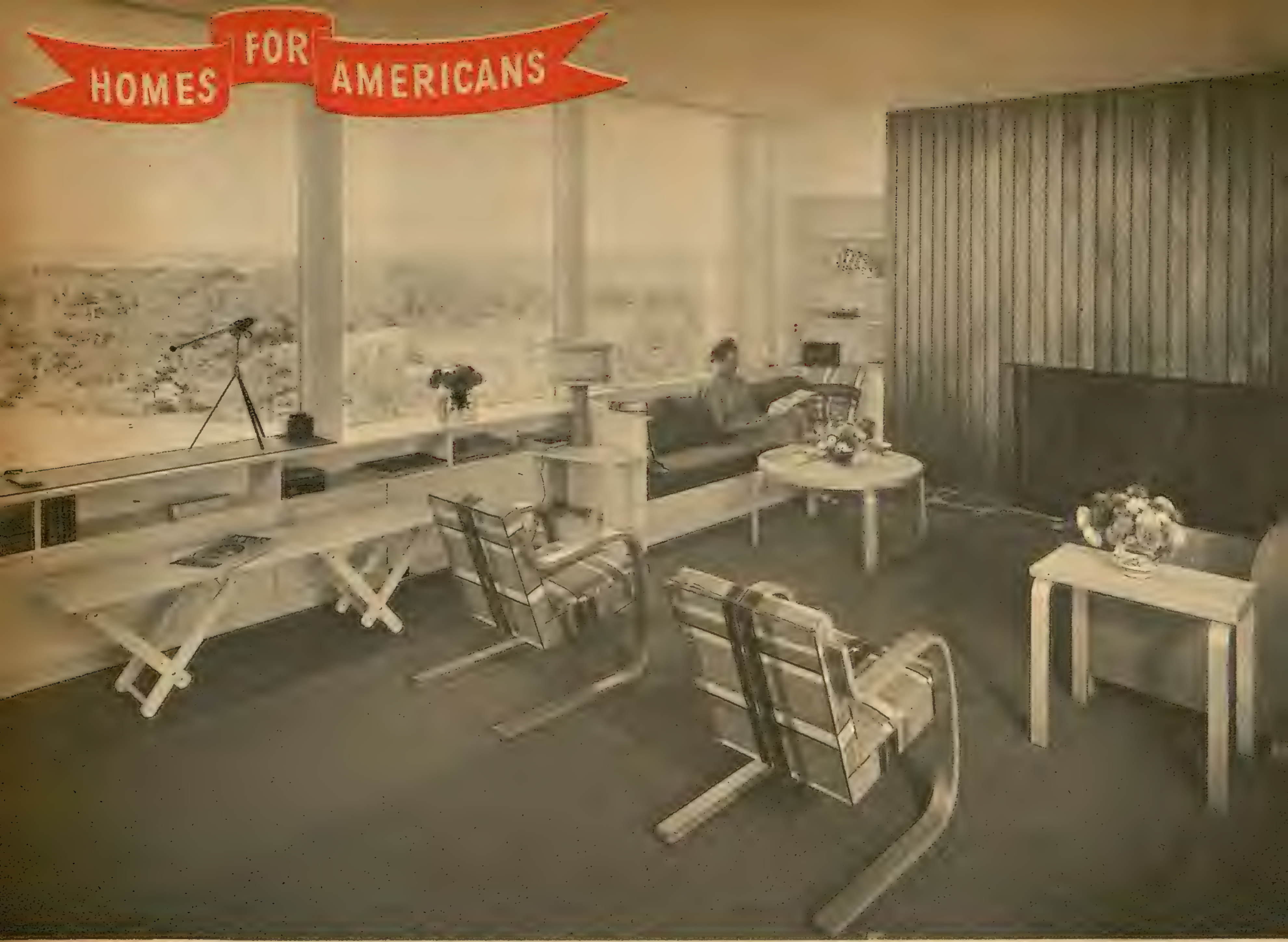
No ride or show is a sure bet in every locality, but year in and year out Sedlmayr rates bingo as the best "gambling" attraction, freaks as the top side show, and a new ride as the ace thrill attraction.

Any new ride that combines speed and thrills will probably succeed and last three or four years until the novelty wears off; then a new one must be devised. Meanwhile, of course, the merry-go-round, Ferris wheel, and miniature trains keep right on coining cash, and will as long as there are kids.

Another top carnival outfit is the Cavalcade of Amusements that grabbed off the prize plum of the early season, Memphis' Cotton Carnival, May 5 to 12. Its seventeen

(Continued on page 72)

HOMES FOR AMERICANS



The Carl T. Schunemans like their big living room so well that they often dine in front of their fireplace, whose wall is clapboarded in red cedar. Cape Cod Bay glistens through the huge windows. Built-in shelving saves space, avoids clutter, requires less furniture.

New England Modern

"A wonderful house to live in," says its owner

BY DARRELL HUFF

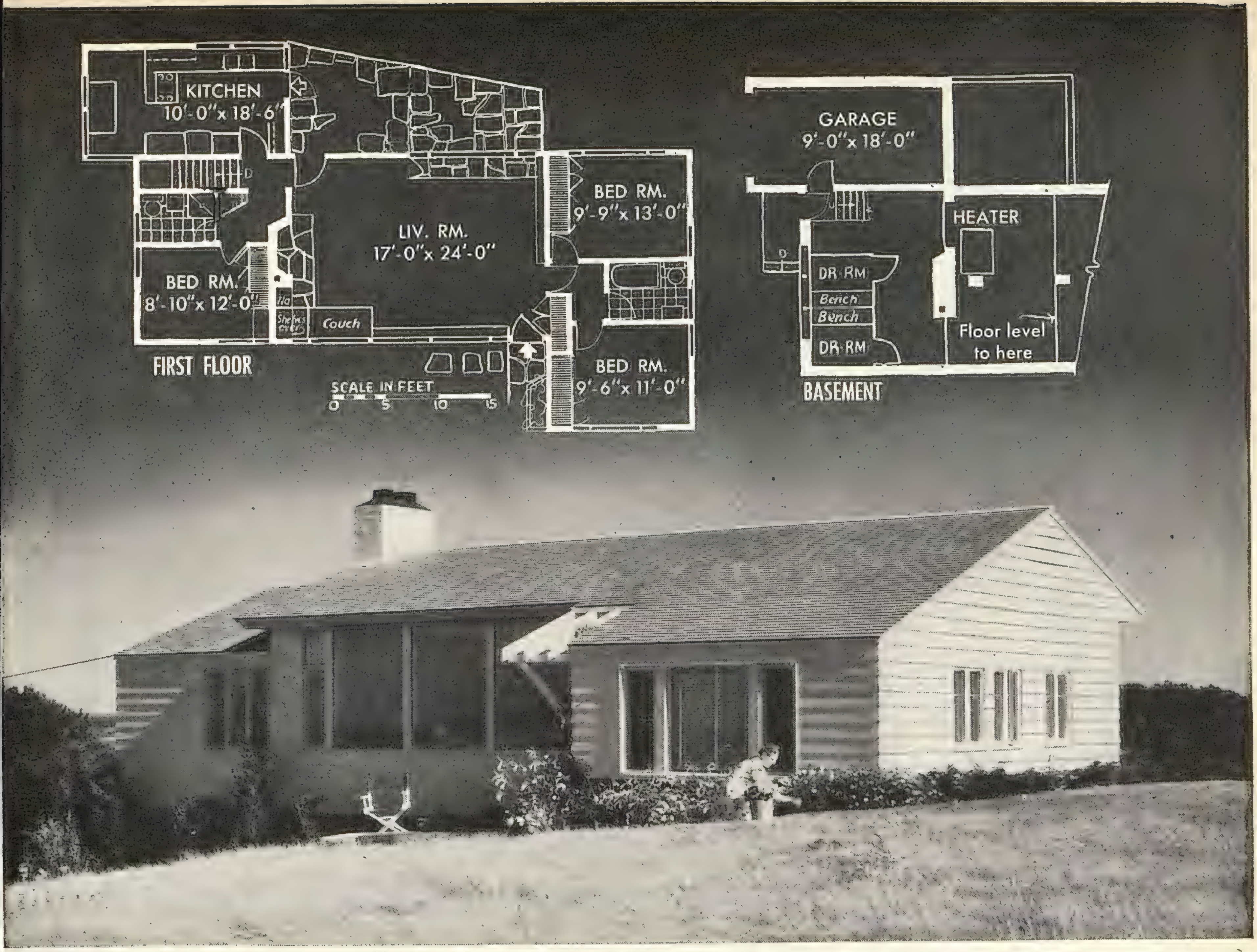
MOST Americans have a dream house. It may be a Cape Cod cottage, a stately Georgian house, or a California bungalow. But usually it is of an established, conventional design. Yet most Americans also want the genuine benefits of modern architectural planning. They can have both—the charm and beauty of traditional style and the best features of modernity—in the same house. In a series of monthly picture articles, of which this is the first, Liberty examines moderately priced, conventionally styled *modern* homes in representative sections of the country. *These are outstanding homes by outstanding architects who have successfully blended the best of the old and the new.* Moreover, each of these homes is now being lived in and the owner is willing to talk about his experience with it.Your own idea of a house may be different from any of these, but you will find plenty of ideas in this series—plenty of food for thought on the American home and what it should be like.

THE house shown on these pages is modern. That means only that it is planned for its purpose and does not imitate forms of the past. Many of the other striking things about it are common to most modern houses, simply because they are a part of the kind of comfortable living most Americans want and now can have.

The windows are enormous, for comfortable reading and working on dull days, and to take advantage of a magnificent view of Cap Cod. There are built-in bookshelves, desk, dressing table, and drawers to provide the maximum storage in small space. The kitchen wing forms a sheltered terrace for outdoor dining and sitting. Kitchen and dining room are combined for convenience in a household without servants. Simplicity of design throughout gives this small house uncluttered distinction and a spacious feeling, and at the same time makes cleaning quicker.

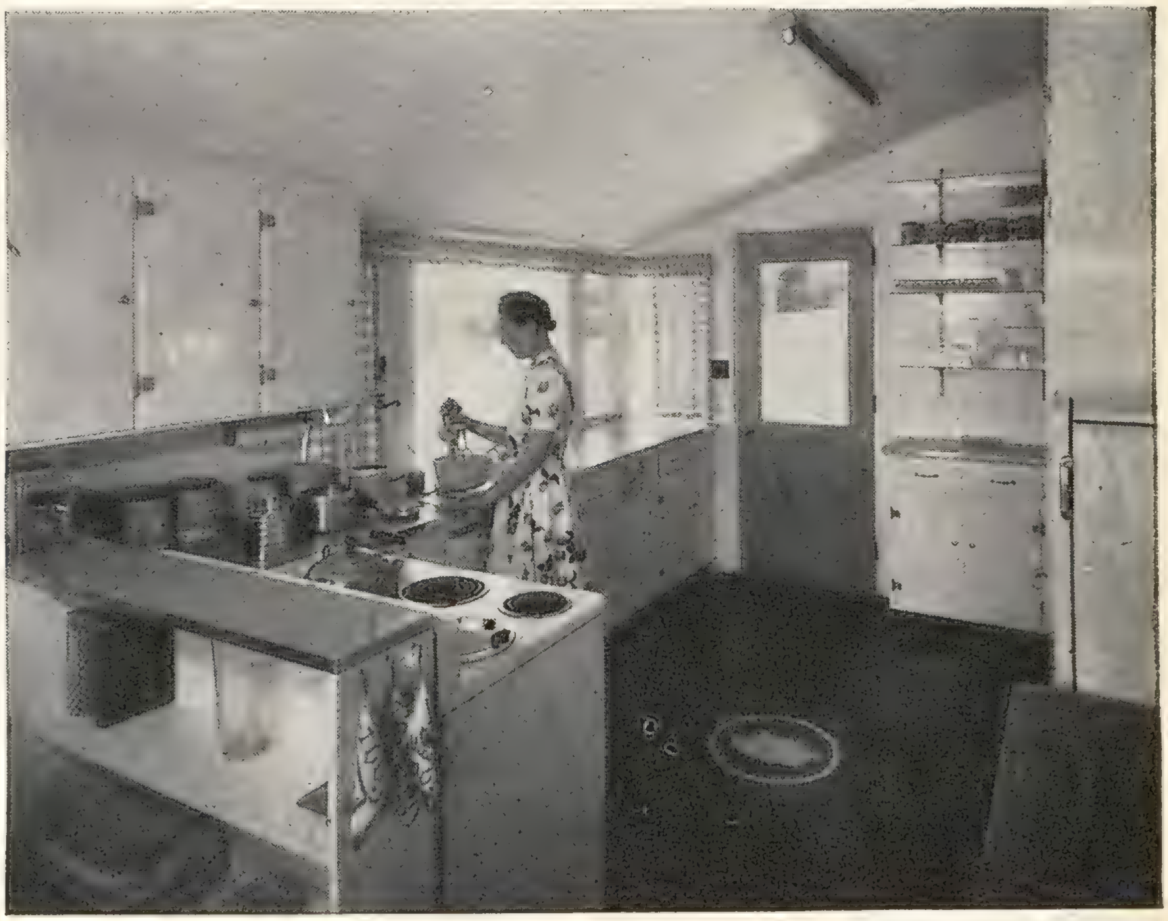
In compact space it provides living room, dining-kitchen, three bedrooms and two bathrooms, plus garage and dressing rooms beneath. At prewar cost of $8,000 it is a remarkably generous and handsome home

(*Continued on page 60*)


KITCHEN
10'-0"x 18'-6"
BED RM.
9'-9"x 13'-0"
LIV. RM.
17'-0"x 24'-0"
BED RM.
8'-10"x 12'-0"
Shelves
Couch
FIRST FLOOR
SCALE IN FEET
0 5 10 15
BED RM.
9'-6"x 11'-0"
GARAGE
9'-0"x 18'-0"
HEATER
DR RM
Bench
Bench
DR RM
Floor level to here
BASEMENT

This house reflects true Cape Cod character in its low lines and its use of wood shingles and clapboards, yet it's uncompromisingly modern. Dressing rooms, useful near a beach, become workshops or playrooms elsewhere. Two bedrooms can be closed off for economy.

Bedrooms can be small because they're efficient. Dressing table, cupboards, and closet are built-ins.

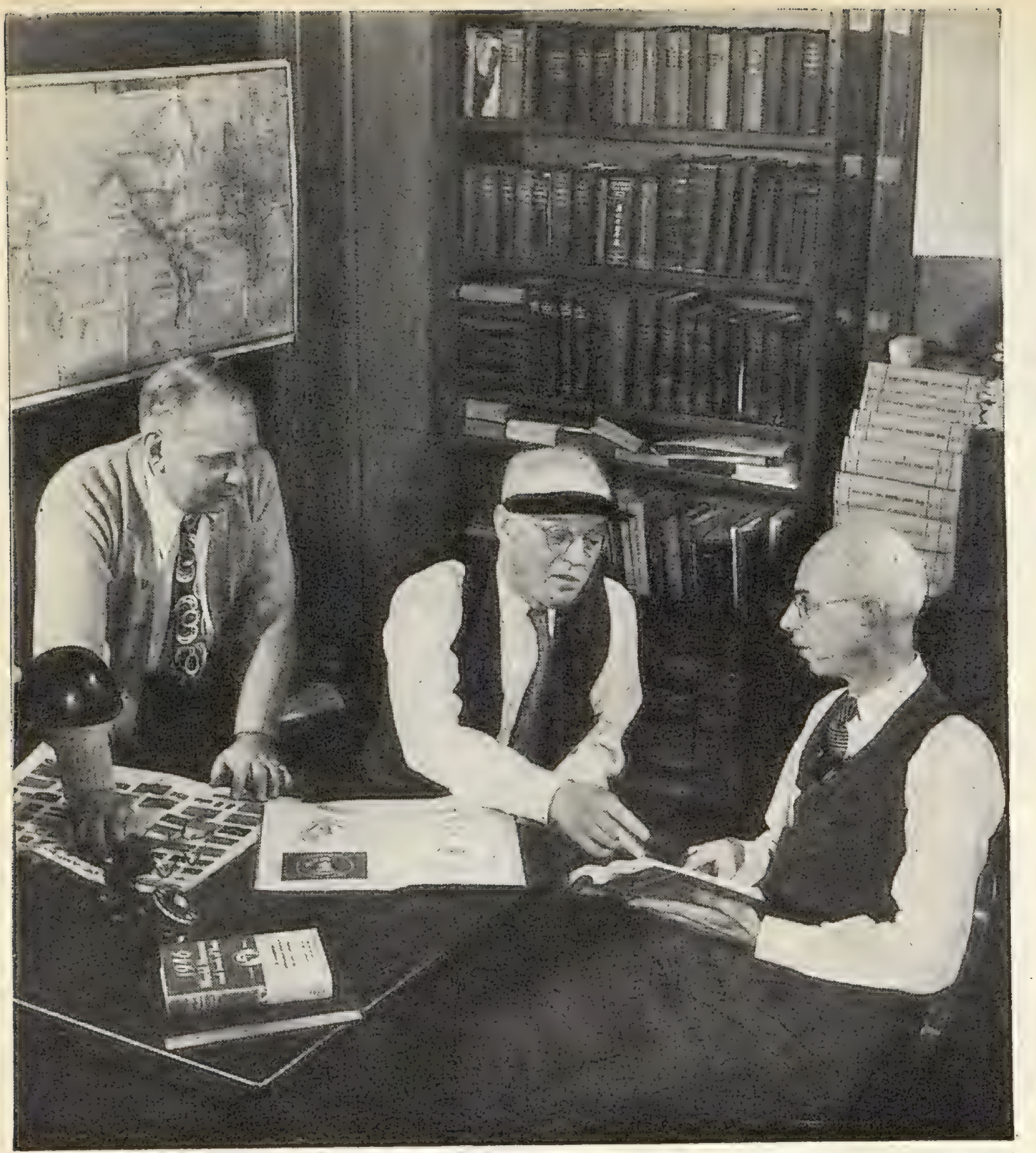


LIBERTY PHOTOS BY PAUL DAVIS

Mrs. Schuneman advises, "Put all you can afford into the most modern kitchen." Hers includes a dining area; also electrical range, dishwasher, and garbage disposal unit.

The Three Gazetteers

BY RUTH MOORE



LIBERTY PHOTO BY HOWARD LURAY

Three men on a book: From left, Arthur Raymond digs up facts for the World Almanac, E. Eastman Irvine edits them, and Robert Martin proofreads the job.

A RED-FACED man in Philadelphia brings his fist down on the café table. "Stones!" he shouts. His dinner companion yells back at him, "Pounds!"

Two minutes later the phone rings in the office of the World Almanac in New York City, and E. Eastman Irvine, gray-haired editor, picks up the receiver. "Listen!" cries an angry voice. "Isn't a horse's weight measured in stones, not pounds?"

Mr. Irvine turns to his two associate gazetteers, Robert T. Martin and Arthur Raymond. "Another argument," he says wearily. Mr. Raymond flips through a couple of folders in a filing cabinet and comes up with the answer.

"Both are correct," reports Mr. Irvine into the telephone. "In England, a stone, equal to fourteen pounds, is used as the unit of measurement, and in the United States, pounds are used."

Why two adults should get worked up over such a vitally unimportant issue is a mystery to Irvine and his colleagues. But requests like that, sometimes sent via Western Union with instructions to "wire answer collect," come into the Almanac office from all over the country. And come so often that Mr. Irvine on one occasion wryly remarked that he was beginning to believe that the chief function served by the World Almanac was settling arguments.

That's excessively modest, of course, for the World Almanac, published by the New York World-Telegram, has become the number one ready-reference book of the nation. Since 1937, when Mr. Irvine became editor, it has more than doubled its circulation. Nearly 650,000 Americans purchased it in 1945, and the sales expectations for 1946 are even higher.

The reasons for its popularity are obvious. It's the only source book in the country wherein facts and figures about the world and the people who inhabit it are brought up to date every year. And no other reference book offers so handy a coverage of so many diverse items. Where else can one find in a single volume the latest election returns, the weight of the human liver, the areas and populations of all the countries in the world, the birthplace of Bob Hope, the Preakness winners, the number of acres of public lands there are in the United States, and how many cups make a quart?

The World Almanac settles more bets, arguments, and discussions than any court in the land, yet it's put out by three unruffled dynamos in shirt sleeves in a tiny Manhattan office

Most people who have come to depend on the Almanac for such an assorted array of data assume that it's prepared by an enormous staff equipped with endless research facilities. Just recently, a young woman, anxious to get immediate information on a marital question, went directly to the World-Telegram building in lower Manhattan. She thought there was some mistake when she was ushered into a ten-by-fifteen-foot room and told this was the World Almanac office.

"I want the marriage department," she said uncertainly.

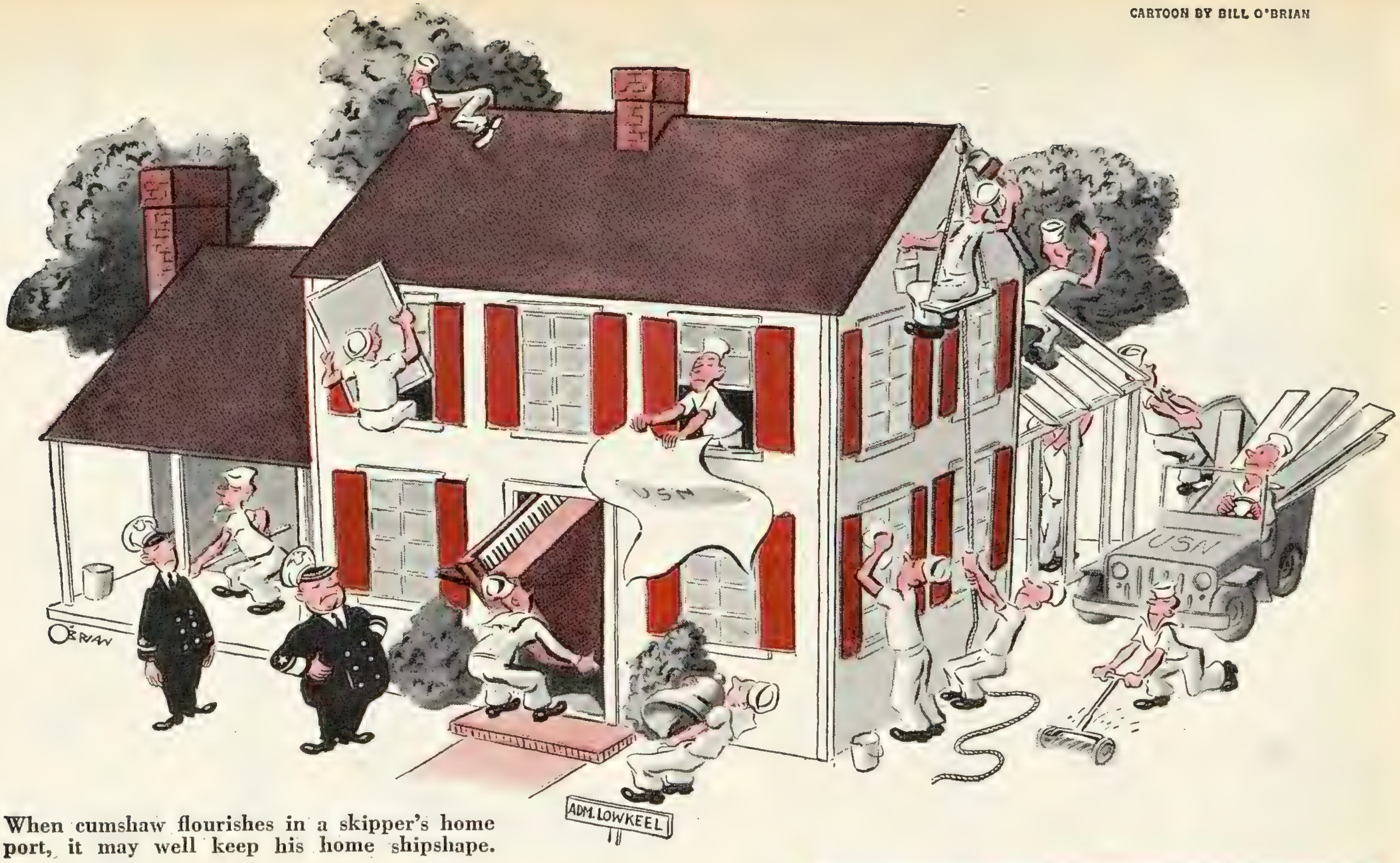
Mr. Irvine, always genial even under the stress of deadlines, pushed back his green eyeshade and beamed at her. "This is it," he said, with a gesture that included his two colleagues.

The young woman got her information, but she was still a little befuddled when she left. She couldn't believe that the authoritative Almanac, the combination Who's Who, Statesman's Year-book, Census Reports, or what have you, was compiled by three middle-aged men, unaided by secretaries or research assistants. There were only two small filing cabinets in sight. How was it possible?

The three gazetteers sometimes ask themselves that question, particularly in years like the one just past. Even in so-called normal times, at least 60 per cent of the contents of the book must be newly set up to accommodate new facts and statistics. But the 1946 book, what with two major wars ending, international

(Continued on page 65)

CARTOON BY BILL O'BRIAN



When cumshaw flourishes in a skipper's home port, it may well keep his home shipshape.

Cumshaw*

They're coming back with sea chests and duffel bags stuffed with everything from parkas to the kitchen sink. It's done by cumshaw, which many a serviceman will tell you had a lot to do with winning the war

BY JACK HUIE

THE big tanker docked on the Alameda side of San Francisco Bay was preparing to get under way. The captain, nervously watching the end of the dock, shouted to the deck officer to stand by with the boom.

Suddenly a jeep lurched to a stop below the boom of the ship. Three men, one of them a naval officer, leaped out, quickly secured the cargo hook to the jeep and scrambled aboard. The vehicle was hoisted to the deck as megaphoned orders to cast off came from the bridge.

The cumshaw boys had done it again. A jeep which had been officially assigned to one ship had unofficially been "transferred" to another. It had been simple. The captain of the tanker had issued an ultimatum to the ship's supply officer to "get a jeep, or else." He wanted to enjoy the prestige of traveling in his own jeep ashore like many other commanding officers. The fact that the supply officer protested that the Bureau of Ships did not "allow" jeeps for tankers was of small consequence.

Cumshaw has many meanings. Literally it is the percentage collected by ricksha boys for pulling their customers to certain shops for their purchases. When the rider makes his purchase, the merchant usually hands the ricksha puller his tip, with no effort to hide the transaction.

But in the Navy, cumshaw has come to mean the various procedures of procuring items by any but the prescribed means. Some refer to the practice as "dockside requisitioning." Cumshaw, however, is by no means confined to items procured in the interest of the ship or of the commanding officer, as in the case of the snatched jeep. The expression encompasses any unofficial deal by which government or restricted items are procured, bartered, or sold. Navy men insist that without the ancient practice of cumshaw, red tape would have dangerously hamstrung legitimate war activities.

There are those, of course, who feel that the practice of cumshaw, especially whenever items are procured strictly for personal use, is nothing more than pilfering of government property. But bear in mind that men in the armed forces are constantly and painfully aware of the huge surpluses of war matériel and feel that one bit more or less will make little difference, since it all will be scrapped sooner or later anyhow. Rationalization? Perhaps.

To better understand one phase of cumshaw, one must understand the Navy's system of accounting. Each ship put into commission is supplied in accordance with an allowance list, prepared by various bureaus. The list includes all items needed to operate the vessel, in the opinion of the planners. Items considered non-expendable are marked Title "B," and items considered expendable are classified as Title "C." Title "B" items may be expended only by transfer to another activity or by what the Navy calls a "survey." Under this procedure, the commanding officer appoints a board, composed usually of only one officer, to give him a written report of what hap-

(Continued on page 77)

***From the Chinese; now refers to unofficial surplus property disposal by Navy personnel, polite pilferage, dockside requisitioning, arranging premium pay on the basis of a technicality, or to any other unsanctioned (or unnoticed) acquisition of government money or property.**

The Camera Eye

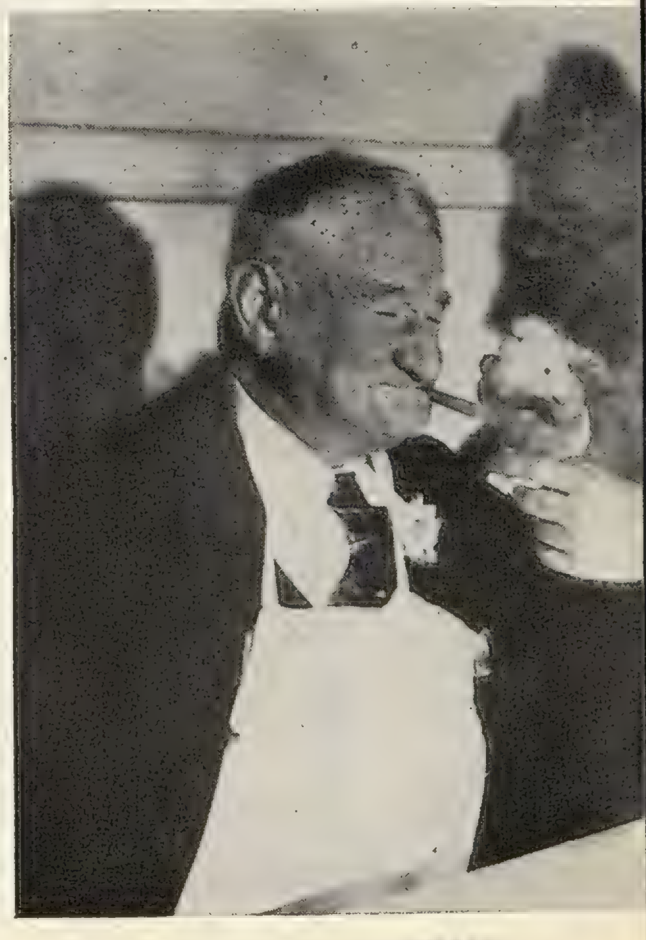
Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

TEXAS TEAMWORK—W. S. Mash, 70, owner of this farm in Slide Community, Tex., was paralyzed by a stroke, so 47 neighbors chugged to his aid with tractors. In 90 minutes they had plowed his 200 acres.
WIDE WORLD

MAN OVERCOME—His intentions were perfect, but the warm spring sun was too much for Dennis Klein of Jersey City. Many a grown-up will envy him his unconditional surrender.
INTERNATIONAL

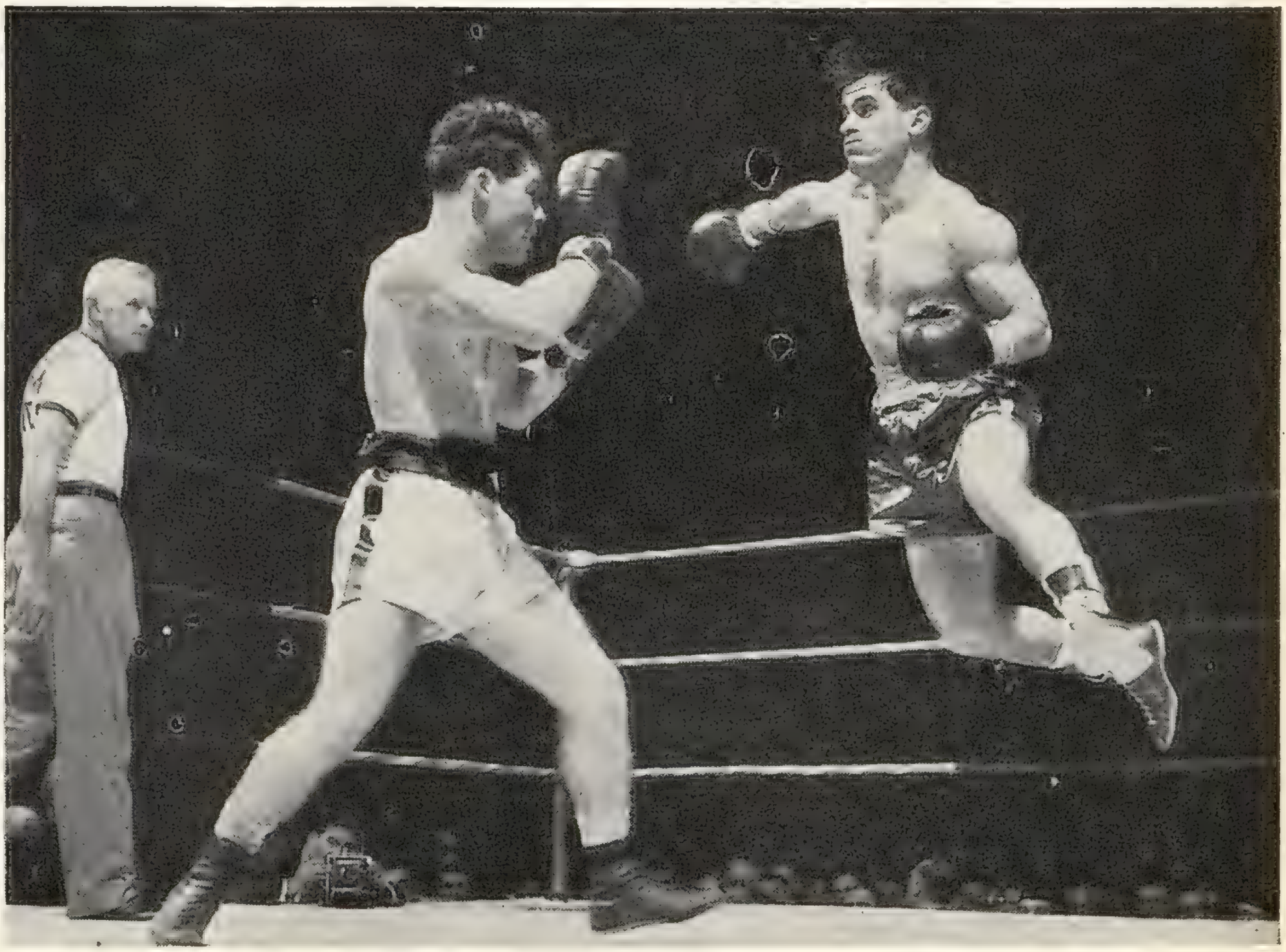
CHEESECAKE OF 1896—Diana Cheryll, C.C.N.Y. student, modeled this fearsome stocking of yesteryear in a New York antique show. (The smooth-looking one is nylon.)
INTERNATIONAL

KINDLY LIGHT—Annually, Boston's Archbishop Richard J. Cushing pays a visit to the Old Folks' Home there. Warm smiles reward him as he chats for a while with the oldsters.
ACME



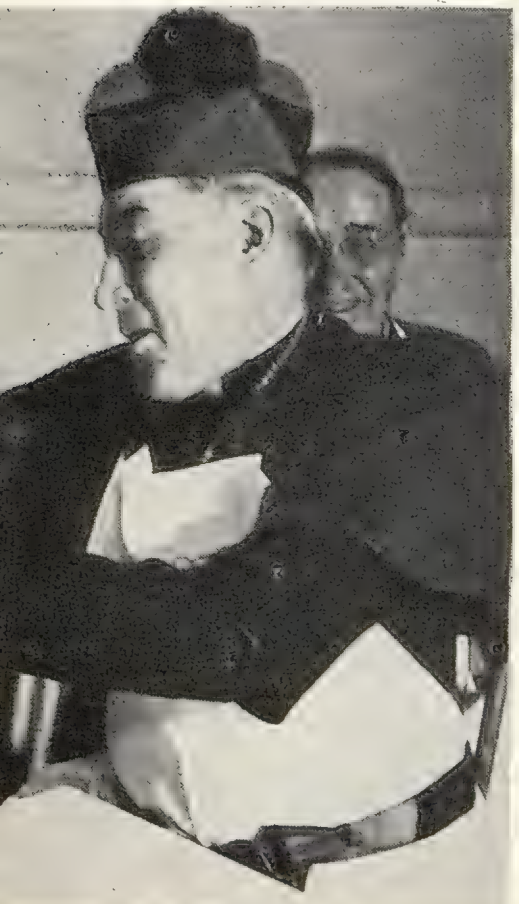
PINT-SIZE RECONVERSION— England's Romney, Hythe & Dymchurch RR. is returned to public traffic after freighting vital military supplies throughout the war. The women are busy cleaning one of the locomotives on the smallest public railroad in the world.

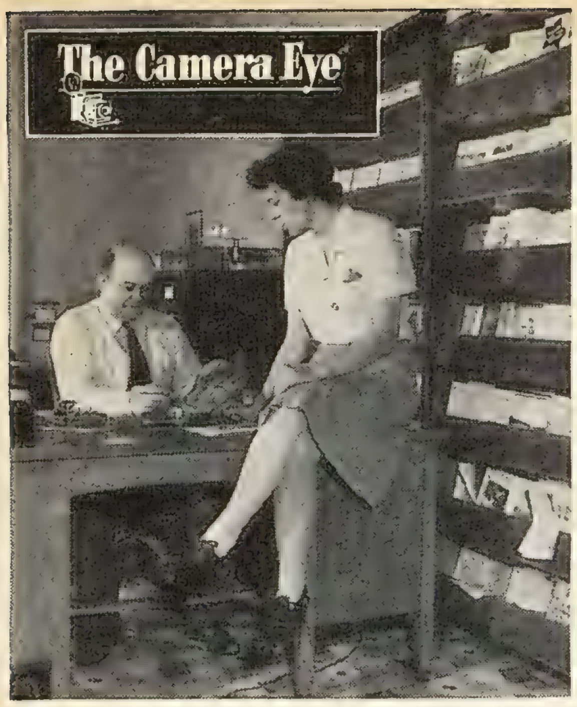
BRITISH COMBINE



TOO MANY VITAMIN PILLS?— Joe Barone of Pittsburgh was flying with his flaps down when he met Jack Dicker of St. Louis in a New York City bout. His landing must have been a little faulty—he lost.

PRESS ASSOCIATION





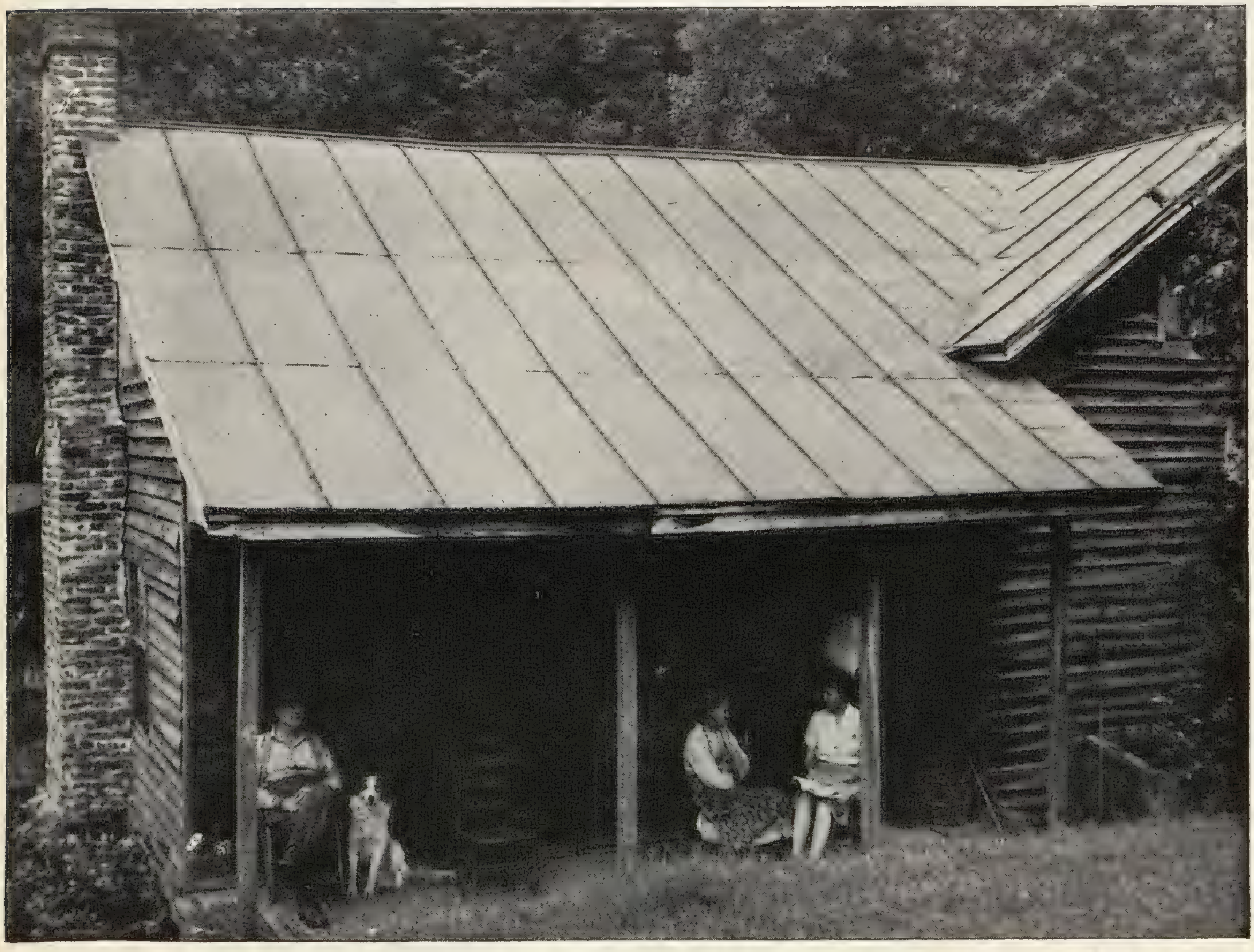
Home Demonstration Agent Nita Orr is assigned to the Tennessee hill towns.

She invites a farm wife to join a home demonstration club. The U.S. has 50,000.

From this old settler she learns about traditions, sounds out community needs.

Household Ambassadors

BY BRADLEY SMITH



Daily Miss Orr visits six or eight widely separated homes like this, bringing instruction in a dozen fields from canning to hygiene. The 2,553 agents, home economics graduates and usually farm girls, may earn from $1,600 to $4,000, but they average about $2,450.

Older women respect the agent's skill. Here Miss Orr's new club in Erwin, Tenn., sees a man's worn-out suit become a useful garment for a woman.

She wouldn't learn to shell soybeans. "If I do," she grinned, "my old man will quit shelling them."

When Uncle Sam plays housewives' helper, he relies on a corps of supremely versatile young women. Nothing domestic is foreign to them —they lead a fascinating life

YOU probably have never heard of a Home Demonstration agent, but the next time you want to know how to get rid of poison ivy, or preserve eggs, remove inkstains, mix concrete, or prepare food for the new deep-freeze locker in your community, phone one. She has been trained to supply the answers in the most effective way.

Home demonstration agents came into being in 1914 as part of the extension department of the Department of Agriculture. Today they jokingly call themselves Heaven's Dear Angels, but to many a rural homemaker the title is close to the truth. They operate a nation-wide system of rural education for women and girls, teaching them in a completely practical way how to meet the ever-changing problems of farm, home, and community.

They teach sanitary methods, first aid and home nursing, check home safety hazards, plan recreation, and supply reading guides; teach home food production and preparation of frozen foods; sewing, home furnishing, interior decoration, mattress and quilt making and remodeling the home; they aid families to budget; teach efficient kitchen arrangement and house cleaning; establish recreation centers, organize folk dances, discussion groups, craft centers, and picnics.

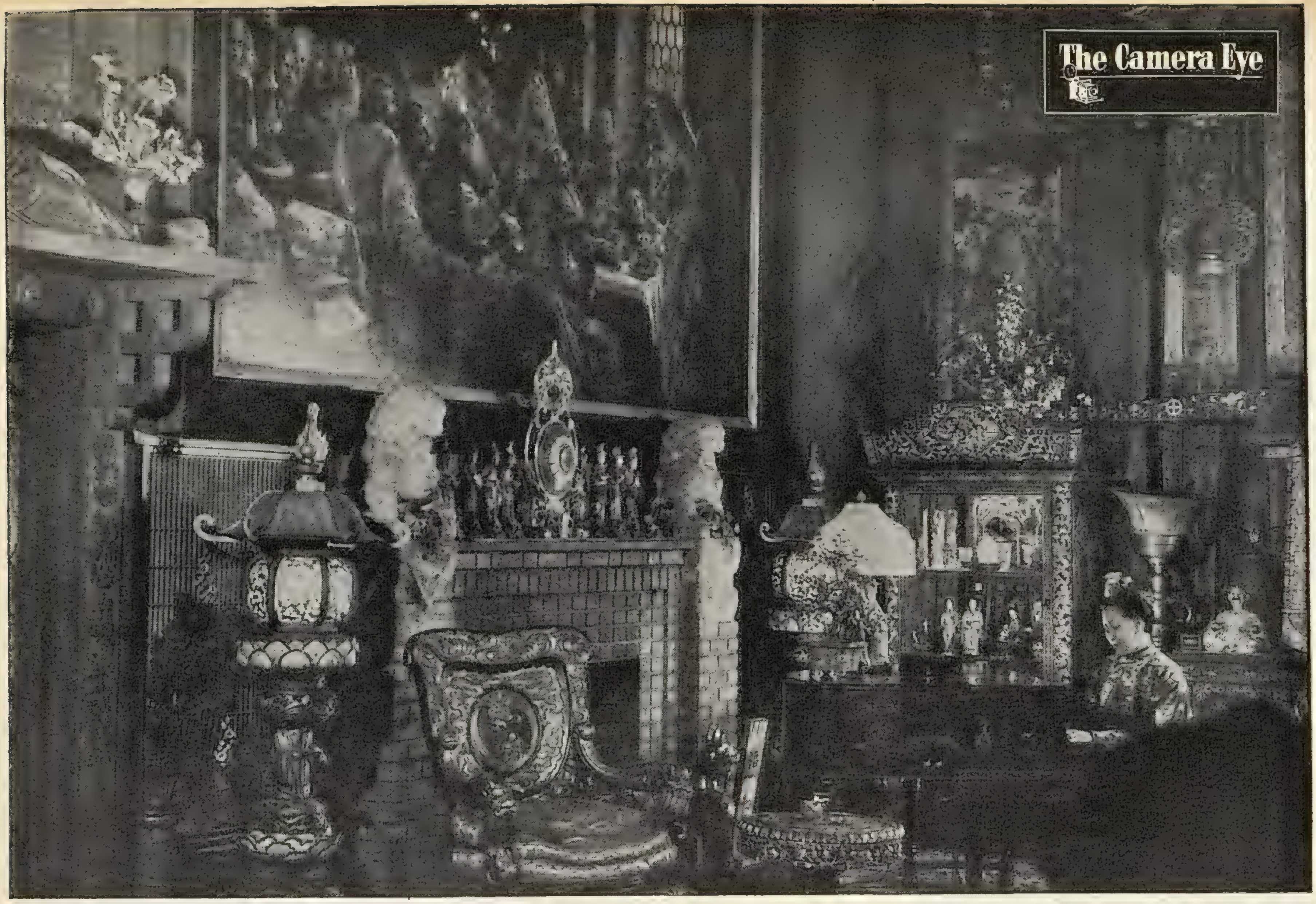
Every state and territory has home demonstration agents. Each state also has supervisors and specialists who teach the HDAs so that once in the field they can operate as experts. If, for example, soybeans are advised as

(Continued on page 75)

With her own eyes a mountaineer's wife learns how temperature affects the making of cheese.

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

Agents work in the schools, too. Here Miss Orr shows an eager class how best to raise chickens. She may also spin a yarn, or lead in the singing.



PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN

If you examine this photograph closely you can see the tremendous amount of treasure that Robert Ripley has jammed into this segment of his living room. He has refused over $75,000 for the painting alone. LiLing Ai does not go with the furnishings.

NOT TO LET

The Japanese who made this statue used his own fingernails and hair. It stands in a hall closet.

Apartments are still hard to get; but one which nobody will be able to touch is Ripley's, which — believe it or not — set him back $2,000,000

BY JIM BISHOP

NO one goes away bored. You may love the place. You may abhor it. You may concede that it's the most luxurious apartment in America, the while contending that you wouldn't be found dead in it, but no one ever leaves Robert LeRoy Ripley's Oriental apartment bored. Scared? Yes. Bored? No.

The address is 2 West Sixty-seventh Street in the fashionable Central Park West section of New York. There are fourteen rooms on two floors, the twelfth and thirteenth. The thirteenth is cluttered with anonymous artists who draw up the preliminary sketches for Mr. Believe It or Not, and who send down samples every few hours. The twelfth is the important floor, because here you will find about two million bucks' worth of Chinese treasure tucked into every nook and cranny and often hanging midway from the twenty-foot ceiling.

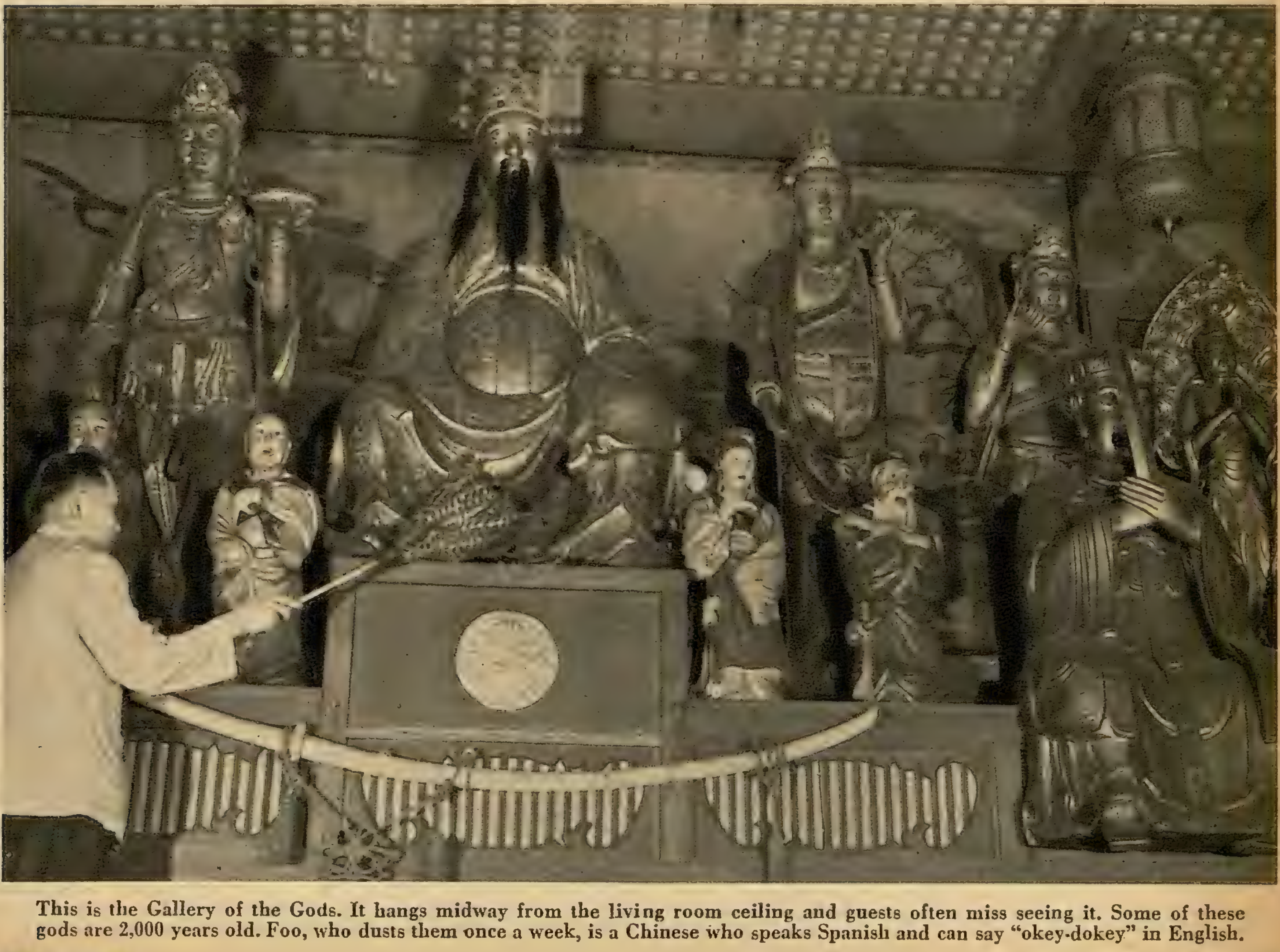
Ripley is a shy toothy man of fifty-two who is always startling the bejeepers out of his friends by doing such things as review-ing the U. S. fleet in the Hudson from the rotting planks of a Chinese junk, or setting up a lifelike statue of a consumptive Japanese in a hall closet, so that when you think there may be a phone inside, and you press the light switch, you drop twenty years from your life expectancy, if you have that much left. If not, you can be placed in the closet *with* the Jap.

The furnishings are designed to overawe you, and they do. You finger two little Chinese lions almost hidden in the dining-room doorway and you learn that they were made of purple teak a thousand years ago, when the imperial Chinese family reserved all purple teak to its own use. A snake plant grows out of an urn made 4,000 years ago of filigreed porcelain. It is covered with scaly dragons and flowers, all in rich color. The secret of impregnating good color in porcelain and keeping it from fading died in China thousands of years ago. Science — and Mr. Ripley — guess that the ancient Chinese crushed precious gems into the porcelain to make it color-fast.

You sit in a chair and discover that the seat cushion is made of the same fabric which Marco Polo brought back to Italy from China to show the Romans how to weave. From there on in, your eyebrows

(*Continued on page 54*)

Mr. Ripley is an expansive host. He sits at left. The cushions his guests sit on are the same as those brought from the Orient by explorer Marco Polo.



This is the Gallery of the Gods. It hangs midway from the living room ceiling and guests often miss seeing it. Some of these gods are 2,000 years old. Foo, who dusts them once a week, is a Chinese who speaks Spanish and can say "okey-dokey" in English.

TOO BUSY FOR Love

After five years of married life, a man stops saying, "I adore you." But where one man stops, sometimes another man begins. This was bound to be true of such a woman as Natalie

BY URSULA PARROTT

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BESSER

IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

THE evening of her twenty-fourth birthday in November, 1945, began for Mrs. Barry Chandler like many other evenings. Quentin Wyatt, friend of the family, took her dining and dancing.

In honor of the occasion she wore a new sapphire-colored dinner dress. Quentin sent white orchids and reserved a table at the Chateau Club, their favorite dancing place.

Natalie Chandler and Quentin Wyatt talked across their table lightly and easily, of nothing of importance—now of plays they might see before his departure next month for South America. They danced, not talking at all—danced beautifully together, as always, though even the three inches of additional height which Natalie's sequin-tipped blue slippers gave her brought the top of her golden head only to his shoulder. Sometimes, dancing, she lifted her blue eyes, saw Quentin's smooth dark head downbent, his eyes smiling at her.

Between entrée and dessert, between one dance tune and the next, everything changed. Quentin spoke quietly into a silence: "Natalie, you must know I love you. If you love me, tell me so. Say you will divorce Barry and marry me."

She could feel her heart pound under the sequin-banded bodice of the sapphire-colored frock. Her eyes stayed fixed upon Quentin's face, which was composed as usual, but composed by effort now.

She said, "One minute—"

After a while she murmured, "It will be all right, won't it? We *like* each other. That will see us through."

He said, "Take all the time you want, darling."

His handsome face, their table, the room seemed to go out of focus. It was as if the mirrors beside them, beyond them, suddenly reflected all the other evenings, half remembered, which had led to this moment.

She saw Quentin in a uniform with no ribbons; herself in a scarlet frock, chosen to seem gayer than she felt; Barry, dinner-jacketed, on her other side. That was farewell for Quentin going off to war.

Then the ribbons of China-Burma-India, the combat stars bright on Quentin's blouse. Barry glanced sometimes at the campaign ribbons, but whether indifferently or enviously Natalie could not judge. She was no longer able to estimate Barry very well by late summer, '45, the time when Quentin returned.

MEMORIES are ill assorted.

An evening much longer ago came back to Natalie then, vivid as yesterday: the first evening on which Barry had taken her to dine at the Chateau Club to celebrate her twentieth birthday. Quentin was not present. Then, in the first year of their marriage, she and Barry preferred to spend special occasions, like birthdays, by themselves.

But Barry had forgotten this, her twenty-fourth birthday. He had forgotten their recent wedding anniversary. He was very busy in Seattle, reconverting a shipyard.

The room steadied. Natalie steadied. She and Quentin never before had spoken one word of love, never had kissed, yet had known lately, almost ever since his return, that this moment might come.

She lifted her eyes. She spoke very calmly: "I love you. I will divorce Barry and marry you. Only—let's just dance now and talk about something else."

That last sounded so absurd that they both laughed.

"Have you any choice of subject?" Quentin wanted to know.

"No. You can talk some more about the museum's expedition."

But they never needed words while they danced.

Back at the table, Quentin said, "Don't pretend to take an interest in the details of a naturalist's pursuits, darling. You have tried so hard the last weeks."

"To keep you from speaking your mind," she told him truthfully. "Quentin, don't kiss me for the first time in a cab. Taxicab kisses are so—en route."

He was amused. "Aside from loving your looks and your cheerful disposition, Natalie, I love the fact I never know what you'll say next."

"Nothing profound, ever. Shall you mind that I'm not bright, Quentin?"

"What makes you think you're not?"

"Oh, I decided long ago."

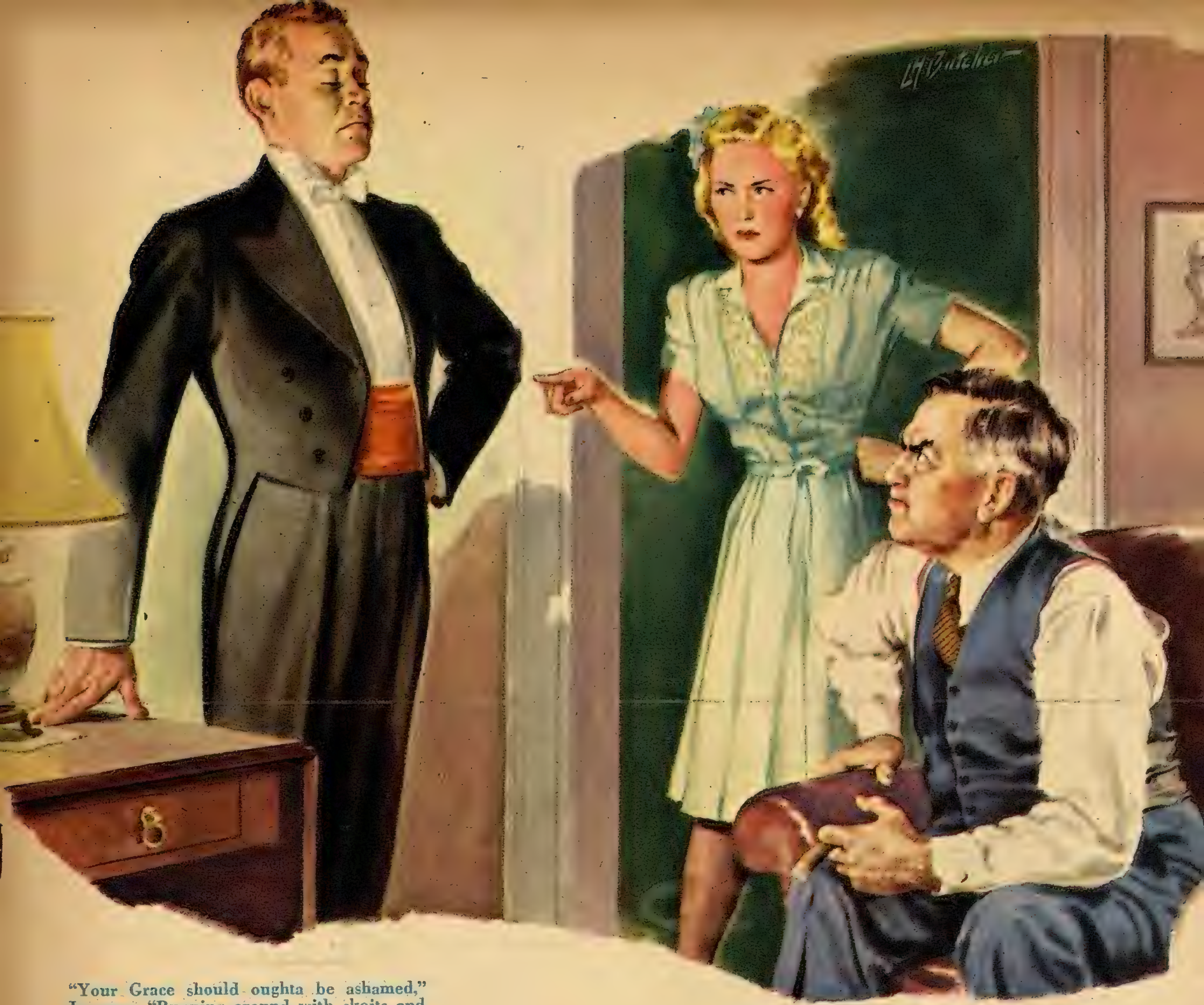
"Let's go home, Natalie."

She looked at him with wild-rose color deepening in her cheeks, said, "I don't want to be kissed in front of the imitation fireplace of my duration apartment."

QUENTIN thought that over. She meant, of course, that she did not wish to be kissed in the apartment where she lived with Barry. It was part of the same quality that kept her from uttering one word of criticism of her husband to him.

He liked the quality.

(*Continued on page 56*)



"Your Grace should oughta be ashamed," Joe says. "Running around with skoits and wearing a red sash, like an a-Dago dancer."

NOW, it is unusual for a big-league ball club to have an Englishman on it, seeing the English do not go in much for baseball, they being partial to cricket, which is played with a bed slat and a dish of tea. But Mr. Alfred Cinders of Holborn, London, is both an Englishman and the classiest shortstop to fetch up with the Dodgers since Leo (The Lip) Durocher himself.

This character blows in unannounced one day while the Brooks are spring training. He is a medium-sized guy with reddish hair and an impudent grin.

" 'Ere I am, Mr. D.," he says, like he and Leo once spitball through grammar school together. "Str'ight from Lunnon to pliy shortstop on yer biseball team. Alfred Cinders is me nime. You miy call me Alf, for convenience' sike."

Mr. Durocher remarks that this is white of Mr. Cinders. But he gives him a try-out. And straightway the Durocher eyes pop. And so do Joe Carney's, the Dodger coach.

"Fella," says Joe, after Alfred disports himself to make Slats Marion slink off in shame, "where did you loin to play short?" Joe is a Brooklyn boy.

"Well," Alf says, "they 'ad some Yank soldiers billeted near me—me plice of business. I learn the gime from them. And as they spoke 'ighly of the Dodgers, I come to America to hoffer me services."

"Huh," says Joe. "Well, leave us see can you hit."

He sees. Alf steps to the plate and rides one up to Savannah, Georgia. That settles it. The next thing, Mr. Cinders is the Brooklyn shortstop and the sensation of the grapefruit league.

Right from the kick-off Alf is very popular. He is a witty man, he can croon Crosby style, and his gift for mimicry is profound. With practically no urging he takes off W. Churchill, H. S. Truman, J. Durante, and similar notables, and his jaw-jutting imitation of Mr. Durocher reasoning with an empire is a great hit. Long before the Dodgers go north, the Flatbush fans have heard of him.

They christen him the "London Brerl."

WELL, the Brooks start in first place and stay up there, due largely to Alfred Cinders. He handles the shortstop job like a blend of Honus Wagner and Superman. Furthermore, he powders the potato, busting window lights in Bedford Avenue regularly twice a week. By mid-August the Dodgers look like a shoo-in. Messrs. Rickey and Durocher are sleeping soundly in their trundle beds.

And then—

Alf foozles three grounders, heaves the ball over the first baseman's head, and fans four times, all in one game.

Nobody says anything, figuring the "Brerl" just has an off day. But

They are now saying in Flatbush that baseball pennants are won on the playing fields of Eton—since the advent of the strange Mr. Cinders who, if he weren't a Dodger, would surely be a Card

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

The London Brerl

when similar occurs on the morrow, Joe Carney speaks to Alf, gently.

"What's biting you, you butter-fingered limey?" Joe inquires.

Mr. Cinders shakes his head. "Joe," he says, "the truth is I'm that 'omesick I could cry me heyes out. Brooklyn is very luvly, Joe. But right now I would tride it, throwing in Borough 'All for one glimpse of 'Igh 'Olborn."

Joe gets worried. It would be a Grade A calamity if Mr. Cinders was to sail back to Blighty.

"Well, Alf," he says soothingly, "homesickness is terrible. I was oncet in Cincinnati—" He checks it, getting a brain wave. "Could be you're needing home atmosphere," he finishes, "and maybe a home-cooked meal. So how's for coming up to my apartment tonight? I seen the missus sneaking in a steak."

"Lumme!" Alf's eyes light. "Stike!"

BUT it turns out that Mrs. Carney might as well dish up eelgrass to Alf. Because Mr. Cinders is aware of nothing except Miss Daisy Zimmerman, Mrs. Carney's niece, which same resides with her aunt and uncle-by-marriage.

This Miss Zimmerman has blonde hair, light blue eyes, and the general geographical arrangements of B. Grable. When she turns the aquamarine glims on Mr. Cinders, Alf is a lost lime-juicer. Mr. Carney, noting developments, is pleased. Also tactful.

"Well, old lady," he says to his wife after dinner, "leave us take in a movie. Youse young fry," he adds, "can have the jernt to yourselves."

The minute the door closes, Mr. Cinders gets to work. "D'isy," he says, "you 'ave fair bowled me hover."

"Why, Mr. Cinders!" says Daisy. "So soon?"

"Directly I put me ruddy foot in the doorwiy," confirms Alf. "Now then, I am a man of few words. Tell me, D'isy! Dare I 'ope?"

Miss Z. is silent, save for tapping a slim foot. Alf waits in trepidation.

"Speak to me, D'isy!" he urges at length hoarsely.

Daisy purses her lips, then her smile would sweeten coffee. "I do like you, Alfred," she says. "And"—the blue eyes travel away—"well, I can't stop you from hoping."

"Whee!" exclaims Mr. Cinders. "Hooriy for luv and Gawd sive the king!"

He quits the Carneys' warbling a ditty about a dame who goes around "wif 'er 'ead tucked hunderneath 'er harm."

The following afternoon Alf strides briskly onto Ebbets Field and starts throwing out Pirates from Pittsburgh twenty to the dozen. Also, he hammers horsehide. He has himself a perfect day.

"Well, Alf," Joe says, "it is nice of you doing this for us, and you figuring on pulling freight for Holborn."

Alf stares at him. "'Olborn? Oo says anything abaht 'Olborn?"

Joe grins. But that night he brings home a box of chocolates for his niece Daisy, an unheard-of performance.

Well, for the next coupla weeks Alfred Cinders exceeds himself. He's a wizard in the field, he runs bases like Cobb, and his batting average jumps over .350. Then one day he comes to Joe.

"Lissen, ya big baboon," he says, having learned to mix good American with his native tongue, "you being D'isy's huncle, and she being an horphan, I suppose I 'ave to arsk yer permission to sue for 'er 'and."

"You'll not sue nobody in my family," barks Joe.

"Daon't be a blinking daope," says Alf. "Wot I mean is, I want to marry the girl."

"Well, whaddya know!" says Joe.

Alf smirks. "Larst night, in a raowboat in Prospect Park, D'isy promises to be me wife and 'elpmeet. So we would like yer blessing before hentering a stite of 'oly matrimony."

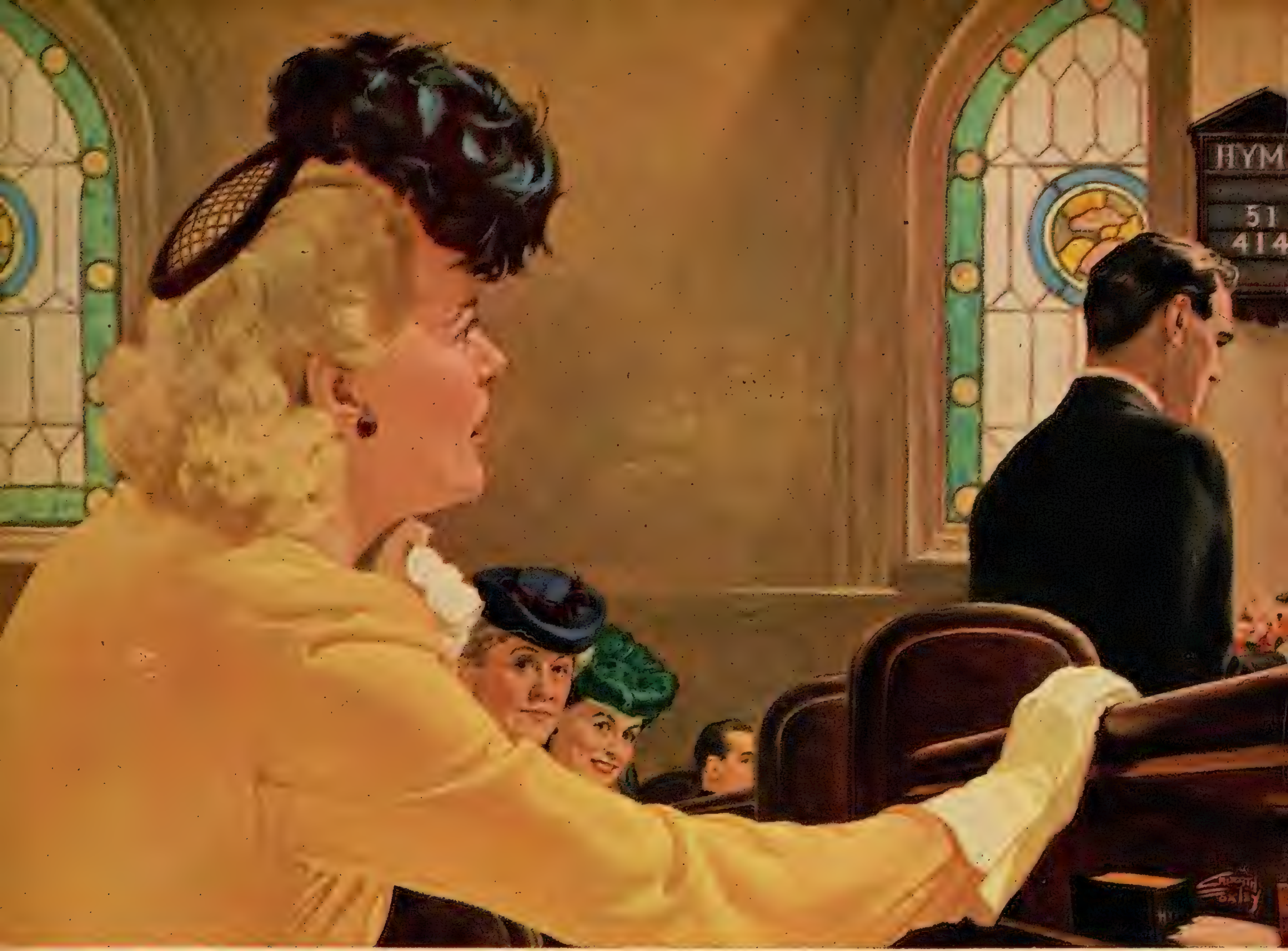
Well, Joe is delighted. He likes Alfred. Furthermore, if getting hitched will keep Alfred shoving the pennant into Brooklyn practically singlehanded, a twofold purpose is served. He puts a mitt on Alf's shoulder.

"Son," he says, "this is O.K. by me. And when you and Daisy get a place of your own, maybe you will have me and the missus to supper now and again?"

"Coo!" says Alf. "Ruddy social climber 'e is!"

IT is three days later that Alf stops a bean ball. The Dodgers are entertaining the St. Looeys, and Wilmark is going for the Cards. Wilmark leaves his control in the dressing room. In the sixth, with Alf crowding the plate, he uncorks a wild one. The ball takes Alf on the left temple. Mr. Cinders subsides to the greensward.

(*Continued on page 61*)



"Look at Mrs. Hennepy!" Mrs. Carver hissed, and indeed, Mrs. Hennepy was something to look at.

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

Tears Without End

MRS. HENNEPY has gone to Florida now, and it isn't likely the residents of Middle City, Indiana, will see her any more. But the talk that drove her from their town goes on.

Mrs. Carver puts it this way: "She's out for a rich man again. This time, I hope for her sake that he doesn't die before she can get him."

It all started about a year ago. The ladies' auxiliary of the Baptist church had just wound up their meeting in the basement. Mrs. Carver, president of that august body, was seated pontifically at the head of a long banquet table, speaking to Mrs. Hennepy at her right.

There was something majestic about Mrs. Carver, even in ordinary circumstances. Her voice was contralto, her hair brunette, and her height five feet nine inches. She was a born leader, and now, in the place of honor before her courtiers, her simplest statement became a decree.

So it wasn't surprising that pretty little rotund Mrs. Hennepy was having difficulty trying to keep up her end of a conversation with the regal president of the ladies' auxiliary.

"Are you going to Mr. Ritter's funeral?" Mrs. Carver asked.

Mrs. Hennepy's dainty, fat little fingers became clenched. "Funeral!" she gasped. "Do you mean J. Emerson Ritter? Is he *dead?*"

Mrs. Carver gave an imperial snort. Gentle, graying Miss Brandon, the high-school teacher, prompted, "Oh, yes! It was in the paper, you know."

Mrs. Hennepy promptly whimpered and began to grope in the folds of her white Hoover apron. Bringing out a tiny patch of linen, she sobbed, "Oh dear, how awful! I never read the papers any more." She dabbed at her eyes.

"It was quite sudden," said Mrs. Carver. It was apparent in her tone of voice that she did not think it necessary for Mrs. Hennepy to be quite so emotional.

But by now Mrs. Hennepy was in the full flower of her tears. "Girls, you must excuse me," she grieved, "but it's such a terrible shock. And I feel things more than most people, since my poor Herbert died." Herbert was Mrs. Hennepy's late hus-

Mrs. Hennepy was weeping a little too loudly for the late Mr. Ritter —and it would have scandalized the town even more to learn why

BY LEONARD A. PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY GRIFFITH FOXLEY

band. "Poor Mr. Ritter! But what brought him down, I wonder? He always seemed so well!"

Mrs. Carver predicated: "He'd been working hard. His plant was reconverting, you know."

Miss Brandon nodded. "He must have worried a great deal!"

At last Mrs. Hennepy had stanched the flow of tears. "It's this war," she said bitterly. "It will kill all of us, sooner or later. Oh, dear, I feel so depressed. What time is the funeral?"

"Four thirty," said Mrs. Carver. "Here at the church. Miss Brandon and I are staying."

"It's my duty to attend," sighed Mrs. Hennepy. "I have some shopping to do first, though I haven't the heart for it, goodness knows. But I'll sit with you, if I may."

She excused herself and made her way toward town. So great was her grief that when she reached the Oh-So-Good Confectionery, she thought she had better get a chocolate nut sundae to revive her spirits. But every bite she took reminded her of poor Mr. Ritter, and she nearly choked.

By the time she had visited several stores and acquired several bundles, she still felt much too depressed to attend the funeral. Passing Maude Curtis' millinery shop, she noticed a hat in the window. It was a wee, elfin thing—merely a heart-shaped piece of lace covered with tiny pink rosebuds. But it won Mrs. Hennepy over. It was her realization of a dream hat.

She went inside. Maude assured her that the flowered confection was created for the single purpose of gracing her curled blonde locks. She made the purchase and came out carrying the bonnet in a tiny glasslike celluloid box. The sight of the rosebuds hanging from her arm lifted her spirits. She could make her way to the church now, reconciled. She could face any future, secure with her new spring hat.

At the door of the church Lonnie Matthews greeted her. Lonnie was Mort Matthews' brother. Some people said he was a bit "off," but Mort found him a useful assistant in the undertaking business. He had just that air of mystic intuition that people seemed to want in a welcomer to funeral services. "Afternoon, Miz Hennepy," he intoned gloomily. "Too bad, ain't it? You kin leave your packages with me." And he disappeared into a side room with them.

Before proceeding, Mrs. Hennepy located her handkerchief. Then she stepped to the door and looked down the pews of mourners. Mrs. Carver and Miss Brandon were seated halfway down, but their pew was already full. With bowed head, Mrs. Hennepy crept down the aisle and took a seat across from them.

Mort Matthews was bringing in the last floral pieces, arranging them in mournful symmetry about the casket. He was a finicky man, and he liked everything about a funeral to be just right. Finally he brought in the last piece. It was a small heart-shaped bouquet of pink rosebuds. Thoughtfully he searched the bank of flowers for just the right place. At last he tenderly laid the piece on the foot of the casket itself. The organ began to play.

Mrs. Carver nudged Miss Brandon. "Look at Mrs. Hennepy!" she hissed. And indeed, Mrs. Hennepy was something to look at. Her grief had apparently so overcome her that she was almost ill. She leaned forward as if about to rise, turned first red, then purple, then deathly gray green.

"Why, forevermore!" whispered Miss Brandon to Mrs. Carver. "I didn't think she'd take on so."

"Hm!" said Mrs. Carver. "She must've cared a good deal more for him than anybody knew!"

"Why, Mrs. Carver, what do you mean?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Carver significantly, "he was wealthy, you know. And a widower. She's been alone a good many years, and I dare say she's run through the money Herb Hennepy left her."

Miss Brandon was stupefied. "Oh, but really, Mrs. Carver!"

"Why, see for yourself!" answered that lady angrily. "See how she's carrying on. That's more than just friendly!"

"Oh, but she feels things more than most people," Miss Brandon reminded her.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Carver. And as the service proceeded, it seemed more and more that she was right. Mrs. Hennepy grew almost hysterical, shook the whole pew with her sobs, buried her face in her hands. Members of the Ritter family were so disturbed by the fuss she made that they forgot momentarily to bow their heads and sneaked curious glances in her direction. Then they looked at one another blankly.

Finally the service was over. People stepped up to view the remains. Mrs. Hennepy pushed in ahead of them like an abandoned woman. She put out her hands as though to snatch back poor Mr. Ritter from the tomb, but when she became aware that people were watching her, withdrew her arms convulsively to her sides.

Miss Brandon and Mrs. Carver came up to her. "Come, dear," said Miss Brandon kindly. "You'll feel better when you get outside."

"No! No!" she squealed. "I'm going to the cemetery. I must!"

Mrs. Carver drew herself up and frowned. "Surely you don't intend to impose yourself on the family at a time like this!"

"But you don't understand," she moaned. "I have to!" And she ran from them into the alcove.

"Well, then," said Mrs. Carver to her companion, "I'm going too. I want to see just what happens out there."

SOMEHOW cars were found for the ladies and the long slow procession began. Said Mrs. Carver to the Pottses, in whose car she and Miss Brandon were riding, "Did you notice Mrs. Hennepy? I never saw anyone take on so. Not even the family!"

The Pottses agreed. So did Miss Brandon.

"Oh, she's a clever one!" Mrs. Carver admitted. "Pretending she didn't even know he was dead, when all the time—"

At the cemetery Mort Matthews was still fussing with the flowers when the Potts car arrived. A few minutes later Mrs. Hennepy got there. The minister took his place before the casket, which was resting on tapes across the open grave. As a last touch, Mort Matthews took the small pink heart-shaped bouquet and placed it again on the top of the casket.

Mrs. Hennepy moaned. The minister, with a wounded look, slowly turned his outraged eyes from her to the lately departed and began to intone, "'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust'." The casket was lowered into the ground. Mrs. Hennepy whined like a suffering hound, and the chief mourners looked scandalized.

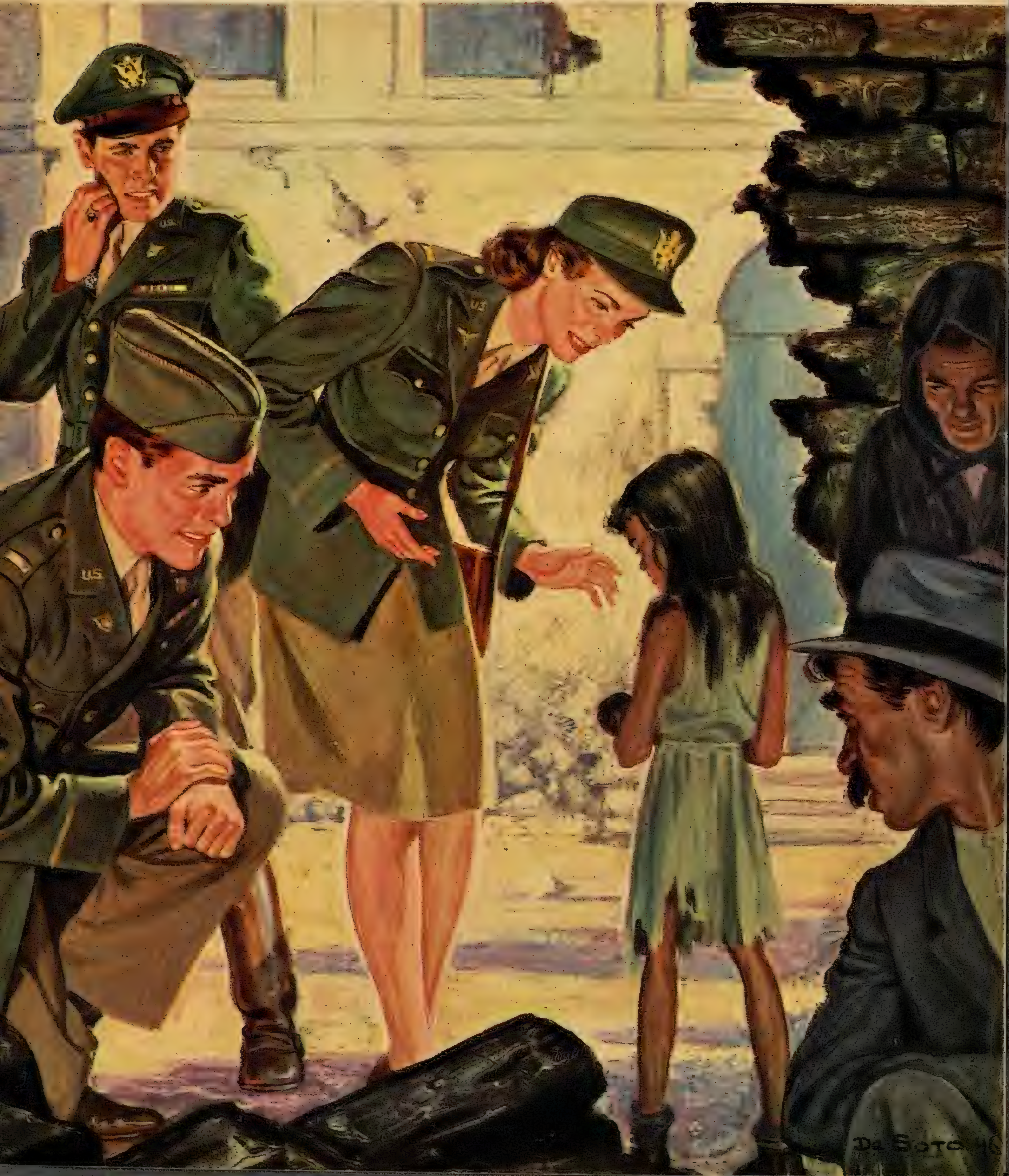
When the interment was complete, Mrs. Hennepy left the scene a bent, broken woman. It was obvious that something very dear to her had been lowered into that cold dark tomb; it was clear, too, that her tragedy had shaken her more than she dared to say.

So perhaps it is just as well that Mrs. Hennepy has gone to Florida. Perhaps, in time, she can forget her loss.

THE END

She was a gorgeous nurse and Mike had her eating nicely out of his hand—until a wolfing chum stalked on the scene. But Mike had a theory about nurses—and wolves

You'll



Get Along, Kid

BY MAJOR TEMPLE FIELDING and LIEUT. THOMAS MONROE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

THE window in front of my desk framed a square of blue Mediterranean that the travel posters never touched. But the smell of dead fish and open sewers made me know I was in Bruletto. I looked at the four-inch stack of intelligence reports and then I looked out of the window again. The war was over and I wanted New York.

Feet shuffled through the next room and Fitch stood in the doorway, glowering at me.

"Up!" he said. "On your feet, bum! Party's started."

"Sorry, Bill," I told him, "I—"

Two strides brought him close enough to grab the stack of reports in one big hand and toss them into the open safe.

"Nertz!" he said. "A fine state of the military!" He slammed the safe door and spun the dial. "Have you forgotten that there are such things as babes and bottles?"

"No can do, Bill," I told him. "At eleven hundred tomorrow the General is coming on his broom."

"And nertz to the General also," Bill said genially. Then he got serious. "Look, Mike. You're knocking yourself out. You're no good to the Army or anyone else with your nerves wound up like the inside of a golf ball. Let it wait until morning. Yessir, doctor prescribes a party right now—and that's what it's gonna be!"

With that he just about dragged me out of my chair. I didn't struggle too much—I guess my resistance was low.

IT was dark by the time we got to where Bill and two other Air Corps captains lived—a ramshackle billet on Via de Torino—and you could hear the party a block away. Every inch of that fleabox was crowded. It was motley, noisy, and international. Most of the guests were either drunk or getting that way fast. Nobody gave a damn.

Bill rushed off to play host. I found myself a G.I. tin cup and poured a healthy shot from the fanciest bottle in the collection. It went down hard but I managed it. I mixed another. Drastic action was just what I needed.

Above the clatter of alcoholic voices a phonograph kept playing a 1923 Paul Whiteman of Jada, Jada, Jing Jing Jing. Maybe it was the only unbroken platter or maybe it was a whim. It was getting on my nerves.

I started across the room, and suddenly I realized that I wasn't walking very straight.

Carefully I picked my way through the room to the little balcony that faced the street. Someone had dragged out the divan. I dropped on it and let my head come into my hands. When I closed my eyes, the nerves started jangling just like that damn record.

I'D been there for five minutes, I guess, when I felt someone else standing there. This someone didn't say anything and it didn't move. I focused my eyes on it with some difficulty and saw that it wore a skirt. It had slim legs and a face. It wore a uniform blouse—American. Yeah—American nurse.

"Hello," she said. Her voice was low.

"Hello," I said. I couldn't have sounded very pleasant.

"You're tired, Michael," she said. She sat down beside me.

"Bill gave me this, and I want you to take it. And drink this cup of water."

I managed to get the pill down. She took the cup and set it on the concrete balustrade.

"Now, lad," she said, "that was just the beginning of the treatment. Here—over here to me." Gently she pulled my head to her lap. Cool fingers were on my forehead.

"Relax, Michael. Shut your eyes. Everything's all right, Michael."

I could feel the tenseness going out of me like mist rising from the damp ground. Just before dark waters snuffed out the starlight on the wall above me, I opened my eyes. She was smiling. I didn't know how good the starlight was, but I knew that she was beautiful. Her face had an odd feline serenity—the calm of the Sistine Madonna. Very faintly and from far away the phonograph still ground out its eternal . . . Jing . . . Jing . . . Jing . . .

NOISE from the street shook me awake. I looked at my wrist watch. Ten—the sun was high in the bright blue sky. Good Lord—the General! I dressed in a hurry and went inside. My knees worked fine. I felt better than I had in weeks. My hands weren't even shaking.

Fitch was eating at the battered table. He gave me a four-inch grin.

"Good morning, lover!" he bellowed. "Drag up a chair and tell daddy all about it! I want the know-how. *The* most gorgeous nurse in Italy—ten American pilots, three Limeys, and a Polack knocking themselves out over her—and you, you unconscious wolf, monopolize her evening by going to sleep."

"Who is she?" I asked him.

He leaned back and considered me critically.

"I dunno but what—" he started, and then I guess he saw the look in my eye. "O.K., O.K.—her name is Geri Parker, second lieutenant, Four Hundred and First General Hospital. Twenty-odd, Newburyport, green-eyed and glamorous. Right now two hundred and fifty-six patients, twenty-three medics, seventy-one Air Corps, and three small boys are in love with her, according to my latest G-2. Enough?"

"You forgot one Ground Force Intelligence," I told him. I was downstairs starting his jeep while he was still considering that.

THE General came and went with no particular trouble. He was hardly out of sight when I was twisting the archaic dial of what passed for a telephone.

"Geri!" The connection was terrible. "It's me—Mike! Mike Allison. Remember? The sick guy last night! Geri, are you there?"

There was only a buzz. Then that wonderful voice of hers, very faint, came floating to my ears.

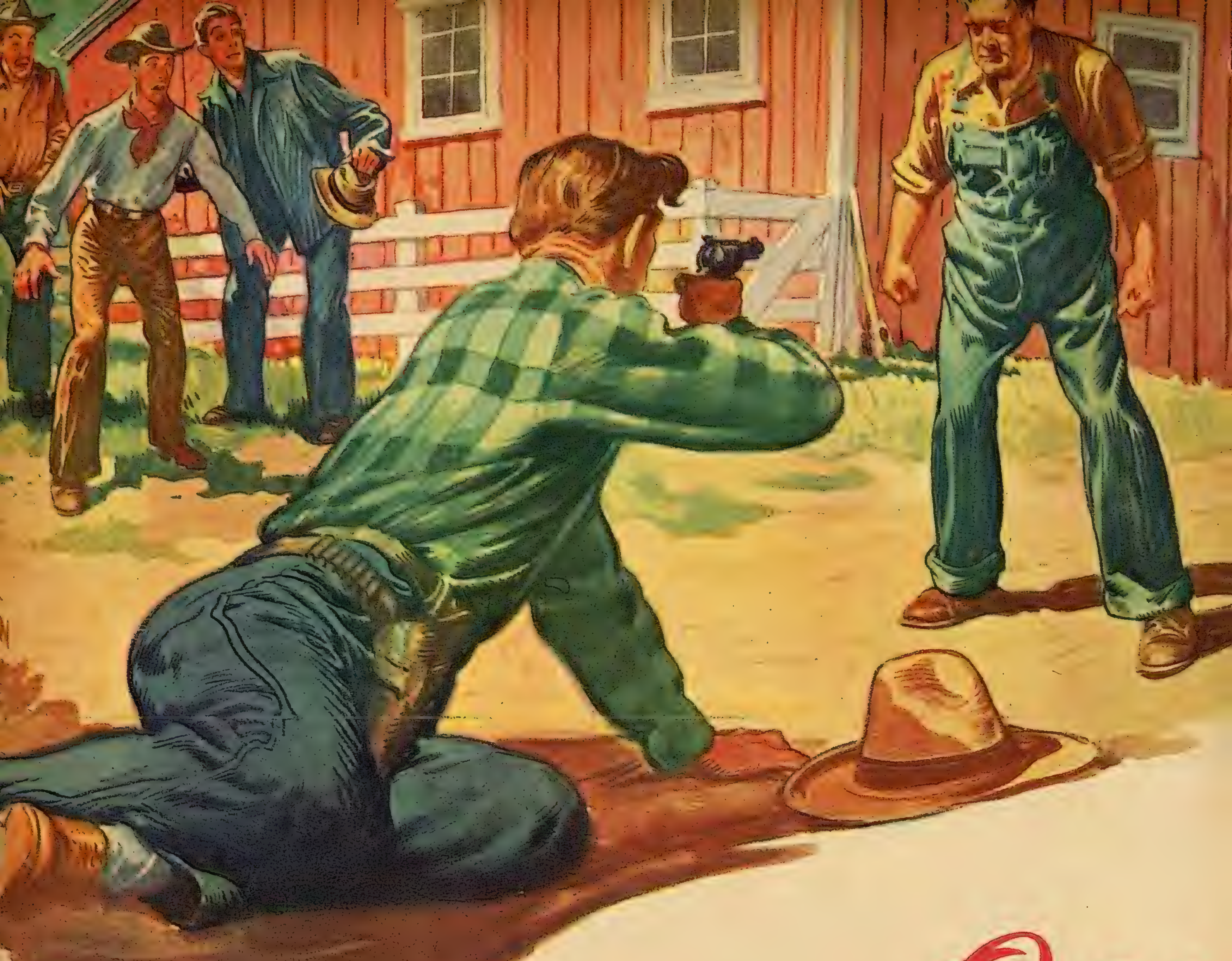
"Mike," she said. "Yes, of course. Hello, Mike. Are you all right?"

"Am I all right? I'm terrific! Geri, look—I can't talk on this booby trap! Dinner tonight? I'll come by at six. . . . No, SIX!!"

I waited. More buzz. I found my hand was shaking a little again. Then faintly I heard her. I think she said yes.

(*Continued on page 80*)

"I am an American nurse," Geri said. "Perhaps if I examined the little one, I might draw out the poison."



Old

IF it hadn't been for the turkeys, maybe Clem Randell would have got off to a better start as foreman of the R-5. Still, it would have been tough for him. The boys didn't want anyone taking Curly's place, let alone this big pie-faced man who wore a sodbuster's outfit and looked at you slow and unwinking as if he was trying to get his mind in gear.

I remember him from that first evening when the crew found out that Curly had got his time and wouldn't be back. I can see the broad face with the two deep lines running from the corners of the nose down below the mouth. I can see the calm slow look he gave us, the lips that didn't smile but weren't unfriendly, either. I remember thinking of him as a man with a face that nothing ever happened to.

Some of us around the supper table grunted at him, meeting him that first time, and all of us got up pretty soon and went outside, leaving him and Rivers, the man cook, in the house. We went to the woodpile, where we were used to sitting on up-ended blocks and whittling and chewing the rag when the work was done.

"For Lord's sake!" Swede Jorgenson said. "A clodhopper! A regular sodbuster! For foreman!" He got up and put on an act, walking duck-footed, trying to look like one of those sugar-beet farmers that had just moved in on the bench.

"Bib overalls," said Slim Bethune, "and ditch digger's shoes and a two-bit straw hat. On the R-5!"

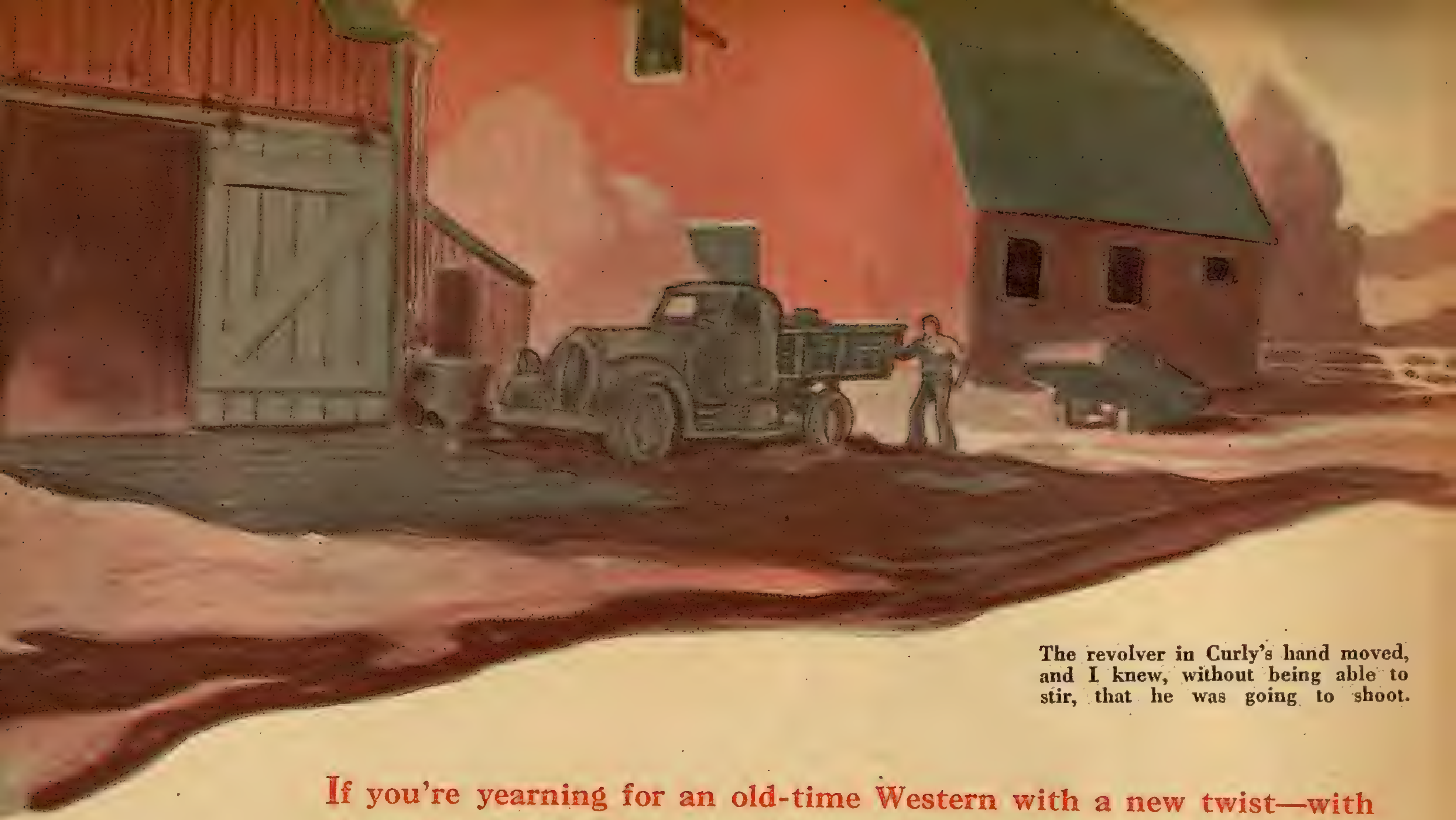
We're a hay-and-cattle ranch, the R-5 is, but pretty well mechanized. But most of the boys keep to a sort of cowboy rigging even now, big hats and levis and maybe some brass on their belts. Nobody ever wears bib overalls.

John Goodin was older than most of us by fifteen or twenty years. He picked at his teeth with a hay stem while he talked. "It ain't the duds, boys. You're sore about Curly."

"What if we are?" asked Swede, looking down at John from his lanky six foot two.

"Curly's a good fellow, but mighty unreliable lately." Goodin's voice was low and slow. "You can't put up with a foreman going off on a bender at hayin' time. What kind of a way is that to run a ranch?"

Swede said, "Curly knows more in a minute than this honyacker will ever learn."



The revolver in Curly's hand moved, and I knew, without being able to stir, that he was going to shoot.

If you're yearning for an old-time Western with a new twist—with characters who pack plenty of punch—you've come to the right page

BY A. B. GUTHRIE, JR.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

Mother Hubbard

"Maybe so." Goodin was quiet for a minute. "How's Curly going to take this, full of tea like he is?"

"That would be something to see," said Slim. "Curly and this sodbuster meetin' up. There'd be bib overalls from hell to breakfast."

Goodin was still working at the doubt in his mind. "After a while a man feels like he owns a job."

I think it was then I knew Curly would come back to the ranch, would come back soon, just as quick as he learned about Randell from one of the bar flies in town. He was a forward man, even when he was sober.

Looking beyond Goodin, I saw Rivers come out of the house, carrying the black-snake whip he kept hung on the wall, and between me and him I saw the reason for it. A couple of turkey gobblers that roamed the barnyard had got into a fight again. Behind Rivers, Randell came, flopping in those big overalls.

Maybe you've never seen gobblers fight. They get their long warty necks all twisted around each other, like the strands of a rope, until you can't tell which head belongs to which, and they stand and sway while they peck at each other, taking shorter and shorter jabs as their necks coil around.

RIVERS always seemed to get a heap of pleasure out of separating them. Soon's he'd see a fight he'd grab his black-snake whip and come running out and crack it around those ropy necks, until it finally came home to the gobblers that something was hurting them worse than they were hurting themselves. They'd flop about and beat the air with their wings and finally get unraveled and run away, sometimes with the blood dripping.

It was pretty funny, all right, except once in a while the lash of Rivers' whip would hit too high and flick out an eye. As far as that goes, though, sometimes they'd pick each other's eyes out.

Well, what I was saying, Rivers came out, with Randell not far behind him, and brought back the whip and snapped it around the turkeys' necks. He flipped it loose and drew it back and lashed again, and flipped it loose and drew back, and then Randell stepped in.

Another man would have hung back, I guess, being new like Randell was, thinking he better get his

(*Continued on page 83*)

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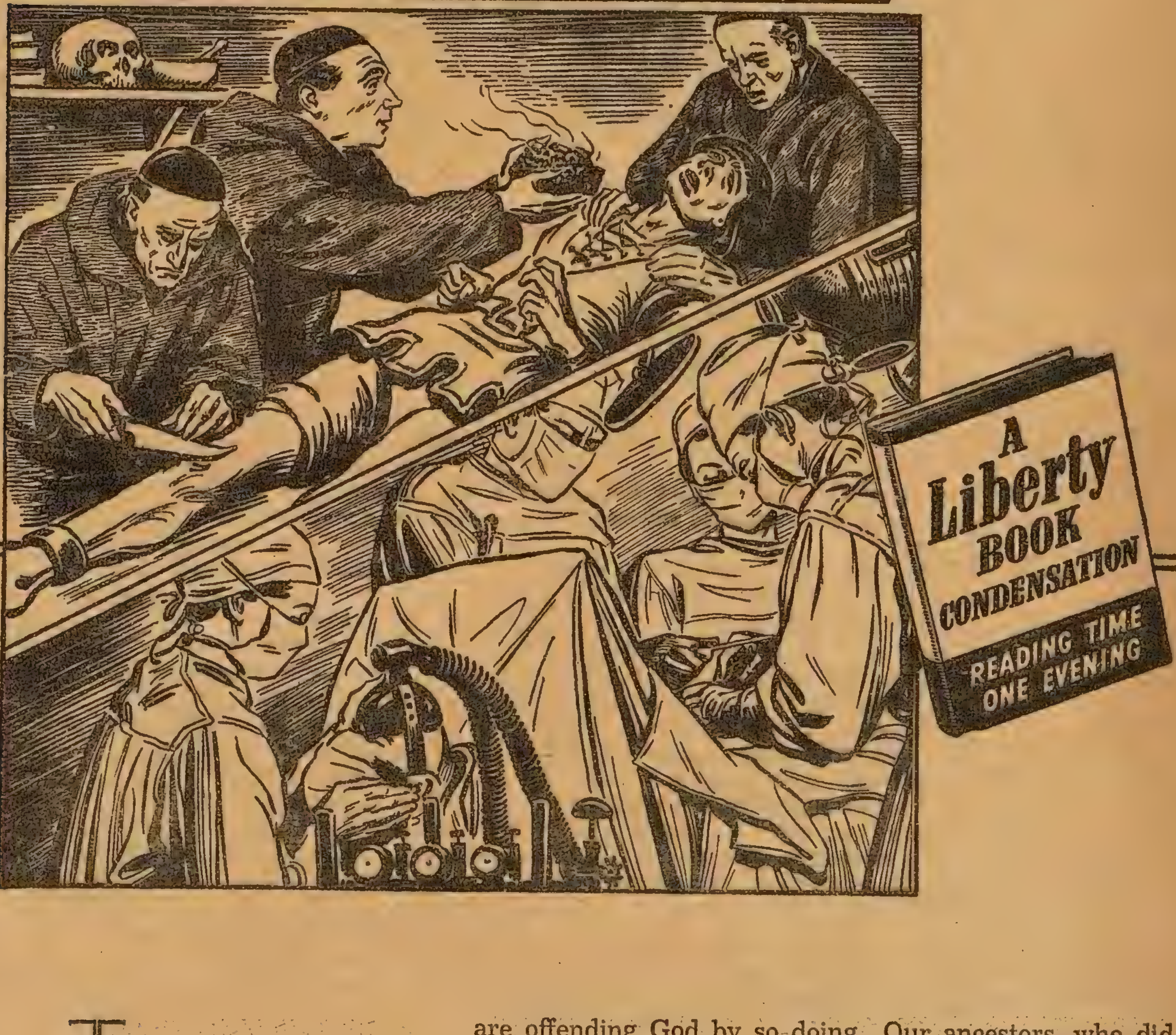
Man Against Pain

BY HOWARD RILEY RAPER

Until a century ago man had no defense against pain. Here is the thrilling story of the men who struggled to make possible what has been called "the greatest single gift ever made to suffering humanity"—freedom from the pain of surgery.



ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

THE romantic conception of man's conquest of pain is that, from the beginning, he resented suffering and resolutely set himself the task of conquering it; and that, undaunted by centuries of failure, he held to the purpose, getting nearer and nearer the mark, until by virtue of his unswerving determination, the culminating victory of surgical anesthesia was finally achieved.

Well, it just wasn't like that. There is much less of the inflated chest and much more of the bowed head in the picture, less of high stepping and more of stumbling, few brave words but many prayers.

We get a strong hint of man's attitude from the fact that, according to some philologists, the word *pain* stems from the idea of penalty. Today we do not hesitate to avoid all physical pain possible, with no feeling that we are offending God by so doing. Our ancestors, who did not have the means to escape pain, tried to make the best of their predicament by assuming that the Almighty wanted them to suffer.

In Scotland in the year 1591, a lady of rank was accused of seeking relief from the pain of childbirth, convicted of the charge, and burned at the stake. As late as 1839, a great French surgeon said, "To avoid pain, in surgical operations, is a chimera. . . . Knife and pain, in operative surgery, are two words which never suggest themselves the one without the other . . ."

Nevertheless, in spite of religious opposition and pessimistic opinion, man has always sought relief from his sufferings. Peering into the dim past, one of the very first things we see is a man drinking wine. And thus was born, perhaps, what little hope early man had of escaping pain and woe by taking something for it. Wine made it easier to stand the bites of vermin; he could sleep better and

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dream nicer dreams; and he did not mind so much when his slave wife ran off with another owner.

From the drinking of wine, it was only a step to spiking the wine with something to make it even more effective. The legendary Helen of Troy, so we find in *The Odyssey,* "cast a drug into the wine whereof they (soldiers) drank, a drug to lull all pain and anger and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow. Whoso should drink a draught thereof, when it is mingled in the bowl, on that day he would let no tear fall down his cheek. . . ."

Medical men suspect that Helen must have used either opium, mandragora or *cannabis indica,* a narcotic drug. One thing seems sure: Helen served very potent cocktails.

Lucina, the goddess of obstetrics, poured "an insensibility to pain down all the limbs of a woman in the throes of labour." Just how she did it is not stated, but who would question a goddess?

The most widely used narcotic drug of ancient times was mandragora or mandrake. "Eating the plant," says Dioscorides, "shepherds are made sleepy." Doctor Dioscorides, a Greek surgeon of the first century A. D., refers repeatedly to the hypnotic and narcotic effect of mandragora.

"There are those," he says, "who boil the root in wine to a third part, and preserve the decoction of which they give a cyathus (small glass) in want of sleep or severe pains in any part, and also before operations with the knife, or the actual cautery, that they may not be felt."

Pliny the Elder (23-79 A. D.), Roman naturalist, speaks of an agent called "morion." It is highly probable that this was a preparation of mandragora. "A drachm of it," he says, "taken in a draught, or in a cake or other food, causes infatuation and takes away the use of the reason; the person sleeps without sense, in the attitude in which he ate it, for three or four hours afterwards. Physicians use it when they have to resort to cutting or burning."

Apuleius, the Roman philosopher of the second century A. D., wrote, "If anyone is to have a member mutilated, burned or sawed, let him drink half an ounce of mandragora with wine and let him sleep until the member is cut away without any pain or sensation." Ah, yes, Apuleius, let him. But did he, could he? I am afraid not.

Theodoric, a monk, physician and surgeon, who lived in the thirteenth century, gives directions for preparing a mixture called *spongia somnifera* (sleeping sponge). The list of ingredients includes just about everything supposed at the time to have a hypnotic or narcotic effect. I quote:

"Take of opium, of the juice of the unripe mulberry, of hyoscyamus, of the juice of hemlock, of the juice of the leaves of the mandragora, of the juice of the woody ivy, of the seeds of dock which has large round apples, and of the water-hemlock, each an ounce: mix all these in a brazen vessel, and then place in it a new sponge; let the whole boil as long as the sun lasts on the dog-days, until the sponge consumes it all. . . . As oft there shall be need of it place this sponge in hot water for an hour and let it be applied to the nostrils of him who is to be operated on until he has fallen asleep, and so let the surgery be performed."

This was probably the best and the most widely used anesthetic (?) of the Middle Ages and early modern period. A few years ago one of our American research anesthetists stewed up some of this medieval medical goulash and tested its anesthetic properties. His report was brief: "It won't even make a guinea pig nod."

A special formula for producing a four-day sleep may be found in the following thirteenth century advice: "If you wish that he should not wake for four days, get a pennyweight of the wax from a dog's ear, and the same quantity of pitch; administer it to the patient and he will sleep." Special treatment was required to arouse the patient: "When you would that he should awake, take an onion, compounded with vinegar, and pour some into his mouth, and he will awake."

As far as I am able to learn, no modern investigator has ever tested the hypnotic effect of wax from a dog's ear. My own schedule does not include time for the work. Perhaps the reader has a dog with a pennyweight of wax in his ear. . . .

These quotations are not very revealing. There are no detailed case reports, no records of the relative proportions of failure and success.

Confidence in the ancient narcotics for surgical purposes waxed and waned for centuries. They were tried and discarded because they were ineffectual as anesthetics, then tried again because there was nothing else to try. The surgical sponge seems to have been abandoned for the last time during the latter part of the sixteenth century, because, so wrote one author, it caused convulsions, coma, and even death—and because, he might have added, I feel sure, it so seldom prevented the pain of surgery.

Early Narcotics

Of the approximately two dozen known agents used by ancient and medieval peoples to narcotize surgical patients, only five deserve any special consideration. *Mandragora* was one of the most popular. It was known to many ancient peoples including the Egyptians, Greeks, Assyrians, Babylonians, Hebrews, Hindus and Chinese. There are probably more legends woven about it than about any other ancient drug.

The Greeks believed an evil spirit dwelt in the plant. It was not safe to uproot it, so it was believed, because "it would utter such frightful shrieks that no mortal man could hear them and live." To get around this difficulty and still gather the plant, an ancient writer recommends the following method:

"To gather ye mandragora, go forthe at dead of nyght and take a dogge or other animal and tye him wyth a corde unto ye plante. Loose ye earth round about ye roote, then leave hym, for in hys struggles to free hymself he wyll teare up ye roote, whych by its dreadfull cryes wyll kyll ye animal." All of which was a bit tough on ye dogge, for if he survived the shrieks of the uprooted plant, as we may reasonably suspect that he did, as likely as not he had his skull cracked or his throat cut by his owner to sustain the legend.

Cannabis is the botanical term for hemp, the fibrous plant from which rope is made. One variety of this plant also yields an especially potent resinous narcotic drug usually referred to in medicine as *cannabis indica,* meaning hemp grown in India, preferred for medical uses.

The narcotic property of cannabis was known to many ancient peoples, who used it in surgery, as an anodyne medicine, and as a social stimulant. They swallowed it in solution in wine, probably smoked it, and made bonfires and inhaled the fumes in groups for party purposes. Herodotus, the Greek historian, tells us the Scythians held such parties and the participants became intoxicated and some sang, some danced, and all made merry—a sort of ancient counterpart of a modern cocktail party.

Some scholars believe that the balm proffered Jesus on the cross contained cannabis.

Much emphasis has always been placed on the mental effect of cannabis. A medieval writer says that on taking it, "the mind is immediately filled by a delicious succession of pleasant ideas," and modern writers still speak of it in similar manner. It has been well known in Mexico and other Central and South American countries by the name *marijuana*, "the weed that intoxicates." Addicts smoke cigarettes made from the dried, crushed flowering tops and leaves of the plant.

Because it stimulates inventiveness and does something pleasant to their sense of timing, musicians sometimes smoke marijuana to help them in their work. News that hot jazz players use the cigarette is considered shocking, but, whether with prejudice or not, the users themselves declare it to be less harmful than a too enthusiastic use of alcohol.

Henbane is a mild narcotic, little known to the public, but still rather widely used in medicine.

Opium was known long before the birth of Christ. The juice from the little bulb below the flower was found to be the source of the active narcotic agent. It was given in wine by the ancients and usually formed a part of the somniferous mixtures of the Middle Ages and early modern era. Following the abandonment of the surgical sponge, tincture of opium *(laudanum)*—frequently given in whiskey or rum—became and remained, until the discovery of anesthesia, the most widely used of all agents to prepare patients for surgery. Although a strong narcotic and anodyne, it was not a good anesthetic.

Of the several derivatives of opium now available, morphine was the first to be isolated from the parent drug. It was discovered during the first decade of the nineteenth century by a German apothecary's assistant, who called it "morphium" after Morpheus, god of dreams, son of Somnus, the god of sleep.

Morphine did not replace opium as a means of preparing patients for surgery. It took nearly half a century and the invention of the hollow needle hypodermic syringe for morphine finally to find its very useful and valuable place in medicine as a tranquilizer, anodyne and hypnotic.

The origin of the use of *alcohol*, in the form of wine, antedates history. No one knows the story of the discovery, but it might have been something like this: a bowl of berries was forgotten and left to ferment, then found and consumed by an owner too lazy to pick fresh ones—or perhaps the berry season was over. A good feeding on such berries, or similar fruit, might well have been something worth remembering and repeating.

Alcohol is now and always has been a vitally important factor in the struggle against pain, both physical and mental. It was used for centuries to prepare patients for surgery, not because it was an effective anesthetic, but because it was available, it helped some, and there was nothing much better. Ether and chloroform are the children of alcohol. It is still used in their manufacture.

Mandragora, cannabis, henbane, opium and alcohol—these, then, were the most important and effective drugs used by the ancient, medieval and early modern peoples to relieve the pain of surgery—and of life. That they must have been ineffectual as anesthetics is obvious. They had the capacity to induce sleep, but not to maintain it through surgery.

The great difference between narcotics and general anesthetics is that the latter go so much further along the same road. Narcotics produce varying degrees of numbness. Anesthetics produce complete numbness. Narcotics produce varying degrees of indifference. Anesthetics produce the most profound indifference known to the living—indifference to the pain of surgery. Helpful as they may have been in the battle against pain, the early narcotics went no further than to give a bare hint, an unfulfilled promise of surgical anesthesia.

Hypnotism

Hypnotism, at its medical best, is a legitimate form of psycho-therapy, having all the possibilities *and limitations* of such remedial methods. At its sorry worst, it ranks with sorcery, black magic, witchcraft and demonology. In medicine, it never quite rises to a position of genuine practical importance, and never quite dies out either.

Hypnotism is as old as the human race. It was known to the Chaldeans, Babylonians, Egyptians, Persians, Hindus, Greeks, Romans, and other ancient peoples. Priest-physicians resorted to its use to induce sleep and to treat both mental and physical disease.

The man who stole hypnotism from the temples and gave it to the people was a Swiss named Franz Anton Mesmer. His technique became known as mesmerism, a name still in use. He began the practice of mesmerism in Vienna, was investigated, and ordered to leave town.

Arriving in Paris in 1778, he got off to a slow start, but finally won the great success of his life. Clad in a lilac suit, playing a harmonica, surrounded by incense, colored lights and rich draperies, he held séances and cured his patients by gazing intently into their eyes and touching them with a magnet. The magnet theory was later discarded in favor of "animal magnetism," which was described as a peculiar sort of cosmic fluid with healing properties that could be transferred to the ailing patient by the laying on of hands and stroking.

The people loved Mesmer and his show, but the medical profession and the authorities did not, and he was finally driven from Paris; not, however, before news of his exploits had spread throughout the civilized world and disciples had appeared in all great countries.

Mesmer's claims were so extravagant and his theories so fanciful that medicine had no choice but to reject them. Nevertheless there was a feeling that he had *something*—and medical men are still digging in the chaff to find out what precisely that something could have been. The first physician to make a scientific, commonsense investigation of mesmerism was a Scotchman named James Braid (1795-1861). He decided that "there can be a genuine self-induced sleep brought about by a fixed stare at a bright inanimate object." He attacked the animal magnetism theory, declaring that no cosmic fluid passed from operator to patient; and coined a new name, hypnotism, to replace the term mesmerism.

Probably the first man to use hypnotism in surgical operations was John Elliotson. Dr. Elliotson was a professor at the University of London and President of the Royal Medical and Surgical Society when, in 1843, he published a pamphlet describing his findings. Medical feeling against Mesmer still ran so high at the time that the dispute that followed led to Elliotson's resignation from office and retirement from the conflict.

Two years later, a Scotch surgeon named James Esdaile, practicing in India, carried on extensive experiments on convicts. He claimed a record of two hundred and sixty-one painless operations. His work attracted so much attention that it was investigated by a committee appointed by the Deputy-Governor of Bengal. Dr. Esdaile's method was neither fully approved nor condemned.

Returning to his native land, Dr. Esdaile met with what must have been the surprise of his life when he attempted the use of hypnotic anesthesia on the hard-headed Scotch. Self-contained Europeans, he discovered, were not like the impressionable Hindus. Hypnotic anesthesia was a flop in Scotland.

The Elliotson and Esdaile claims were supported by numerous isolated case reports appearing in the medical literature of the day. But the medical profession at large never accepted hypnotism as a reliable anesthetic.

The truth is obvious: Man's only consistently effective hypnotics and anesthetics are drugs. Drugs do not ask that you believe in them. Take a sufficient dose of the right anesthetic or soporific drug and you go to sleep whether you believe in it or not. Take a sufficient dose of alcohol and you may cut capers as silly as could be suggested by the most accomplished professional hypnotist.

With a Club

Efforts to escape the pain of surgery were not confined to hypnotism and the swallowing and smelling of drugs. Other methods were employed, including pressure, local applications and, so the legends go, a crack on the head with a club or mallet.

Surgical patients were prepared for operation by throttling them into a state of insensibility. Pressure on the carotid arteries, located on each side of the neck, shuts off the blood supply to the brain and thus quickly produces unconsciousness. It is, of course, not safe to prolong this pressure and, when released, there is a prompt return to consciousness.

It was a brutal, dangerous and unsatisfactory technique that was abandoned and revived repeatedly. It was revived for a while in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and again as late as the eighteenth century; but always abandoned.

There is a widespread belief that the Egyptians used to give the patient a sock on the head by way of preparation for surgery. It is said that the men who administered this type of anesthesia gained great skill in giving the precisely correct blow in precisely the right place to produce the anesthesia without killing the patient. The blow is sometimes described as "of such strength only as to crack an almond." No allowance seems to be made for the fact that some almonds—and some skulls—are harder than others.

Although I cannot recall ever having read an authoritative account of it, I have encountered numerous casual references to this percussion type of anesthesia. At a meeting with Dr. Paul Wood, Secretary of the American Society of Anesthetists, I asked him what he knew about it. He told me he had always considered it a sort of joke, but that fragmentary reports had been reaching him recently of a local medical meeting at which the subject had been discussed quite learnedly and seriously by a New York physician. I called on the lecturer.

"Wooden helmets were first placed on the head to avoid fracturing the skull," he said; "then the helmet was whacked with a club or mallet."

I wrote to Mr. John A. Wilson, distinguished Egyptologist of the University of Chicago, who replied, "I know of nothing in the nature of a wooden helmet which might have been used for stunning purposes." And, "I can say very definitely that Egyptian medical texts show no evidence of such technique."

And so, in the light of the most authoritative information available, one of the most popular and amazing stories about ancient anesthesia seems to turn out to be simply a product of man's love for a good yarn.

Screams

The old surgical room in the Massachusetts General Hospital, of Boston, is located in the dome of the building. Returning from a visit to this room, a friend of mine said, wide-eyed with horror: "And do you know why it was located up there? It was so the screams of the patients being operated on could not be heard so plainly by other patients."

Let us turn to a surgical operating room of the early 1840s, shortly before the discovery of anesthesia. The account of an amputation which follows is a true and vivid picture of the surgery of those days:

"The case was an interesting one of white swelling, for which the thigh was to be amputated.

"The patient was a youth of about fifteen, pale, thin, but calm and firm. One professor felt for the femoral artery, had the leg held up for a few moments to insure the saving of blood. The compress part of the tourniquet was placed upon the artery and the leg held up by an assistant.

"The white swelling was fearful—frightful. A little wine was given the lad; he was pale but resolute; his father supported his head and left hand.

"A second professor took the long glittering knife, felt for the bone, thrust in the knife carefully but rapidly. The boy screamed terribly; the tears went down the father's cheeks. The first cut from the inside was completed, and the bloody blade of the knife issued from the quivering wound, the blood flowed by the pint, the sight was sickening; the screams terrific; the operator calm.

"Again the knife was thrust under the bone, the terrific screaming was renewed; one or two picked up their hats to leave; scream upon scream and again the bloody blade of the knife issued from the wound and was laid aside. The flesh quivered and the boy cried agonizingly.

"The flesh was thrust back with a small piece of wet linen; the divided ends of the quivering muscles were stopped from blood with a sponge; the saw glistened in the hands of the operator, the father turned pale as death; the boy's eyes fastened on the instrument with glazed agony; grate—crush—once, twice, and the useless limb from the toes to the center of the thigh was quickly dropped into the tub under the table. . . ."

Those Who Came Close

If we should go straight to the events which led to the discovery and introduction of surgical anesthesia, we would miss that part of the story dealing with the several men who nearly brought us anesthesia, but failed.

Sir Humphrey Davy (1778-1829), an English chemist, was one of the most distinguished scientists of his time. The intoxicating effect of nitrous oxide gas (now used as an anesthetic) was well known to him. Suffering from pain caused by an erupting wisdom tooth, he sought relief by inhaling some of the gas, much as another man might have taken a glass of liquor. This led to the publication, in 1800, of the following statement:

"As nitrous oxide in its extensive operation appears capable of destroying physical pain, it may probably be used with advantage during surgical operations. . . ."

Davy had caught the scent of big game. Figuratively, he bristled and barked once. Then he subsided. Considering his reputation as an authority on chemistry, it is surprising that nobody was ever moved to action by his suggestion. But nobody ever was. It was a close call, a tense moment, for the guardian angel whose business it is to prompt men. But nothing happened, and the angel flew to another man.

Henry Hill Hickman, an English physician, was born in 1800. The surgery of his day filled him with horror. After watching and performing surgical operations without anesthesia, he decided to do something about it.

He set out to find a method of producing a state of "suspended animation," during which operations could be performed without pain. He conducted experiments on animals and made a written report on seven of them.

He put a small platform in a large shallow vessel of water, so making a little island of it. Then he placed the animal on the platform and put a large bell jar over both. The water sealed the lower edge of the jar. Animals deprived of air in this way lost consciousness. But they had a pretty tough time before unconsciousness relieved them. So Hickman tried sticking a tube under the water-sealed edge and into the jar, thus letting the animal have some carbon dioxide gas. In this way, unconsciousness could be produced with less suffering. Carbon dioxide was better to breathe than nothing, even though it is the gas which is normally thrown off by the lungs.

While the animals were unconscious, he found he could operate on them without causing any sign of pain; and when they came to, they showed no sign of injury from the experience—except for the loss of a tail or an ear. He carefully noted the amount of blood lost and the time it took for healing to occur, and he decided that there was less hemorrhage and that the wounds healed quicker.

Hickman's idea seems to have been simply to deprive the animal of oxygen to establish an unconsciousness.

The Hickman experiments were probably made during 1823. The following year he wrote a letter to a member of the Royal Society of London, setting forth his theories, reporting on seven experiments and asking that the matter be brought to the attention of the Royal Society. If it was ever brought before the Society no action was taken.

Next, Hickman wrote a pamphlet on the subject. He states that he lays his case before "the public generally, but more particularly his medical brethren, in the hope that some one or other may be more fortunate" in proving his theories "beyond a possibility of doubt."

His pamphlet seems to have attracted little attention; so in April, 1828, four years after its publication, he visited Paris and petitioned Charles X to assist him in winning the attention and co-operation of the "Medical and Surgical Schools" of France.

Charles brought it to the attention of the Academy of Medicine. But here it struck a snag. In fact, it struck a lot of snags. There was much opposition and haggling and the whole matter seems finally to have been dropped. Hickman died two years later at the age of thirty.

Henry Hickman was fully aware of what anesthesia would mean to surgery and mankind. His idea of inhaling a gas was very good, but his agent (carbon dioxide) and the aim of suffocation were not.

The next man to come near to making the discovery was also an English physician, Robert H. Collier. In 1839, while visiting on his father's estate near New Orleans, he was called to attend a Negro who, while working near a vat of rum, had been overcome by the fumes and had fallen and dislocated his hip. Finding the patient unconscious and the muscles fully relaxed, Collier reduced the dislocation easily and without pain.

It is, to put it mildly, most unusual to obtain such a profound effect simply from the inhalation of the fumes of alcohol. If the Negro had been left unchaperoned with the vat of rum for any considerable time, it seems a bit näive to accept the inhalation theory without question.

Collier was an advocate and practitioner of mesmerism. After the rum incident, he hit on the idea of combining the effect of mesmerism with that of drugs, although he seems to have pinned his faith mainly on the former. If he had had a little more faith in drugs and less in mesmerism and if he had remembered ether, he might have made greater headway. In fact, he might have discovered anesthesia; but he did not, nor did he stimulate others to make successful experiments.

HAVING come to America, the Good Angel decided to stay. Crawford W. Long (1815-78), a country doctor who lived in Jefferson, Georgia, used ether in surgery as early as 1842.

The story is told that Long learned of the anesthetic effect of ether from the "ether frolics" which he attended. Those frolics were, it would seem, quite similar to parties in prohibition days, except that the participants inhaled ether instead of swallowing gin. A Georgia contemporary of Long's tells us that "quilting bees" were common in those days and that, when the young men of the neighborhood dropped in late in the evening, they frequently concluded with a dance and ether frolic.

Crawford Long was not only the village doctor but also the town druggist, and hence was in a position to know who purchased ether for what we might call social purposes. Among his patients was a young man named James M. Venable who, to quote Dr. Long, was "fond of and accustomed to inhale ether." Mr. Venable had two tumors on the back of his neck, and he wanted them removed. He kept postponing the day, however, fearing the pain.

One day Dr. Long suggested that he first inhale some ether by way of preparation for the ordeal. It was common practice for physicians and dentists of those days to prepare patients for surgery by having them take a drink or two of whiskey, and if Mr. Venable had been "fond of and accustomed to" swallowing whiskey, it is reasonable to suspect that Dr. Long would have suggested it instead of ether. At any rate the suggestion appealed to Mr. Venable. So, on March 30, 1842, Dr. Long first had him smell some ether, then removed one of the tumors from the back of his neck. He suffered little if any pain from the operation.

Having used ether once, did Long drop everything else and give his whole time to an investigation of the matter? No, he did not.

Broadly, there are two kinds of men: those with an itch to reform, conquer, or do something for mankind; and those who are perfectly satisfied to do their daily work, do it well and let it go at that. Crawford Long belonged to the second group. He gave ether for a surgical operation and, there is every reason to suppose, went to sleep that night as though nothing had happened.

He gave ether only four or five times during the ensuing four and a half years. He wrote no paper on the subject, appeared before no medical society with the news, informed no hospital of his discovery, conducted no experiments on himself or animals. He used anesthesia, and he discovered it in the sense that he found it, but not in the sense that he comprehended its significance and passed that comprehension along to others.

Dr. Long gave ether a second time to James Venable to remove the second tumor in 1842, and to another patient, a Negro slave boy, for the amputation of a toe in the same year. He administered it for another surgical case in 1843. Then he gave it again in 1845. In 1846 ether anesthesia was introduced into surgical practice by another man, who had never heard of Long or his work—and Dr. Long's great opportunity slipped between his fingers.

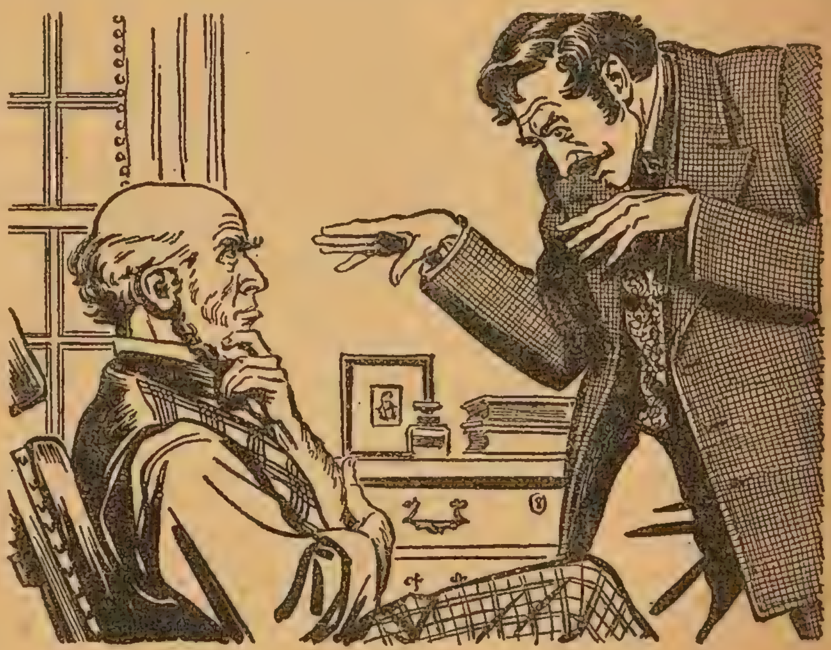
The Good Angel finally lost patience and went up to New England.

The Discovery

The time is the early 1840s. The place is a quiet street in the little city of Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A. The action starts with a shout. There is a sound of running feet, the excited cries of small boys. A woman screams. A crowd gathers. . . .

Yes, the story of the discovery of anesthesia insists on opening with one of the most homely of incidents, a dog fight.

There in the front row of the group, attracted by the fight, stands a young man in his late twenties with reddish hair and nice blue eyes. He is of medium height and weight. His hands are long, muscular, restless, sensitive.



The dogs separate. The fight is over. The dogs run down the street. Our young man continues to watch them for a time. Then he walks slowly away. He goes into an artist's studio. He is greeted by his friend Jared Flagg, portrait artist. This young man whom we have followed is Dr. Horace Wells, dentist. He has something on his mind.

"I tell you that brown dog didn't feel it when the black dog bit his leg. They separated and the brown dog ran half a block before he stopped. When he went on, he limped, for the first time. Then stopped again and licked the bad leg, and ran away on three legs."

Perhaps these were not Wells's exact words, but they set forth the sense of what he said.

We can imagine Flagg drawing him out, "Very well, Horace, then what? What of it?" And we hear Wells replying, "Why, just this. There ought to be, and there doubtless is, some drug that would act on the mind just as the excitement of the fight acted on the dog's mind so that a tooth could be pulled or other surgical operations performed without the patient feeling it."

To which Flagg probably replied, "The trouble with you, Horace, is that you are too sensitive to be a dentist. You let it bother you too much."

The scene now shifts to New York City, then a roaring metropolis of some two hundred thousand inhabitants. Here we find Phineas Taylor Barnum, proprietor of the American Museum, a place of education, edification and amusement. What this man can possibly have to do with the discovery of anesthesia is hard to imagine, but, following the trail, we do meet the famous old showman. He is talking to another showman, a professor (?) of chemistry named Colton.

"What do you think," asks Colton, "of the idea of taking a chemistry show on the road? Give a lecture on the wonders of chemistry and follow that with demonstrations of the effect of laughing gas?"

"Fine, fine," booms Barnum. "Hop to it!" or nineteenth-century words to that effect.

So then Professor G. Q. Colton kept his most important engagement with Fate. On December 10, 1844, he exhibited in Hartford, Connecticut. Dr. Wells attended with his wife. Colton gave his lecture. Then the real show began. The audience was invited to come up and breathe some of the marvelous, sweet-smelling gas which would make them laugh and cry and shout.

Wells took some of the gas and, if we may believe Mrs. Wells, "made a spectacle of himself." But what is more important to mankind, he experienced the effect of the gas on his own sensitive being.

Then he sat and watched Citizen Samuel Cooley take it, become excitedly intoxicated, shout, stagger about, run into a bench and batter his shins.

Mr. Cooley had not seemed to experience pain when he ran into the bench. Wells could remember—as who can't—how badly it hurt when he had skinned his own shins. Had Cooley hurt himself without feeling it? Horace Wells was at it again—he was thinking. Recollection of the dog fight crossed his mind. He had an idea.

He made his way to Cooley's side and said, "Did you hurt yourself, Sam, when you ran into the bench?"

The question startled Mr. Cooley. "Hurt myself? Why, no. What bench? What do you mean?"

Wells asked to see his shins, and sure enough, Cooley's shins were lacerated and bleeding. Lacerated shins and no pain! Turning to a friend, Wells said, "You know, I believe a man could have a tooth pulled or a leg amputated while under the influence of this gas and not feel it." Anesthesia by inhalation was on its way.

HORACE WELLS went at once to Professor Colton and arranged to have some gas brought to his office the next day. Then he sought out Dr. John M. Riggs, a former student of his. Wells and Riggs, talking far into the night, tried to consider all angles of the subject. Would they be able to hold the patient if he became excited and violent? Was it safe to push the administration of the gas to the point of making the patient dead drunk? Would he regain his senses in time to keep from strangling to death on the blood? Where could a patient for experiment be procured?

Wells settled the matter by deciding to take the gas himself and have a wisdom tooth extracted. On December 11, 1844, a group of men met in Dr. Wells's office. There were Wells himself; Riggs, who was to take out the tooth; Colton, who brought a supply of gas; and Mr. Cooley, of the bloody shins.

The gas was held in a large rubber bag equipped with a piece of rubber tubing and a wooden spigot. Wells sat in the dental operating chair holding the gas bag in his lap. He turned on the spigot and put the open end into his mouth. He breathed deeply. The sweet gas penetrated far into his lungs. The skin of his face grew pale, a little blue. He stared vacantly into space as though in a trance. He tried to signal Riggs to go ahead, but his hands fell on his breast. His head dropped on the headrest. His eyeballs rolled, the lids closed. Colton took the gas bag. Dr. Riggs proceeded without waste of time to the business of extraction.

Now the extraction of a tooth is one of those things that man has always tried to laugh off, but the truth is that even in uncomplicated cases it may be a difficult, and, without anesthetics, a brutally painful operation. Horace Wells sat through it showing no sign of pain—no outcry, no shrinking away, no change of expression!

Dr. Riggs, who was accustomed to having his patients struggle and scream when he extracted their teeth, was amazed. He held up the tooth in the forceps for the audience to see, as much as to say, "There it is. Believe it or not, it is out!"

Wells immediately set to work on further experiments. He gathered together the materials to build the apparatus to make his own gas.

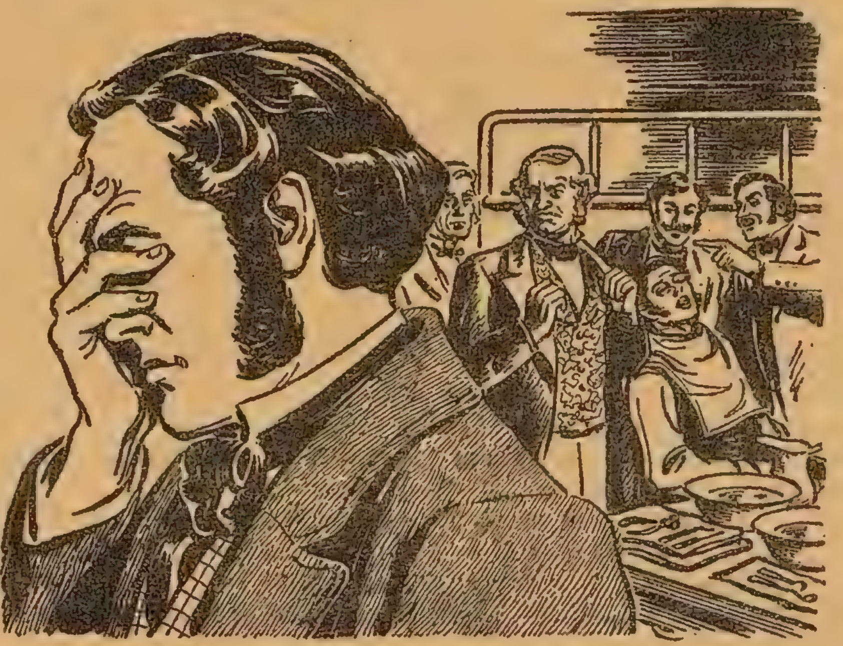
Alone at night, he asked himself a lot of questions. How could he best get the maximum effect he sought? Should the gas be used warm or cold? Should it be used fresh, or allowed to stand? What was the best way to make it?

He tried letting the ammonium nitrate (from which nitrous oxide is made) simmer, and he tried boiling it so furiously that his apparatus nearly exploded. He tested each new batch on himself, trying to detect any difference in taste, irritation and general effect. He made himself the guinea pig of all his experiments.

Christmas came and went and he hardly knew it, he was so busy preparing what Sir William Osler has called "the greatest single gift ever made to suffering humanity"—freedom from the pain of surgery. If he forgot to give his wife a present that year, she forgave him, for old letters of hers reveal the fact that she loved him with the sort of motherly feeling that women have for men like Wells.

By the middle of January, Wells had tried the gas in twelve or fifteen cases of tooth extraction, all except one or two of which he classified as successful. All Hartford knew of his discovery, but he sought a wider audience. He would tell the world. His discovery must be used in "the great capital operations."

Where should he make his announcement? He had friends in Boston, or so he thought. His former pupil, Dr. W. T. G. Morton, was practicing dentistry there. Dr. Charles T. Jackson, chemist, geologist and physician, also lived there. Yes, he would go to Boston. Those friends might help him. So, with hope and enthusiasm singing in his heart, Horace Wells sped to Boston to give his great message to the big city and the world.



Scorn

Upon arriving in Boston, Wells first called on Morton and Jackson and told them of his discovery. Jackson scoffed at the idea. He had heard of such things before—but they never panned out. Morton was not so incredulous, for he had studied dentistry under Wells and was in the habit of taking him seriously. But apparently he was not greatly impressed either.

Wells now sought an audience with the medical authorities of the Massachusetts General Hospital. He was received apparently with polite tolerance, but with very little display of interest. Tentative arrangements were made to give the gas to a man who was to have a leg amputated, but when the patient decided not to have it done, it left Wells without the opportunity that had been the object of his journey. It might be days, even weeks, before another such chance could be found. So he decided to demonstrate his gas in a case of tooth extraction.

The time came at last—in January, 1845. The audience which gathered was composed of physicians, medical students and others. Wells made a short speech explaining his ideas. He then proceeded with the demonstration. A young man in the audience, who needed a tooth extracted, volunteered to submit to the experiment.

The patient took the gas well enough and seemed to pass into a state satisfactory for the operation. Wells quickly discarded his gas bag and stepped into the role of operator. A few tense moments, and the tooth was out. But just at this point a most unfortunate thing occurred. The patient groaned! Someone in the audience laughed. Others hissed and booed. Who was this young upstart of a dentist from the sticks to come to Boston with his fanciful theories and try to tell them surgical operations could be performed without pain? The meeting dissolved.

It is well known today that a patient may moan, groan, or even scream while under the influence of an anesthetic, without experiencing pain—but it was not known then. The records indicate Wells's patient stated, on regaining consciousness, that the extraction of the tooth had not hurt him. If he did make such a statement, it served only to further discredit Wells, for it gave the appearance of collusion.

THE unhappy Wells tells us he could find no one to assist him or "take an interest in further experiments." He was forced to return to Hartford, deeply discouraged, but still able to blame himself more than others. He said, simply, "I removed the gas-bag too soon."

To discredit Wells's claim to the honor of the discovery of anesthesia, it has been asserted that his Boston failure caused him to abandon the idea. It is doubtful if he ever abandoned the idea, and it is reasonably certain that he returned to Hartford determined to improve his technique and make better gas.

Answering a Hartford friend who asked about the success of his Boston trip, Wells said: "They wouldn't believe me, but just the same this idea of mine will be used in all great surgical operations inside of five years." Brave words these, and true ones. But an unforeseen factor, sickness, enters at this point.

Wells's illness probably was a nervous breakdown with symptoms of fibroid tuberculosis. At any rate he seems to have been seriously incapacitated for several months. Following his discovery, he worked with great intensity, day and night. The administration of the gas to patients and the extraction of their teeth under its influence, the first work of the kind ever done, must have been attended with great anxiety and tension. Wells was using up a great deal of nerve energy, and his natural supply was limited.

But most significant of all, from the standpoint of health, is the fact that he experimented on himself more or less continually. And, although nitrous oxide is one of the safest anesthetics to take for an operation, the inhalation of this gas day after day for experimental purposes is an extremely injurious thing.

Wells was sick and, as a consequence, his attendance at his office and his use of the gas was irregular. He was forced to close his office in April and was not able to open it again until September. Prior to his trip to Boston, he had used gas anesthesia in some twelve or fifteen cases. In spite of illness, by February, 1846, he had used it in over twenty-five additional cases. During his enforced absence from his office, Dr. Riggs took care of his practice, using the gas under his general advice and direction. Others in Hartford also continued its use, but plainly no progress was being made towards introducing anesthesia to the world at large.

Horace Wells had discovered anesthesia, recognized it for what it was, carried out numerous experiments on himself and others, told all who would listen to him about it, and attempted to introduce it into general surgical practice. But, for the time being, anesthesia had not been introduced into general surgical practice.

The Introduction

At the time of which I write, William Thomas Green Morton was, like Wells, a young man. He was slightly above medium height and weight, somewhat larger than Wells. His hair and eyes were dark, the latter sharp and piercing. His mustache was military, his manner aggressive. He was of the man-of-action, soldier-of-fortune type, both in appearance and in fact.

Morton witnessed Wells's Boston demonstration. Some months later, in July, while Wells was convalescing, Morton called on him at Hartford. During the visit he asked numerous questions about nitrous oxide. Wells gave him the information and encouragement he sought and in reply to those questions dealing with the making of the gas suggested that it would save a lot of trouble to get it from their friend Jackson, the Boston chemist.

At this time, Morton was attending medical lectures at Harvard in addition to his professional activities as a dentist. He was a busy young man, ambitious, hard-headed, practical. The theory of anesthesia probably did not interest him, as a theory, for he cared little for ideas as such. So it is not surprising that he did not act on Wells's suggestions until the anesthesia idea first became identified with practical considerations. It took two things finally to stir him to action.

Wells extracted a tooth for Miss Elizabeth Williams, under gas anesthesia, in the fall of 1845. Some months thereafter, Miss Williams met Morton and told him of her wonderful experience of having a tooth extracted under gas without pain, by Dr. Wells. Morton seemed very much interested. And why not? Here was a pleased patient telling how pleased she was—a walking advertisement, a practice builder, the pride and joy of professional men.

Although Morton's meeting with Miss Williams must have made a lasting impression upon him, there is no reliable evidence that it stirred him to immediate action. Several months passed before we find him calling on Jackson. The incident which finally led to this call was the appearance in his office of a lady in need of a set of false teeth. But before she could have false teeth she would have to have some "old snags" removed, and she was afraid to have this done. A customer was about to be lost. Morton bestirred himself.

WHAT follows now seems incredible in the light of its importance to suffering humanity. It is so casual, so apparently inconsequential. One peculiarity of the ensuing events is that we lose all track of the lady. One never learns whether she had her old snags out or not.

Morton called at Jackson's laboratory and asked for a rubber bag, such as Wells used to administer nitrous oxide. He obtained it from an assistant and was just leaving when Jackson stopped him. "What are you going to do with that?" he asked.

Morton at first explained that he intended to let a patient breathe into it so he could mesmerize her and extract her teeth—a facile but impractical improvement on the Wells technique. Jackson scoffed at the idea.

"Well, then, give me some laughing gas," said Morton.

"Sorry," answered Jackson, in substance, and running true to the form of the ancient drug-store joke about substitutes, "Sorry, but we are just out of gas. You'll find sulphuric ether just as good, or better."

"Sulphuric ether? What's that—a gas?"

Jackson explained that it was a volatile liquid the fumes of which had an effect similar to nitrous oxide gas. He suggested that Morton put some of it on a handkerchief and let the patient inhale the fumes. Then it developed that Jackson did not have any ether, so he sent Morton to an apothecary shop to get some.

That same day, the thirtieth of September, 1846, Morton administered ether to a Mr. Eben Frost. Mr. Frost at first showed signs of excitement, but presently quieted down and passed into a kind of stupor. Morton quickly extracted an upper bicuspid tooth. It was mighty good news for Mr. Frost, when, upon regaining his senses, he learned that the tooth was out.

Morton's attitude toward Wells's idea of anesthesia immediately underwent a tremendous change. What had been only casual interest now flared into enthusiasm, for here was undeniable proof that all Wells had been telling him was true. Morton went into action. He gave ether for tooth extraction to all who would take it, and he let it be known throughout Boston, as far as he could, that he had a method of extracting teeth painlessly. But he did not reveal the identity of the agent he used.

The layman might wonder just how Jackson happened to suggest the substitution of ether for nitrous oxide. It was a perfectly natural thing for anyone informed on chemistry to do. The liquid ether had been known at least since 1540. Nitrous oxide gas was discovered in 1772. It was knowledge common to all chemists that these two agents had a similar physiologic effect when inhaled.

ONCE again now, a dentist—this time Morton—went to authorities of the Massachusetts General Hospital and asked to demonstrate an agent that would prevent pain during surgical operations. The date set for the demonstration was October 16, 1846; the patient, a young printer, Gilbert Abbott; the operation, removal of a small tumor on the neck; the surgeon, Dr. John Collins Warren.

The patient was seated in an operating chair. Dr. Warren delivered his clinical lecture on the nature of the tumor. Then came the demonstration.

Young Morton advanced, carrying a large glass globe nearly the size of a man's head. It had an opening at the top and a spout leading out the side.

Morton instructed the patient to take the spout in his mouth and breathe deeply, back and forth, into the globe. The patient followed instructions. He coughed and squirmed a little at first, then quieted down. Presently the breathing became more regular and deeper. The face became flushed. The lips relaxed on the spout. The patient seemed to be asleep. Remembering that Wells had said he "took the gas bag away too soon," Morton waited a little longer. Then he withdrew the inhaler, stepped back, and nodded to Dr. Warren. This time, fortunately, the patient happened to be one of the kind who does not struggle, groan, or cry out under anesthesia.

Dr. Warren made his first incision. There was no cry, no sign of pain. The operation continued. Still no sign of pain. One minute, two minutes, perhaps three, and the tumor was out. And still no outcry. With the operation completed, the patient now began to regain consciousness. Dr. Warren leaned close to him and inquired if he had felt any pain; and Gilbert Abbott mumbled something about a scratch on his neck.

Turning to the audience, Dr. Warren dramatically summed up his opinion in five historic words. "Gentlemen," he said, "this is no humbug."

Morton had achieved the impossible! He had prevented the pain of surgery—and at a public demonstration, before an influential and sizable audience! He had entered the operating room an obscure man; he left it an immortal. Anesthesia had at last arrived.

Triumph

Anesthesia promptly became the excitement of the day. To go to sleep while having a surgical operation performed! To wake up with it all over! And such a sleep! It was described by the writers of the time as being so delightful that people must have been tempted to have a leg cut off just to get to take ether.

Morton's name was on the lips of the nation. His accomplishment stirred the emotions as no other medical discovery had ever done. Grateful people wrote him letters of praise and thanks. Some enclosed checks in their letters. Funds were raised in various cities and forwarded to him.

The use of ether anesthesia spread so rapidly that, although it was not introduced in America until October 16, 1846, Lord Liston of London was using it by December of that same year; and in November of the following year, Sir James Y. Simpson, a Scotch physician, discovered and introduced chloroform anesthesia.

It was to avoid what he called the "disagreeable and very persistent smell" of ether that Dr. Simpson set out to find a substitute for it. He did not discover or invent the liquid chloroform itself. Like all other general anesthetics, chloroform is a product of the chemical laboratory. It was first made in 1831. What Dr. Simpson discovered sixteen years later was that it could be used as an anesthetic in place of ether.

Dr. Simpson seems to have had a capacity for mixing scientific investigation and sociability. He invited his friends to join him in testing the physiologic effect of inhaling chloroform, and some of the accounts of these gatherings are extremely fanciful. They tell of the surprising performances of otherwise timid ladies, of men asleep under the table, and one author says that "Dr. Simpson, a dignified, bearded man, stood on his head in the middle of the room, waved his legs in the air, and, tumbling to the floor, began to snore loudly."

Simpson was a gynecologist and obstetrician and used chloroform extensively in cases of childbirth. A wag of the day suggested a coat of arms for the doctor consisting of a new-born baby and a legend beneath reading: "Does your mother know you're out?"

Dr. Simpson first used ether anesthesia in obstetrics on January 19, 1847. The first man to report the use of an anesthetic for childbirth in America was a dentist, Dr. Nathan Cooley Keep. How he happened to give ether for a case of obstetrics is not explained, but he was a graduate in medicine and might have handled some medical cases along with his dental practice.

Dr. Keep's report explains that the ether was administered intermittently in synchronism with the recurrent pains. He says that the suffering was "greatly mitigated," that "no unpleasant symptoms occurred," and that "the result was highly satisfactory." He did not, he says, give enough of the ether to produce unconsciousness or retard labor. Medical men still have a great deal of respect and even admiration for this brief first American record of the use of anesthesia in obstetrics.

Trouble

There was, of course, some opposition to the use of anesthesia. A hospital in Philadelphia held out against using ether for a year. A physician whose name has mercifully been forgotten said, "Pain during operations is in a majority of cases even desirable and its prevention or annihilation is, for the most part, hazardous to the patient." A French physiologist remarked that it was "a trivial matter to suffer and a discovery whose object was to prevent pain was of slight interest only."

A dentist exclaimed: "I think anesthesia is of the devil, and I cannot give my sanction to any Satanic influence which deprives a man of the capacity to recognize the law! I wish there was no such thing as anesthesia! I do not think men should be prevented from passing through what God intended them to endure." And another dentist orator said: "Anesthesia is death! Because it does not prove fatal every time, do not think that it is not harmful. It sows disease . . . which will unfit for business, society, or any of the active duties of life. . . . Men are swung down to the jaws of death and back again. We have to do it . . . but the patient is never the same after."

Dr. J. F. B. Flagg, who was among the very first to take up the use of ether, lists "jealousy, religious scruples, timidity, and prudence" as the causes for opposition from medical men.

The only effective, organized opposition was that directed at Sir James Y. Simpson and his use of chloroform in childbirth. Clergymen insisted that God intended that women should suffer during childbirth. It was against His will to relieve such pain. It was indecent, immoral to use chloroform to have babies. "In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Those were His words.

Simpson contended that God not only approved of anesthetics, but had even used them Himself. "My opponents," he said, "forget the twenty-first verse of the second chapter of Genesis; it is the record of the first surgical operation ever performed, and that text proves that the Maker of the universe, before He took the rib from Adam's side for the creation of Eve, caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam."

It was a sharp retort, but the opposition was not whipped. There was, they declared, no occasion to put Adam to sleep to avoid pain, because the incident took place *before* the curse of pain, while man was still living in a state of innocence. The inference seems to have been that Adam was put to sleep, not that he might avoid pain, but that he might be pleasantly surprised upon awaking and finding Eve—a rather nice thought. It was not until Queen Victoria took chloroform for the birth of Prince Leopold that the opposition really subsided.

If opposition to the idea of anesthesia in surgery was so inconsequential, what caused all the trouble? It was a synthetic product manufactured mainly by Morton and Jackson; and it started immediately following the experiment on Gilbert Abbott.

Morton confused and irritated the authorities of the Massachusetts General Hospital by refusing to admit the identity of ether. He added flavoring and coloring matter and spoke of it as a "mixture, compound, or preparation." Finally he gave it the trade name "Letheon." The hospital authorities knew that the "mixture" contained ether because of its characteristic odor, but Morton pretended that he had added something to enhance its action and make its use safer.

THE day following the experiment on Gilbert Abbott, Morton gave a second demonstration at the hospital. This time the patient was a woman and the operation the removal of a tumor from her shoulder. Again the demonstration was a successful one. But now pressure was brought on Dr. Morton to make him divulge his secret; for it is one thing to *try* a secret agent, but quite another to continue its use. It is not until November 4 that we find him again administering his "compound" for a member of the staff of the hospital. The case was one of breast removal for an elderly woman, a private patient in care of Dr. George Hayward.

This time Dr. Morton met with his first failure. He was unable to bring the patient under the influence of the ether and had to give up, after trying for an hour and a half. She would not go to sleep. There is nothing discreditable in this failure. Considering the crude inhaler used and the fact that the patient was not prepared for the anesthetic by preliminary medication, such failures were bound to occur.

On the second day following this discouraging experience, Morton formally admitted by letter to the hospital authorities that his "preparation" was simply ether; but he held out against making the admission public, and, at the same time, pushed his request for permission to demonstrate its use in a "capital" (major) operation, which was to be performed next day, November 7, on Alice Mohan. The patient was "a delicate girl of about twenty-one" who was to have a leg amputated above the knee. Again the surgeon was Dr. George Hayward.

Hayward opposed the demonstration unless Morton would admit the identity of his agent to the audience of medical men which gathered to witness the operation. Dr. Hayward had prepared Alice Mohan for the amputation by giving her laudanum. Thus, quite by accident, Miss Mohan was "tranquilized" and prepared to receive the anesthetic in much the same manner that patients are prepared for anesthesia today.

She inhaled the ether without resistance or excitement and was soon under its influence. Dr. Hayward, skeptical to the last, worked as swiftly as was his custom without an anesthetic. Alice Mohan's leg was cut off in one and three quarter minutes, not counting the time required for ligating six arteries. She moaned as the last artery was tied, not in pain but with returning consciousness. When she awoke she could scarcely believe the operation was completed—she had felt nothing!

With this record of achievement in a major operation and the public admission of the identity of ether, the Massachusetts General Hospital now commenced to use anesthesia as a routine procedure. Dr. Bigelow of the hospital staff took over the task of administering it, probably with Morton's consent; for Dr. Morton had ambitious plans for becoming rich by exploiting the method nationally and internationally and was not particularly interested in becoming a clinical anesthetist.

When Lister introduced antiseptic surgery, he modestly stated that he had only applied Pasteur's discoveries to surgery. And that, in fact, was all he had done; but it was enough. The whole world honors him for it.

When John Riggs, who assisted Wells at his first demonstration of nitrous oxide anesthesia, wrote his account of that historic event, he made it clear that he laid no claim to any share of the honor of making the discovery. The "great idea," he insisted, belonged to Wells.

If young Dr. Morton—he was only twenty-seven at the time—had seen fit to admit his indebtedness to Wells (and Jackson) he might have saved himself and others a lot of trouble. But Morton was not like Lister and Riggs—and neither was Jackson.

The warning signs of a quarrel between Jackson and Morton were present from the first. Jackson brought about the final break. He wrote to the French Academy of Sciences and other European societies indicating himself as the sole discoverer and Morton simply as his agent. When Morton learned of this, the fight was on in dead earnest. Morton called Jackson "a cheat" and "a thief." Jackson called Morton "an ignoramus" and "a liar" and brought forth evidence that Morton had depended on him entirely for directions and advice.

Morton immediately dispatched a memoir of his own to the French Academy setting forth his claims to the honor of the discovery and giving no important credit to Jackson or anybody else. A sweet pair, these two, each trying to steal from the other and both ignoring their obligation to Wells.

Tragedy

The fight between Morton and Jackson waxed hotter and hotter. Both laid claim, not only to the discovery of ether anesthesia, but to the discovery of anesthesia by inhalation. The essential discovery to science was that a gas or vapour, when administered by inhalation, would abolish pain—and they had acquired this knowledge from Wells. The substitution of ether for nitrous oxide was an important step, but one that was bound to be taken, once the principle of anesthesia by inhalation was accepted as a basis for experiment.

The Morton-Jackson battle was by no means a two-man affair. Everybody who was anybody and some who were not chose sides and joined in. Horace Wells and his nitrous oxide were, for a time, lost to view in the fracas. Hartford supported him and he supported himself with an occasional letter of protest to the editor of a magazine or newspaper. But these small voices were scarcely heard above the Morton and Jackson hullabaloo.

Wells wrote very few to-the-editor letters in defense of his case. Only four have been found. One of these closes with these lines: "I close, wishing in all sincerity to receive no more credit for this discovery than what, in justice, I am entitled to."

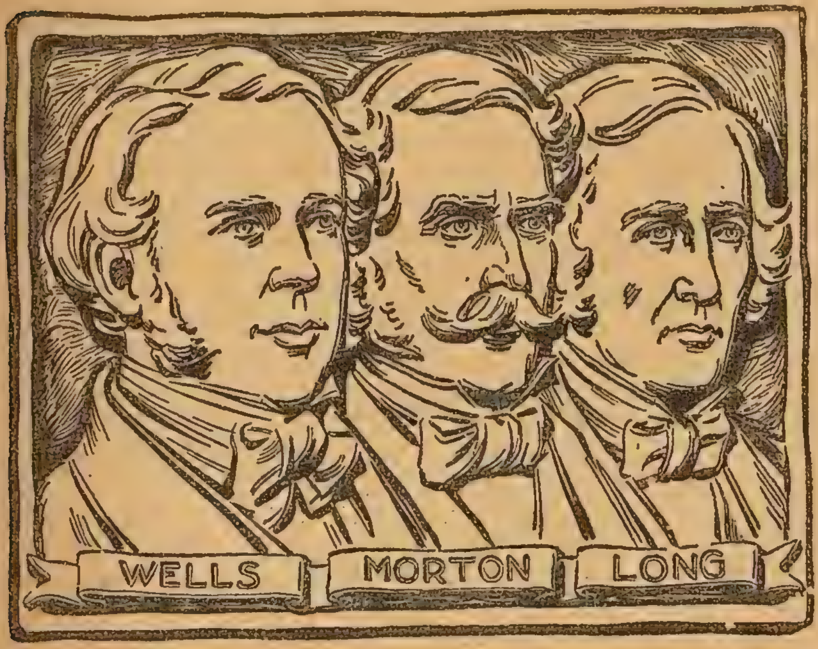
Such a mild and considerate attitude did not win much recognition. If Wells had stormed more, he might have convinced more people.

Turning his back on the American scene of conflict, Horace Wells went abroad, partly to regain his health, and partly to acquire some Parisian paintings. The enforced rest and relaxation of the twenty-four-day voyage, the sea air, and the discontinuance of self experiment with anesthetics brought immediate improvement in health; and the speculation in paintings was likewise successful. But the high spot of the trip was the unexpected welcome he received in Paris.

The French, he found, were as well informed and even more excited over the discovery of anesthesia than Americans. He spoke before numerous scientific societies, evidently winning his audiences by his manner and the simplicity of the story he had to tell, for Paris embraced him. Balls, parties and dinners were given in his honor.

Horses and equipage "second only to that of the King" were placed at his command, and it was proposed that he should become dentist to his Majesty, Louis Philippe. It was his one brief taste of triumph.

Finally, as the excitement died down, some of his more practical new friends got around to telling him the weakness of his case. He had brought no documentary proof along with him. The party was over. He was advised to return to America, gather all available data in support of his cause, and submit it as soon as possible for consideration. The advice was wise, and immediately upon his return home Wells set to work on the task. It was completed in a few weeks and took the form of a small pamphlet which was circulated, not only in France, but in England and America as well.



In it Wells set forth his case briefly and with admirable restraint. As a piece of propaganda it cannot compare to some of the Morton and Jackson efforts. But the facts themselves were so overwhelmingly in his favor, and were so well sustained by the sworn testimony of competent witnesses, that the pamphlet did attract considerable attention from both friends and enemies.

Wells now determined to prove that nitrous oxide was an anesthetic and not a poison as some went so far as to declare. It had been abandoned by everybody. Even the dentists of Hartford had ceased to use it; ether was so much easier to handle. Wells alone clung to it, developing remarkable skill in its use. Besides his dental cases, we find records of some general surgical cases.

Meantime, he had opened an office in New York City where, he doubtless believed, the opportunity for developing anesthesia as a new art, and himself as an anesthetist, was greater.

Nearly a year had passed since he had presented his case to the French. At last, on January 12, 1848, Dr. C. S. Brewster of Paris wrote as follows:

My dear Wells:

I have just returned from a meeting of the Paris Medical Society, where they have voted that to Horace Wells, of Hartford, Connecticut, United States of America, is due all the honor of having first discovered and successfully applied the use of vapors or gases whereby surgical operations could be performed without pain. They have done even more, for they have elected you an honorary member of their Society. This was the third meeting that the Society had deliberated upon the subject. On the two previous occasions Mr. Warren, the agent of Dr. Morton, was present and endeavored to show that to his client was due the honor, but he, having completely failed, did not attend the last meeting. The use of ether took the place of nitrous oxide gas, but chloroform has supplanted both, yet the first person, who first discovered and performed surgical operations without pain, was Horace Wells, and to the last day of time must suffering humanity bless his name.

Your diploma and the vote of the Paris Medical Society shall be forwarded to you. In the interim you may use this letter as you please.

Believe me very truly yours,
Brewster.

When this letter was mailed Horace Wells was still alive, but he did not live to receive it.

Wells had undermined the health of his body and mind by continually experimenting on himself. It might be going a little too far to speak of him as an anesthetic addict, but he was headed in that direction. As far as is known, his first prolonged spree was also his last one. It lasted a week, during which he inhaled more and more from his chloroform bottle. Then the break came. He ran completely amuck and was arrested. Thus we find him in the Tombs of New York, a physical, mental and spiritual wreck.

He realized his condition. His brief, starkly tragic letter to his wife reads: "I feel I am fast becoming a deranged man, or I would desist from this act. I cannot live and keep my reason, and on this account God will forgive the deed. I can say no more. Farewell. H."

One can almost hear him choke. . . . Pulling himself together and with apparent calmness, but with what mental agony only those who believe themselves to be insane can know, he set about preparing for the last act of his life, with characteristic care and workmanlike precision. The details are ghastly, but the story of anesthesia would be incomplete without them.

Taking an old-fashioned razor, he wired it on a stick in such manner that the blade was held rigid like the blade of a knife. He sat on his bunk with his back against the wall; his head in the corner, his left leg extended on the bunk, his right foot on the floor. He tied a handkerchief around his head, letting it loop downward like a cradle under his nose. Then he soaked another handkerchief in chloroform and placed it in the cradle. He put on his hat to hold the handkerchief about his head more firmly in place. Reaching to the table at the side of his bunk, he extinguished his candle. The black stillness of late night filled the cell. He held the razor in his right hand. Slowly he breathed the chloroform. Carefully he judged the time. . . .

They found him in the morning still sitting on the bunk as described. With one stroke, from below upward across the inside of the left thigh, he had severed the femoral artery. Complete anesthesia then closed over him. He did not move again. He did not regain consciousness. He had committed suicide *under anesthesia!*

So died Horace Wells, on January 24, 1848, at the age of thirty-three—a sad end for this talented young man, whose dream of painless surgery delivered the race from its centuries of helpless suffering. He had discovered anesthesia; he had wrecked his health and mind by experimenting on himself with it; and, in his last mad hour, he had turned to it to help him dispose of the wreck. He had, so to speak, lived and died by the sword of his great discovery. . . .

Congressional Warfare

Following Wells's death, the use of nitrous oxide was completely abandoned for about fifteen years. It was generally thought that it was not an anesthetic. It was not until 1863 that certain seeds of hope and enthusiasm planted by Wells commenced to sprout and grow, and the use of nitrous oxide anesthesia was revived. Professor Colton, whose lecture Wells had attended on the momentous night of December 10, 1844, and who furnished the gas for the Wells experiment the next day, was the one who revived it.

After conducting enough experiments to convince them of its effectiveness, Colton and a dentist named J. H. Smith opened an office in New Haven devoted exclusively to the extraction of teeth under nitrous oxide anesthesia. The venture proved so successful that Colton and another dentist, Dr. John Allen, opened a similar office in New York City. It too was an immediate success, and Colton then formed the Colton Dental Association with branch offices in Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Cincinnati and

St. Louis. By 1868 he had administered, or caused the gas to be administered, over 75,000 times. At last it had to be admitted that nitrous oxide was an anesthetic, just as Wells always said it was.

Unlike Morton, Colton made full acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Wells. Today, nitrous oxide (mixed with oxygen) is used in practically all hospitals and in many dental offices. It has certain important advantages over both ether and chloroform. Compared to ether, it is pleasanter to take, less irritating to the lungs, and there is less sickness following its administration; and it is safer than chloroform.

But it remains less powerful, more difficult to administer, and more expensive.

THROUGHOUT the fifteen years while the use of gas was abandoned, the fight between Morton and Jackson over credit went merrily on. It extended to the United States Congress. Morton asked for a reward of $100,000 as the discoverer of anesthesia; not for his undoubted service in having demonstrated the practical effectiveness of ether, but for having discovered the principle of surgical anesthesia itself. Jackson flew to the attack, claiming he was the one and only true discoverer. Each was represented by counsel.

The fight grew very bitter.

The Congressional battle lasted, on and off, from 1847 to 1863. There were the usual eloquent speeches, committees of investigation, intrigue, trading in influence, and all those things that go to make up Congressional warfare. Many distinguished gentlemen of the day were persuaded to affix their illustrious names to numerous petitions, affidavits, and letters of approval or objection. The eloquent Daniel Webster wrote a letter in support of Morton, and Horace Greeley dipped his famous editorial pen in venom and opposed him.

Morton proved the better lobbyist. He was active in many different ways. He entertained Congressmen lavishly. Jackson's case was a poor one, and since he was also the poorer lobbyist, it is not surprising that at the first session of the Thirty-Second Congress (1852), we should find the majority of a committee recommending that Morton be awarded $100,000. The score was close, though. The committee voted three for Morton and two for Jackson.

And now something happened which seems a good deal like the poetic justice one hears about so often, but sees so seldom. Truman Smith, Senator from Connecticut, acting on behalf of Mrs. Wells, introduced the pamphlet Wells wrote describing his discovery, and asked that further action be deferred until he could present additional evidence in support of Horace Wells's claims. The delay was granted.

When Congress re-convened, Senator Smith entered the fight in earnest, holding in his possession sworn testimony and evidence so damaging to both Jackson's and Morton's causes that the Senate twice recommended that the matter be submitted to the courts for settlement. Each time, however, the recommendation failed to pass the House.

Senator Smith seems to have made no particular effort to collect a reward for Wells. He went no further, to the best of my ability to judge, than to insist that if Congress gave a reward to anybody it should go to Wells. Having defeated Morton and Jackson, he appears to have been satisfied to drop the matter.

While it is reasonably certain that Morton would have won his case except for Senator Smith, another factor contributed to his final defeat. Crawford Long brought his case to the attention of two Congressmen from Georgia, one of whom introduced his name to the Senate as another claimant for the reward. Confused Congressmen threw up their hands in despair of ever getting at the truth.

Congress has been blamed for many things, among them its failure to award a liberal honorarium to the discoverer of anesthesia. It seems to me, however, that Congress did rather well under the circumstances. It had the wit not to be duped by anybody, and nearly succeeded in an attempt to refer the case to the courts for settlement. It was not opposed to the idea of rewarding the discoverer of anesthesia; it simply could not decide to whom the reward should be given.

Who?

Who should have credit for the discovery of anesthesia? "Wells!" says Hartford. "Morton!!" answers Boston. "Long!!!" shouts Georgia. "Davy! Hickman! Collier! The ancients!" say others. The number of candidates shows how much the honor is coveted.

First, let us pay due homage to the truism that, except at the very beginnings of things, no scientific discovery was ever the work of one man alone. It is always the end product of the work and ideas of many men.

Taking the fact that prior to the nineteenth century there was no such thing as surgical anesthesia as we know it, and the further fact that we now do have it, let us trace backward and see where it came from. Doing this, we come immediately to Morton's famous ether demonstration at the Massachusetts General Hospital on October 16, 1846. Going back of this to see where Morton got his idea, we are led at once to Horace Wells, who used nitrous oxide for surgical purposes and told Morton and many others about it in 1844. And there the trail of closely inter-dependent events stops. It is very simple. Anesthesia came through Morton from Wells.

One reason why it has been so difficult to name the discoverer of anesthesia is that *there is no discoverer of anesthesia!* No one man earned exclusive right to the title. The *discoverers* are Wells *and* Morton—Wells, in the sense that he found it and passed it along to Morton; Morton, in the sense that he introduced it into surgical practice. It is highly improbable that there would have been much controversy if Morton had acknowledged his indebtedness to Wells.

It is futile to speculate as to whether it was Wells or Morton who rendered the greater service. It took both of them to do the job. And we simply cannot separate them without doing injustice to one or the other. There would have been no Boston ether demonstration by Morton except for Wells, but Wells's idea might never have borne fruit except for the Boston demonstration.

Wells and Morton, discoverers of anesthesia! The names are indissolubly linked. And what irony there is in that, considering their relationship to one another and the difference in their temperaments: the exploited and the exploiter, the modest and the bold, the dreamer and the materialist, linked together for eternity.

Hope

Although the United States may rightfully claim the discovery of anesthesia, the credit for the early scientific investigation of the subject goes mainly to England and, excepting Sir James Y. Simpson, almost exclusively to one man, who stands clearly above all others. That man's name was John Snow.

Like all real scientists, John Snow was eternally asking himself questions, then looking for the answers. It is a simple formula, but few men do it, and even fewer do it well. Snow did it very well.

He used animals to measure dosage, finding out just how much anesthetic it took to bring the animal, usually a mouse or rat, to a certain stage or degree of anesthesia. Then he measured the weight and amount of blood in the animal. Next he measured his own weight and estimated the amount of his own blood, multiplied this with that and divided with so and so, and decided it would take twelve drops of chloroform to bring him to the second stage of anesthesia. He vaporized the chloroform into a bladder and proceeded to breathe it. He found his calculations had been correct. He carried out the same experiments with ether and found that it took four teaspoonfuls to attain the same degree of anesthesia that was induced by twelve drops of chloroform. All these things he recorded with the utmost care and precision.

He found out by experiment how much air should be mixed with the anesthetic vapor for the best results. He made an inhaler with a spiral tubing inside a water jacket, so the ether had to go round and round (like the music) and come out to the patient at the right temperature. He kept records. In short, he made a veritable one-man research institution out of himself and his practice.

Early investigators set out to find a better anesthetic than nitrous oxide, ether, or chloroform; but this proved to be unexpectedly difficult. Failing in this objective, they directed their energy toward learning as much as possible about handling the known agents.

A genuinely effective method of lessening the period of excitement which often marked and marred the beginning of anesthesia was finally achieved by giving the patient a hypodermic injection of morphine about an hour before starting to administer the anesthetic.

Another important improvement was the mixing of oxygen with nitrous oxide gas to prevent the tendency to asphyxiation. In 1868 Dr. Edmund Andrews of Chicago introduced the use of nitrous oxide anesthesia into major surgery. Andrews' addition of oxygen to the nitrous oxide made prolonged anesthesia with it safe; and an American dentist named Evans, living in Paris, solved the problem of handling it. Dr. Evans liquified the gas and confined the liquid in small iron tanks, thus eliminating the immense bags that were necessary to transport the agent in its gaseous form.

Ethyl chloride is an extremely volatile liquid closely akin to chloroform. It was suggested as a respiratory anesthetic as early as 1849 and introduced into surgical practice along about 1895 by two European dentists. Using an ethyl chloride spray to produce local anesthesia of the gums by freezing, they found that their patients sometimes went to sleep from inhaling the fumes. This led them to experiment first on animals, then on humans, and finally to recommend it as a general anesthetic.

Ethyl chloride did not live up to first expectations. After a thorough trial by dentists, however, it finally found its way into hospitals and there proved good for light operations.

Achievement

It was beginning to look as though a real rival to ether and nitrous oxide might never come along when, in 1923, the discovery of *ethylene* anesthesia was announced.

In spite of its pleasingly effeminate name, ethylene gas has an unattractive background. It is similar in chemical composition to marsh gas, the gas formed by decaying vegetable matter that bubbles up from swamp land, and it is a first cousin in chemistry to the gas that was used to illuminate railway coaches in the gay nineties.

A more pleasing way of describing it is in the words of the man who discovered its anesthetic properties. It is, says he, "nothing other than gaseous dehydrated ethyl alcohol"—a kind of extra-dry dry Martini in the form of a gas, a drink to inhale instead of swallow.

What brought ethylene anesthesia to man was the fact that some carnations died! It happened this way:

The carnations were grown just outside of Chicago and brought into the city nice and healthy, but as soon as they were lodged in the city greenhouses they wilted and died. It was suspected that illuminating gas from leaking pipes in the greenhouses, might be killing them. So Dr. William Crocker, plant physiologist at the University of Chicago, and his assistant, Lee I. Knight, were called in to test the theory. And, sure enough, the gas withered the carnations and killed them.

Now, illuminating gas is a mixture of a number of different gases, including ethylene. Dr. Crocker wanted to know just which gas in the mixture was doing the dirty work. He experimented and found that ethylene was the villain, or villainess. And that closes the incident, so far as the flowers are concerned. The leaky pipes were fixed and the carnations lived happily ever after.

But it was only the beginning of the discovery of ethylene anesthesia. Dr. Arno B. Luckhardt, Professor of Physiology, of the University of Chicago, knew about the work to save the lives of the carnations and did some wondering about it. If ethylene was so poisonous to plants, how would it act on animals? Was it perhaps the agent in illuminating gas that killed people? Luckhardt prepared some ethylene gas and gave it to a frog to see how much it would take to kill him.

The frog wilted, like the carnations; but he did not stay wilted. He came to life again! The ethylene acted as an anesthetic instead of a poison!

Dr. Luckhardt tried it out on numerous frogs, on white rats, and finally on a dog. The effect was always substantially the same; the gas acted as an anesthetic. While the rats and the dog slept, he found that he could expose them to "innocuous stimuli" and that they "evinced no defensive or escape movements that could be construed as reactions to pain." In other words, he found that he could shake them, pinch them, and pull their tails, and that they did not try to bite him or get away. They just kept right on sleeping.

Still there were a lot of questions to be asked and answered, a lot of work to be done. Was the gas a slow, insidious poison? Would there be a delayed reaction? Might it raise the devil with the liver, like too much chloroform? What was its action on the blood, the heart, the kidneys, the lungs—in short, just what was its physiologic action? This Dr. Luckhardt proceeded to find out.

It was in the summer of 1921 that a medical student named J. B. Carter told Dr. Luckhardt that he wanted to work with him. Luckhardt set Carter to work on the animal experiments with ethylene. By August, 1922, those experiments were completed. And now both Carter and Luckhardt tried the gas on themselves, then on friends and associates. Next they carried it into the Presbyterian Hospital, used it on 106 cases of clinical surgery, and thus established its practical effectiveness.

Ethylene has the distinction of being not only the first real rival of ether and nitrous oxide but also the first respiratory anesthetic to come to us as a product of deliberate academic research. The man in the white coat with the guinea pig in his pocket finally triumphed. It took him nearly a century, from the time of the discovery of anesthesia, but he got there. Ethylene is now in use in most hospitals and is one of the better anesthetics.

With a Needle

The general anesthesia of the early days was by no means an unmixed blessing. It was more than a little dangerous to life and it was something of an ordeal to come through the sickness following its administration. It is still not any fun to recover from ether, and it was worse in the early days. Nitrous oxide was safer than chloroform, and easier to take and to recover from than ether, but it left too much to be desired.

Confronted in those days with any of the countless minor operations, such as the opening of an abscess or the removal of a tooth or a toenail, both patients and operators often decided that the pain of the operation would not be quite as bad as the general anesthesia. So they were commonly performed without any anesthetic.

Although all surgeons felt the need of some more practical and satisfactory form of anesthesia than the inhalation of ether, chloroform, or nitrous oxide, none felt it quite as much as those who operated on the eye. General anesthesia was out on account of the nausea and retching so likely to occur during the recovery, just when absolute quiet should be maintained. Consequently many eye operations had to be performed without anesthesia. It was pretty bad until 1884 when Dr. Carl Koller made his announcement of the use of cocaine.

Koller was born in Bohemia, studied medicine at the University of Vienna Medical School and graduated in 1882. Immediately following graduation, he started his internship in the General Hospital of Vienna. The research laboratories of that institution were open to him and he spent considerable time in them.

He knew there could be no more important and useful contribution to ophthalmology than to find something to lessen or eliminate the pain of eye operations. And so he spent much of his spare time testing various drugs trying to numb the eyes of the laboratory animals. But nothing produced the desired result.

Working in the same research laboratories with Koller was another young man named Sigmund Freud, already an incurable experimenter and destined in due time to rediscover something called sex. Freud's interest in cocaine had been aroused by its psychic effect.

He decided to study its effect. He asked Koller to join him, and the two of them dosed themselves and recorded and discussed their sensations and reactions.

Like so many experiments, those of Freud and Koller with cocaine seem to have yielded little or nothing of consequence. And then Freud went to Hamburg to call on his fiancée. After he had gone, Koller happened to remember three things all at the same time. One was his old search for something to numb the eye, another was that each time he and Freud had swallowed cocaine it had made their tongues numb, and the third was that Freud had left some of the drug with him.

He straightway got himself a frog, dissolved some of the cocaine in water, and dropped this solution into one of its eyes. He gave the drug a chance to take effect and then touched the eye with an instrument. Mr. Frog did not seem to mind in the least. He tried the other eye, the one that had had no cocaine put into it. Mr. Frog minded this a great deal. Then he tested the cocaine eye with a sharp instrument, caustics, and electricity, and still Mr. Frog did not mind.

Next he tried the same thing on a guinea pig, with identical results. And then he tried it on himself and some of his associates, and always with the same result: cocaine made the eye numb! There was no doubt of it.

It was September, 1884, and the German Ophthalmological Society was to meet on the fifteenth, at Heidelberg. Koller wanted to attend and report his experiments, but interns received only about twelve dollars a month and their keep, and he simply did not have the carfare. So he wrote a short paper and gave it to a member of the Society to read for him. The effect of this starkly simple report, from a twenty-six-year-old intern, on the medical profession was downright electric. Koller had struck gold, and the gold rush started at once. The news immediately spread all over the civilized world.

In November, a New York oculist reported its use in 150 eye cases. By the end of the year, only three and a half months following the discovery, American and Canadian investigators had published some sixty papers on the subject; and the drug had been tried in practically every department of medicine.

KOLLER'S discovery had no sooner been announced than the chemists of the world started tearing cocaine molecules apart to see what atoms nature had used to make them. Then they tried to stick the same kind of atoms together in the laboratory to make a synthetic cocaine. Countless numbers of these products were placed on the market and offered to the medical and dental professions as cocaine substitutes.

Out of Germany came the first great synthetic local anesthetic—*novocaine*. It was synthetized by the chemist, Alfred Einhorn, in 1904. At last, after twenty years, the chemical laboratory finally won over nature! Novocaine retains the anesthetic effect of cocaine when injected into the tissues, but it is very much less toxic. Far larger doses can be given with safety.

The word *novocaine* is a German trade name. Our official U. S. name for it is *procaine*. Nor is it the only good synthetic local anesthetic now available. There are others, such as monocaine, intracaine, neocaine, metycaine, pontocaine, and nupercaine, each of which had a personality of its own. Wise operators try to select the agent best qualified to meet the requirements of the particular case in hand.

Anesthesia by local injections of cocaine lessened the pain of dental operations, but it was not until block anesthesia with procaine developed that dentists had the anesthetic they needed. The principle involved is that of making a whole area of the body numb by injecting the anesthetic along the course of a main nerve.

Once the idea of block anesthesia was born, it was inevitable that the technique should be carried to the spinal cord itself. An American physician named James L. Corning tried it on a dog as early as 1885, and later on human beings. But it was not until April, 1898, when August Bier, a German surgeon, rediscovered and recast the Corning technique, that medical men started to experiment with the method.

Later novocaine was found to be very much better, much safer, than cocaine had been. And now, slowly at first but with increasing momentum, the method commenced to catch on, until it had caught on too well; until some of its users showed more enthusiasm than judgment.

No anesthesia is entirely free of danger, and none is any better or any safer than the skill and judgment with which it is used. *Spinal anesthesia* suffered the relapse that always follows on the heels of over-enthusiasm. But, properly used, it was too good to be abandoned. Surviving its setbacks, it is used more extensively today than ever before, but with greater care. Army and Navy surgeons found it especially useful in meeting the emergencies of war.

Cafeteria Style

When a patient inhales a general anesthetic he does not pass suddenly, kerplunk, into a state of complete surgical anesthesia. He goes through two preliminary stages before that happens. In the *first*, or analgesic, *stage* there is a loss of the sense of pain (within limits), without loss of consciousness or the sense of touch. The patient is groggy and numb, but not asleep.

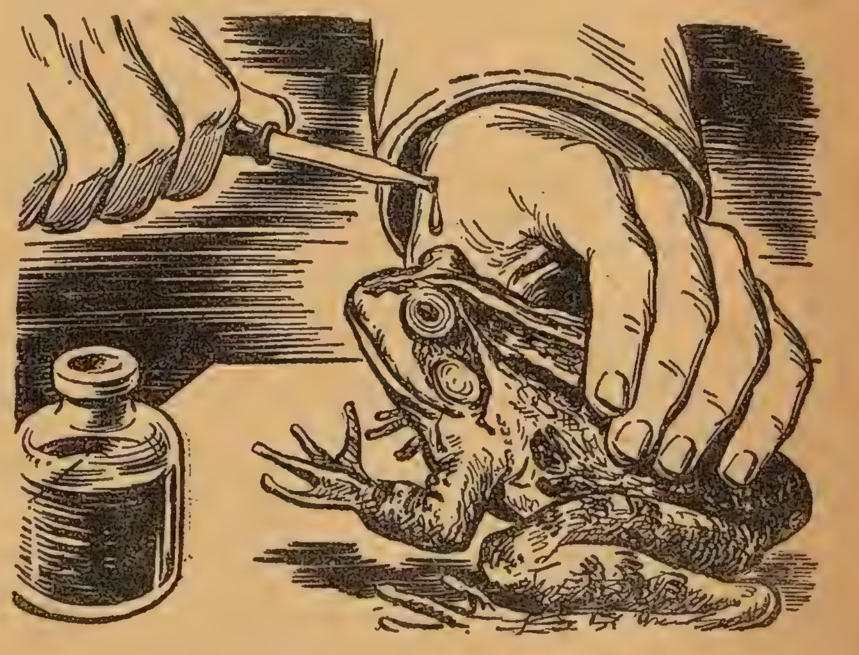
As the patient passes from the stage of analgesia he enters the *second stage*, known by such names as the stage of excitement or delirium. Anesthetists call this the "fiery hoop" stage, and they try to get patients through it as rapidly as possible. It is at this stage that dreams occur, that people become violent and irrational, and that heart failure may develop.

The *third*, or surgical, *stage* of anesthesia is the one under which operations are ordinarily performed. The patient is asleep and quiet. Dreams do not occur in this stage. The patient is "dead to the world."

Fourth-stage anesthesia is that stage beyond surgical anesthesia at which the respiration drops. Until recently it has always been considered too dangerous to employ. Recently, however, some anesthetists have developed the skill and daring to deliberately carry the patient into this stage, *when necessary*, and maintain the respiration by artificial means.

It is no easy matter to give just enough of an anesthetic to produce analgesia. There is the constant danger of giving too much and producing delirium, or of not giving enough and allowing the sense of pain to revive.

One way out of this dilemma—and a good one—is to allow the patient to administer the anesthetic to himself. Things can be arranged so he cannot *continue* to give himself too much if he loses consciousness.



Probably the first man to suggest "serve yourself" anesthesia—to the extent of analgesia—was William T. G. Morton, but for some strange reason Morton has received scant credit for this very practical suggestion, and other men, honestly believing it to be original with them, have advocated the method as something new. One of these men was led to his discovery of the method in the following casual fashion.

He was called to the hospital at about seven o'clock in the evening to give nitrous oxide to a lady who was expecting a baby. He and the obstetrician in charge decided that delivery would not take place for several hours. The patient was of the rather bossy, aggressive type. If a thing had to be done, she liked to do it right now and have it over with. She was quite active socially and rather resented taking time off to have a baby.

"I didn't want," said the doctor, "to have to sit and listen to her domineering lamentations for six or eight hours." So, after an hour or two of teaching and reassurance, he placed the inhaler beside her pillow and said: "Now, honey, whenever you feel a pain coming on pick up this thing and inhale some of the gas. Miss Pringle will sit with you and turn on the gas for you. We will be around and she will call us if you need us."

The anesthetist and the obstetrician then retired to the staff library for a game of pinochle. The nurse was an old-timer who was quite able to judge whether they should be called or not.

An hour passed and the two pinochle players had not been disturbed. But they were wondering what was going on in their absence. "I suppose we should have a look at her," one said. And the other agreed.

"Well, how is everything?" they inquired breezily as they entered the room.

"All right," answered Miss Pringle. Then with a touch of ice in her voice, "She may be taking more gas then she needs."

Evidently Miss Pringle did not approve of allowing a patient to have all the gas she wanted while two young doctors played cards in the library. Neither, for that matter, did the doctors. So now they took over the watch, but without changing the self-administration technique.

When it was all over the anesthetist remarked: "That is the best job of administering an anesthetic for obstetrics I ever didn't administer."

Twilight Sleep

Twilight sleep is the most attractive name ever applied to any form of anesthesia. It captured the public fancy when it was first introduced in the early 1900s and it is still a household phrase.

The agent is a combination of morphine and scopolamine, and may be administered either hypodermically or by mouth. In moderate doses, it produces a semi-narcosis which was at first thought to be ideal for childbirth.

While public opinion in the main enthusiastically approved of twilight sleep, there were, as usual, those who disapproved of having babies painlessly. It was solemnly argued that mother love depended on how much the mother suffered at the time she gave birth to her baby. To reduce or eliminate the suffering, therefore, meant the reduction or elimination of mother love and all the dire social consequences of such a disaster. Few were moved by such arguments and they are seldom heard today; nor has there been any serious decrease in the world's supply of mother love.

Twilight sleep is still used in obstetrics, but experience has taught us that it is not the magical, faultless agent it was at first thought to be. Conscientious physicians employ it sparingly and with great care.

A woman in labor under twilight sleep may scream and carry on as though in great pain; but after it is all over have no recollection of having suffered at all. Men who have made a study of such strange phenomena explain that pain which is not remembered is not very bothersome, that it is being forgotten *while* it occurs, and so is not experienced in the usual sense. It seems to be a case of: What you don't know doesn't hurt you.

Dreams

Man has always been fascinated by his dreams. General anesthesia is, at bottom, simply an artificial sleep and during it, as in natural sleep, dreams may occur.

Different parts of the brain are known to control different muscles and organs. In order to explain dreams, it is assumed that different parts of the brain control different intellectual activities.

Suppose now that these different centers of the brain go to sleep unevenly, the higher centers going to sleep first. Under such circumstances *memory* and *imagination* may continue to function after the higher centers such as reason, logic and analysis have gone to sleep, and so give rise to those uncensored, uncontrolled flights of imagination and memory known as dreams. Thus a poor man may dream that he is spending large sums of money without ever wondering where the money came from. He may be in one part of the country one moment and in another part the next without knowing or caring how he got from one place to the other. A skinny office worker may, in his dream, fight and whip a world's heavyweight boxing champion with no surprise, his reason being asleep.

Dreams do not occur when *all* intellectual parts of the brain are asleep. They occur only when the higher centers are asleep or inactive (or nearly so) and the lower ones awake or active. Thus they are more likely to occur just as one is going to sleep or awakening; or when sleep is disturbed by such discomforts as indigestion, pain, worry, cold, heat, or noise. One may get cold, for example, and dream of skating or that the furnace fire has gone out; or the unwelcome call of an alarm clock may be built for a time into a telephone call with a dreamed (imagined) conversation.

Everyone has heard of the dream in which a difficult problem has been solved. We hear of how the matter has been carried in a worried mind for hours, days, weeks, or months. And then, at last, one night the answer comes in a dream. "But I can't remember what the solution was." That is the sad end of these stories.

To an imagination uncensored by reason come explanations which fade and disappear in the clear light of logical analysis. If the dreamer will arouse himself enough to make a note of it he will probably find that what seemed to be an answer while asleep or half asleep is no solution at all when awake.

An opium addict reports that his first pipe or two disappointed him. He did not have dreams of discovering the ultimate truth of things, of finding the key to the secret of the universe. But, continuing the use of the drug, these dreams finally came; and one of them recurred over a period of weeks. One night he aroused himself enough to scrawl the great secret on a piece of paper. Next morning he awoke to find that he had set down the following fateful words: "The banana is great, but the skin is greater!"

So there it is. The great secret of things, as revealed in an opium dream, is that the banana is great, and the skin—ah, the skin—is even greater! Man likes to toy with this sort of nonsense, and try to make something abstruse and significant of it.

ANESTHESIA dreams not infrequently revolve around something the patient has seen just before taking the anesthetic. Thus the anesthetist or the nurse may figure in the dream. A dental extracting specialist, in Indianapolis, has an office in a building directly across the street from the public library. Seated in the operating chair in this office and looking out the window at the library, one sees some ornamental statuary just above the entrance to the building. Patients frequently dream that these stone figures come to life.

A common anesthesia dream today is the one of driving an automobile or of riding in, or piloting, an airplane. The probable reason for this dream is that just as one passes into the anesthetic state he is likely to hear a throbbing, roaring or ringing in his ears, and this sound may be interpreted as a motor. In the early days of anesthesia, it was usually interpreted as the sound of a train. Dr. J. F. B. Flagg wrote in 1851 that fully half his patients had the dream of riding on a train. Dr. Flagg deliberately induced such dreams by suggesting to his patients that they imagine they were going on a trip. He reports one case in which the patient traveled from America "to Paris by train," and another in which the patient rode "through heaven and hell."

The anesthesia dream which has been given the most consideration, because of its legal aspect as well as for other reasons, is the erotic one. In the gay days of tight, waist-pinching corsets, when nitrous oxide was given in a dental office, it was necessary to loosen or remove the corsets to facilitate breathing. During this period, much was heard of the amorous dreams women were likely to have under anesthesia, and text-books and professors emphatically warned of the necessity of having a third person present when giving an anesthetic.

This advice is still rather carefully followed as a matter of routine, but one hears very much less about the subject. It seems highly improbable that the ladies of today are any less amorous than their sisters of yesterday, but they are much less fearful, and they certainly are less suppressed by both corsets and customs.

A doctor reports a strange case in which a young woman accused her dentist of attacking her while anesthetized. Her mother and father, and her physician were all present during the operation. They all assured her that she had not been attacked; but she stuck to her story. Her dream may have been very vivid—such dreams frequently are—but it seems likely that the young lady may have had other reasons for her behavior. Perhaps we find the answer in the anesthesia rape case tried in Indiana some years ago. There the plaintiff finally confessed that she had become pregnant while her husband was abroad and that her desperation, as the time for his return approached, had led her to make the charge.

Anesthesia rape cases that come to trial are nearly always decided in favor of the defendant. The anesthetized patient is not the inviting target for criminal assault that might be imagined. Over one hundred pounds of limp weight is not easy to handle, and the subject regains consciousness rather quickly as soon as the administration of the anesthetic is discontinued.

While women dream of love under anesthesia, a more common dream among men is one of fighting. Here is one that fits the foregoing explanation of dreams almost as though it had been dreamed for that purpose.

The patient was a World War One veteran and ex-prize fighter. He was given gas anesthesia in a small operating room in a physician's office. He took the gas nicely, without excitement, and had apparently passed into a state of complete surgical anesthesia. He was lying on a small army operating table, strapped to it to keep him from rolling off. Suddenly he lunged to his feet, carrying the table with him. The table was now strapped on his back, the legs sticking out horizontally.

He took a swing at the operating light, which was of the floor type, knocking it over and breaking the light bulb. He wheeled away from the explosion and the legs of the operating table knocked over a small table loaded with instruments and small bottles, which clattered loudly as they struck the tile floor. Again the patient wheeled about, away from the sound, and paused.

This gave the anesthetist his chance. He rushed between the table legs, circled both table top and patient in his arms, and hung on. After a brief struggle the patient awoke, surprised and apologetic. He explained, sheepishly, that he had been dreaming. Here is the dream:

He had been back in the war—and the room looked it. He had, he said, heard an airplane and starte Then there was a flash of light and a bomb exp followed by machine gun fire, and someone had b trying to take him prisoner when he awoke.

This dream may be explained at substantially every point. Memory accounts for the war setting. Anxiety and fear over the operation fit a war scene very neatly. The sound of the airplane was the patient's interpretation of the sound within the ears which frequently marks the onset of anesthesia. The flash of light was the operating light. The bomb was the explosion of the shattered light bulb. The machine gun was the instruments and small bottles falling on the tile floor. And the someone who was trying to take him prisoner was the straps binding him and the anesthetist catching him.

Streamlined Anesthesia

Suppose you have to go to a modern city hospital for an operation.

The night before the operation, you will receive the usual enema. The next morning, one and one-half hours before the operation, you will receive a small dose of morphine and atropine hypodermically in the arm. This produces "preliminary tranquilization," and shortly after you have had your "shot" you will find that you are not quite so worried about things. You can manage a small smile when the nurse makes a wisecrack.

About a half-hour before the time for the operation, you receive your little pink enema of avertin. About ten minutes later, while you are lying there and saying something to the nurse, you suddenly go to sleep. The next thing you know, you wake up in the same room again with the operation over! As far as you can remember, you have been no place and nothing has happened! Let me tell you what did happen.

When you went to sleep, you did not go into a state of complete surgical anesthesia, for the dose of avertin was small, only enough to produce basal anesthesia. If someone had stuck you with a pin you would not have minded. You were in this state when they wheeled you to the operating room. You knew nothing of what was happening when they put the mask over your face or inserted the tube in your windpipe.

It was a mixture of cyclopropane, which is an improvement upon ethylene, and oxygen, bubbling through a chamber of ether, that was used to produce the complete anesthesia. You did not get much ether. That is why you did not feel bad when you awoke. You breathed considerable cyclopropane, but it does not make people sick. You were not an unusual case, and that helped.

And that is the streamline train of modern general anesthesia that takes you "more than half-way to the land of the great beyond and back again," in greatest comfort and safety.

THE anesthetist is frequently as busy as a drummer in a jazz band. The machine he uses is sometimes almost as complicated as the instrument board of an airplane. With it, he controls the exact percentage of the anesthetic gas, oxygen, ether, carbon dioxide and air the patient receives. If the patient's skin changes color, he does one thing; if his heart does this, he does that; if the respiration changes, he does something else; if the patient swallows, that is his cue to turn that valve over there; if the blood pressure drops and the pupils of the eyes dilate, that is a signal to do several things.

The surgeon is the central figure in the operation, but he keeps one eye on the anesthetist. A few words from the anesthetist change the whole atmosphere and tempo of the operation. His responsibility is tremendous. He takes you into anesthesia: first stage, second stage, third stage. Your life is in his hands. Then he takes you out again: third stage, second stage, first stage, back to consciousness. In the old days you were left to get back as best you could. Today every step is calculated.

What the future of anesthesia may be, no man can say, but all anesthetists agree that the developments of the past two decades give greater reason to hope for perfection than ever before.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

SECOND CARROT FROM THE END is **Fred Beck's** gay and daffy account of that fabulous institution in Hollywood known as the Farmers Market.

The Farmers Market started when Fred Beck met Roger Dahlhjelm. After the first chapter readers of the book will not be surprised at any result of that combination. To quote Beck: "The Farmers Market turned out to be the darndest place. It's the only market in the world where Harold Lloyd, the millionaire movie actor, radio producer and bowling alley operator, ever worked as a soda jerk. It's the only market that ever had a hole chopped in its roof so that Shirley Temple could be whisked through it. It's the only market where Monty Woolley suffered the inconvenience of getting his beard caught in a peanut butter mill."

Fred Beck

Anyway, today the market is *the* place in Hollywood. Hostesses say proudly at their tea tables, " 'Try one of these tarts. They came from the Farmers Market.' " One of these ladies was Gladys Medbury, wife of the notable John P. Medbury. John Medbury didn't share his wife's enthusiasm for the market and one day when he was sent after peach pits, he returned home with a lion. Fred Beck was with him, too, and both gentlemen had stopped for a few quick ones. They dragged the lion into the house, where it lay on the kitchen floor while they whipped up a nightcap: "Gladys was awakened by the opening and closing of the refrigerator doors and the sounds of struggle with the ice trays.

"And finally she came down to the kitchen in a fancy wrapper and she looked very sexy.

"She was going to tell me to go home, I think. And she was going to ask John why he hadn't come home for dinner and if he'd remembered the peach pits, which he had.

"But then—there was the lion.

"Gladys looked at it quite a while. John said nothing.

"Finally Mrs. John P. Medbury spoke—with icy meaningfulness.

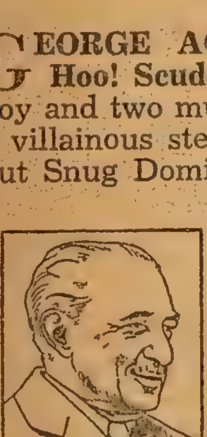
" 'Where,' she said, 'did you get THAT thing?' " referring to our King of Beasts.

"John cleared his throat. He spoke calmly and with simple dignity.

" 'It came,' he said, 'from the Farmers Market.' "

William Morrow & Company, N. Y. Price $2.

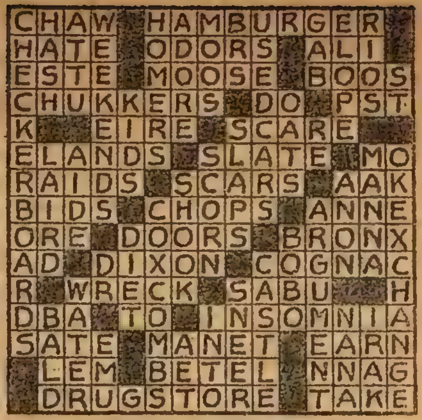
GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN'S **Scudda-Hoo! Scudda-Hay!** is a charming novel about a boy and two mules. There's a girl too, and there are a villainous stepbrother and a shrewish stepmother, but Snug Dominy and his two mules, Crowder and Moonbeam, are the story. And Snug's mules are worth his devotion because, as his friend Tony tells him: " 'It ain't mules that's dumb, it's folks—so dumb they think a hoss is intelligent. . . . What does a hoss do when he puts his foot through a barbed-wire fence? . . . Saws it off. Yes, sir: he'll draw back in fright and saw his hoof clean off at the joint. Not Mr. Mule. He picks his foot up and out and goes on eating. . . . It's fools thinks a hoss has brains and that a dog is the best friend of man. A mule has 'em both skinned a mile. For the right man a mule will lay down his life day by day till he dies.' "


George Agnew Chamberlain

The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis and N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



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Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Name the last U. S. ambassador to Russia

8 A Mussolini wound would be a what?

12 Edmonds' Rome Haul concerns what canal?

13 Complete: —— nation indivisible

14 Change riot into a threesome (anag.)

15 What demon lurks in coffee?

17 The Valkyries took a famous what?

18 Genuflects

19 Who makes the opening bid at bridge and bets last at poker?

21 Tors (anag.)

23 A lion can make what a lot of money?

24 Contention in words

27 Name the Brain Trust's first product (abbr.)

29 Latin for with

30 What's Remarque's first name?

32 A stroke's associated with a what?

33 Marijuana's extracted from what plant?

35 Complete: —— down the Hall of Fame

37 Complete: Thornton Wilder's —— Town

39 What English county's also an American boys' school?

40 N'Orleans and Cairo are situated on whats?

43 The school is what in French (two words)

47 With what word do you damn a cat?

48 What was the family name of Miss Goody of Mother Goose fame (two words)

50 What's the first thing poker players do before a hand?

51 What would five less than even be?

52 Nose in Times (anag.)

53 Name a great U. S. military surgeon

54 Name a part ~~of town~~ mentioned in Al Smith's campaign-song title (two words)

VERTICAL

1 With what word does a farmer curse his luck?

2 Name the sheer-rock islands off Ireland

3 Abundant

4 Freers alludes to anagram

5 The small rain on the tender herb of the Bible would be what?

6 Lincoln's Miss Rutherford's first name

7 Complete this old tear-jerker song title: That's How I —— You

8 Stress and what on bridges constitute an engineering problem?

9 How many is 1,000,000,000,000 in the United States?

10 Bedell Smith was what to Eisenhower?

11 In what event did Churchill first make his reputation? (two words)

16 To marry, Browning and Elizabeth Barrett had to what?

20 Printer's whozis

22 Complete: ——, ——, beat dog, dog won't bite pig, etc.

24 What must be given to the devil?

25 Hindu widows self-what themselves on their husbands' funeral pyres?

26 Man has learned from geese to fly in whats?

28 Kid in England

29 Kind of biting cheese

31 Sword sharpeners

34 What's "hit with the No. 10 iron" at golf?

36 The groom's nose invariably does what during the ceremony?

38 Name the cheerful god of the sunny disposition

41 Rene gets the bird (anag.)

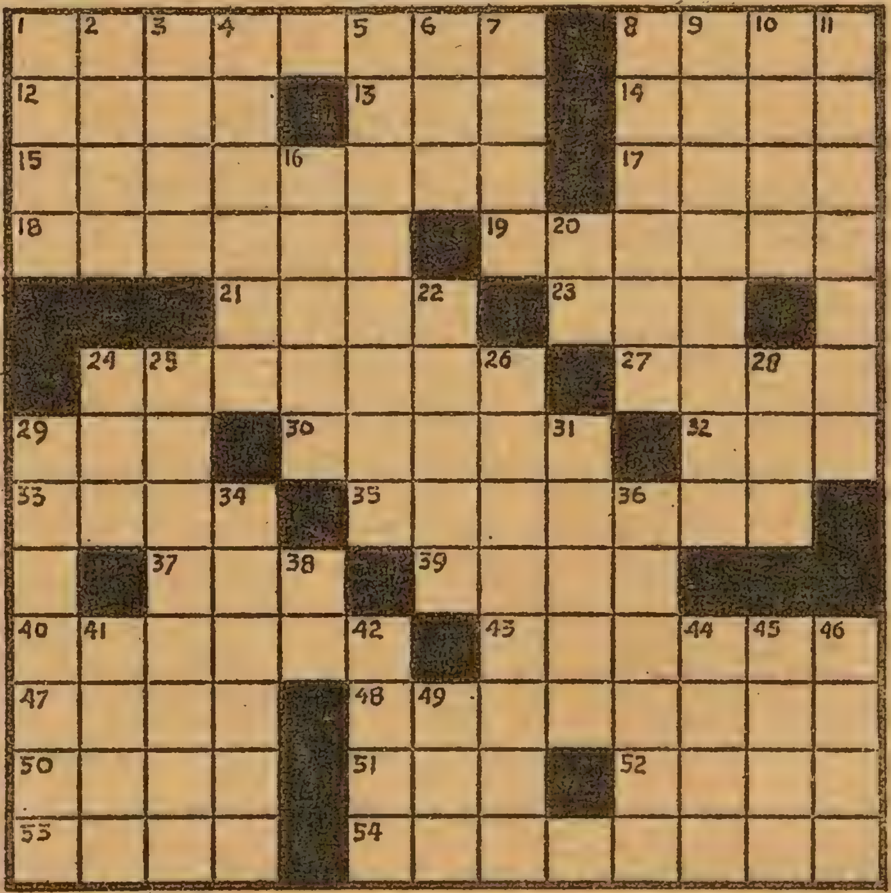
42 Loose hash is what?

44 M in reverse

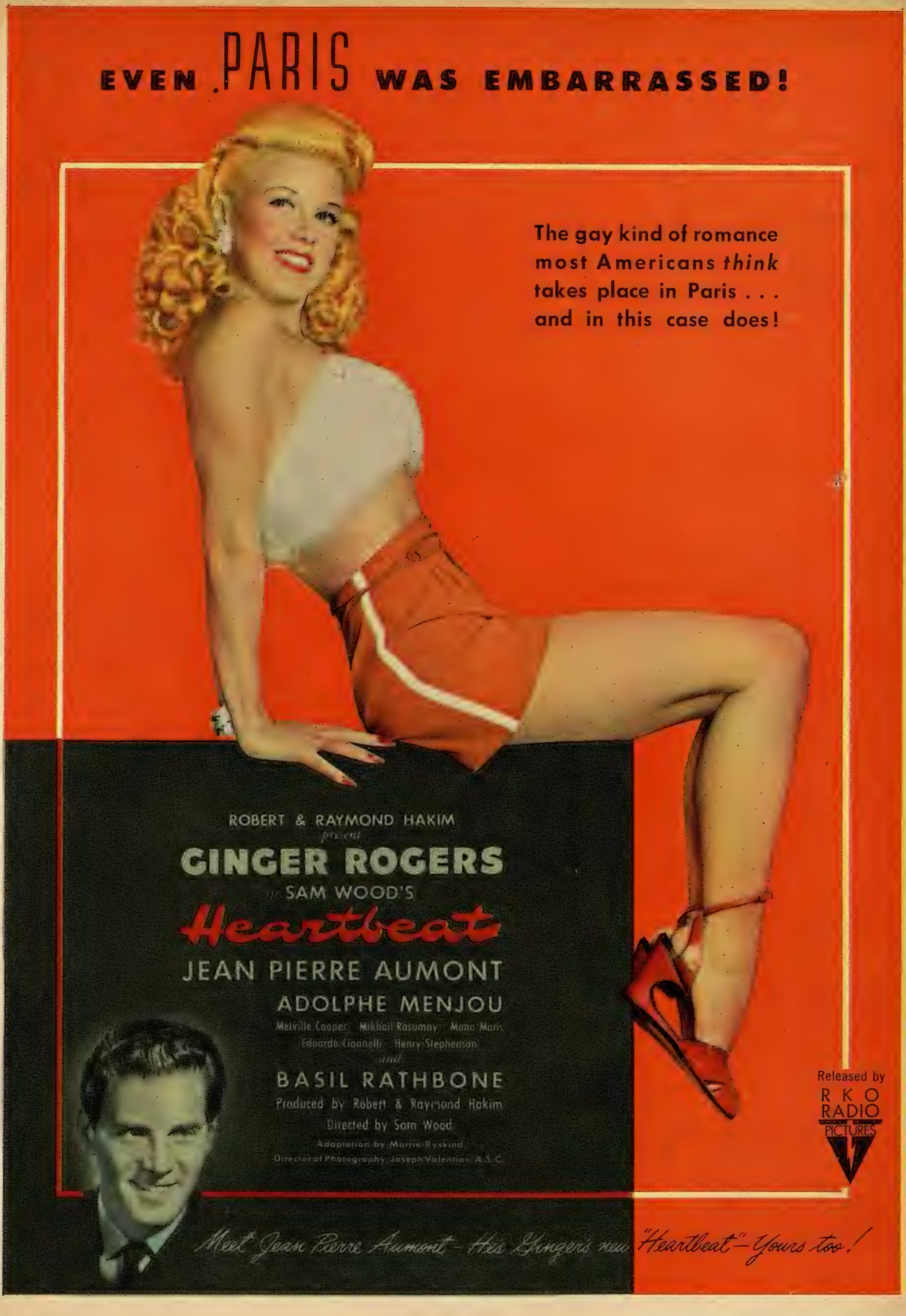
45 Lease's pal

46 To be in Latin, sees its anagram

49 Harry Lauder sang of a what doch-an-dorris?



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



EVEN PARIS WAS EMBARRASSED!

The gay kind of romance most Americans *think* takes place in Paris . . . and in this case does!

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GINGER ROGERS
in SAM WOOD'S
Heartbeat
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ADOLPHE MENJOU
Melville Cooper Mikhail Rasumny Mona Maris
Eduardo Ciannelli Henry Stephenson
and
BASIL RATHBONE
Produced by Robert & Raymond Hakim
Directed by Sam Wood
Adaptation by Morrie Ryskind
Director of Photography Joseph Valentine A.S.C.

Released by
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Meet Jean Pierre Aumont – He's Ginger's new "Heartbeat" – Yours too!

NOT TO LET

Continued from Page 25

tire and you no longer raise them when you learn that the Chinese servant who brought you that old-fashioned is named Foo and speaks Spanish, or that Ripley's secretary is a disarming-looking brunette named Leise Lotte Wiese, or even that the statue of the squatting Chinese woman is delicately attuned on springs so that when women near it talk too much, the head of the statue begins to bob, the arms raise and lower, and the mouth opens and closes for the next fifteen minutes as a warning against female ear-bending.

THE living room is perhaps thirty feet by twenty-two. On one side is a picture window looking down on Central Park. On the other is a gigantic Russian painting called The Wedding Feast. When Ripley was a poor hungry boy in Santa Rosa, California, he used to buy five-cent post-card copies of this painting and try to duplicate it. When his syndicated feature made him rich, he bought the original and has refused $75,000 for it.

Santa Rosa also accounts for his liking of things Chinese. In Santa Rosa's Chinatown, the restaurant merchants, who could add up patched knickerbockers and skinny legs in a shy boy, used to give him big bowls of pork and noodles for five cents. Ripley has felt an affection for Chinese ever since. Today he probably owns more authentic Chinese treasure than any living Chinese. Besides which he owns an island off Mamaroneck called Bion (Believe It Or Not) and five automobiles, although he cannot drive.

In the apartment is a sedan chair, inlaid tables, polished jade statues of animals, ebony ceilings, carved ivories, Buddhas which range in size like the pipes on a church organ, blinking red and green lights in a Persian bedroom, a naughty statue of a fat man and a girl on an elephant; Coromandel walls, black lacquer sections with birds etched in color by hand; and a blue enameled clock which represented the only Occidental weakness of the last Empress of China.

The horrifying thought that strikes most visitors is "What would happen if Mr. Ripley got a notice of eviction?" He has thought of that. So when he moved in, five years ago, he bought the two top floors. Other tenants in this "co-op" building own their own apartments and must pay a pro-rata share of all expenses and, of course, are entitled to sell if they choose. Most of them have an elevator acquaintance with Ripley.

He has a remarkable memory for the history of every one of the thousands of collector's items in his apartment. In fact, his memory is so fabulous that, for years, Ripley's friends have taken to quoting obscure verses and psalms from the Bible and then asking him to identify them offhand. He hasn't been caught yet.

AMONG his friends are many Chinese who, when they arrive in Occidental attire, are asked to don one of the many colorful Oriental dresses in the closets of the apartment. One of his newer friends is LiLing Ai, a woman writer of children's books who came to the apartment in 1940 to address a group of Ripley's friends on the subject of China Relief. He was so impressed with her candor and her mastery of American slang—she was born in Hawaii—that she is today allowed more license to criticize him and his tastes than anyone else. She and her younger sister Wing are often Ripley's luncheon guests.

He likes to be asked to show his curios and he does it with the pardonable condescension of a boy explaining radar to his father. He takes a Chinese jade cup shaped like the bottom half of an eggshell, and tells you that when you drink from it you must say *"Kanpei!"* which means, literally, "Dry the cup." And it must be drunk dry because the rounded bottom prohibits setting it down right side up. The proper method is to drink it dry, then set it on the table upside down. In sum, "bottoms up."

A huge ornamental rhinoceros cup was made from the vicious coat hanger on the front end of a rhino, and the ancients made a sort of lovers' wine cup of it. The legend is that if anyone puts poison into the wine, the cup will turn purple. The legend also says that the horn is really made of hair, and that if you could find the correct end of the correct hair, you could unwind the entire horn from base to mouth.

In walking about the apartment, the visitor is always astonished to find that there are huge statues that he missed seeing in examining the same room before. Most visitors do not get to see more than about 30 per cent of the treasures, and many of them miss entirely the Gallery of the Gods, which hangs on a shelf halfway up to the living-room ceiling.

Some might make the point that it is a good thing to miss, because the scores of Chinese gods, great and small, stare fixedly with black shoe-button eyes at one and all, and their drooping silk mustaches are anything but encouraging to the timid.

THE casual acquaintance sees only the great rooms of the apartment. He doesn't get into Ripley's Persian bedroom, where, when he cannot sleep, he can switch on the ceiling lights which blink on and off monotonously and may have some therapeutic value toward inducing sleep. Farther back, in an alcove, Ripley keeps a gallery of portraits of women. Each of these figured in his life in some way, and you gather that he feels a courtly gallantry toward them. The only woman whose photograph hangs in every room is his mother. His affection for her is unadulterated reverence.

Back beyond the alcove is a small room and, leading from it, a private bath done in Chinese red. The small room contains a Chinese bridal bed which has such a fascinating, sentimental history that Ripley often invites American newlyweds to spend the night there.

When you leave, Leise holds your coat. No one frisks you, but you keep saying to yourself, "Ripley didn't do badly for a guy who once polished gravestones in California."

THE END

HARDTACK

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It's *that* easy... tastes *that* daisy-fresh! Tastes *so* freshly mixed that with each sip you'll imagine you hear the clink of the spoon, the cold tinkle of the ice. Here's a "just right" Dry Martini, just right for festive times—without mixing, muss, or measuring. And best of all—Hiram Walker's Dry Martini *keeps* tasting delightfully fresh-mixed right down to the *last* drink you pour!

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Martini that
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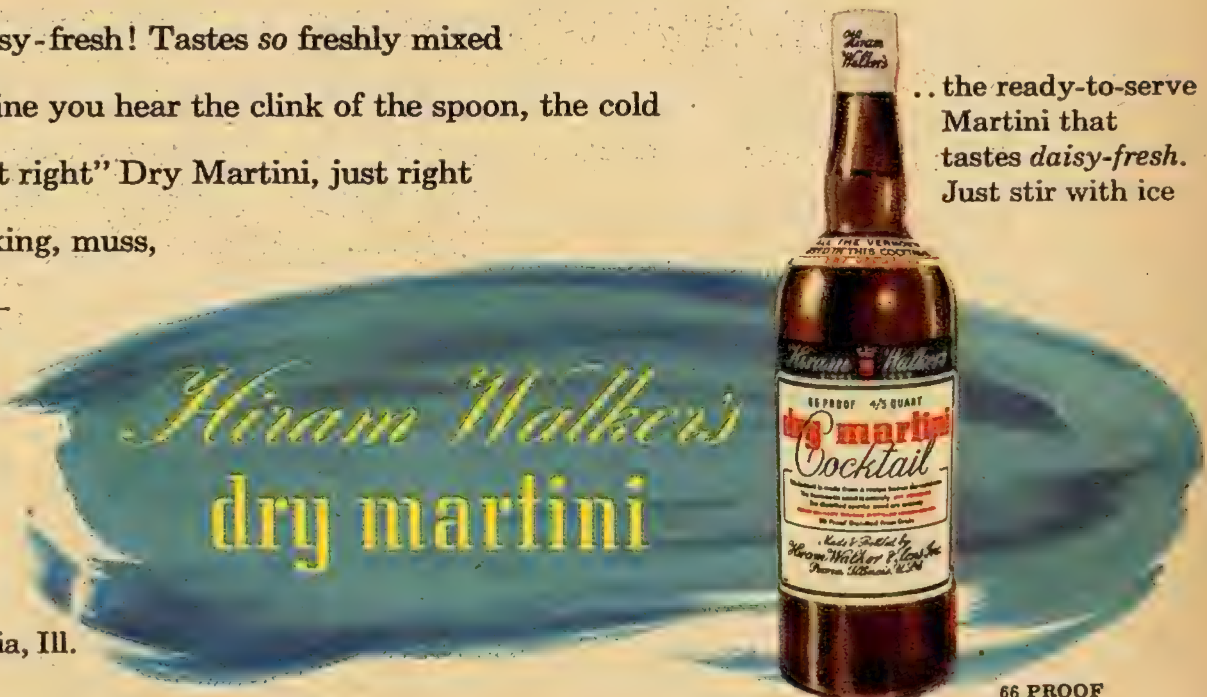
Hiram Walker's
dry martini
Hiram Walker's
66 PROOF 4/5 QUART
dry martini
Cocktail

66 PROOF

TOO BUSY FOR LOVE

Continued from Page 27

"There's the little park by the river, Natalie. But it's cold."

"Not very cold. Besides, my fur jacket is warm."

The park at the end of the street where Natalie and Barry lived was no more than a terrace with half a dozen benches facing the river. Quentin knew that Natalie liked to sit there in the afternoon, watching the children play and the river traffic move past endlessly.

When, returning from the war, he had called on her and not found her at home, he had walked to the park on the chance she might be there.

He had found her sitting there with an unopened book in her lap, watching the river. She was bareheaded, wore a green wool suit, and looked, as she often did, more like a young girl than a married woman. When he had called her and she looked up and saw him standing there, she smiled. That was when he knew he loved her.

SHE took his arm. They walked down the steps of the empty park to the terrace nearest the river.

"You were sitting on that bench," Quentin told her.

"Yes. I looked up and there you were. I used to worry about you, Quentin."

She seated herself. Her smile was strange in the early starlight, uncertain, and not quite happy.

He took her hand and tried to jest. "The snakes, of course, were more terrifying than the Japs." Then he could not jest. He kissed her. In a moment her slim arms went round his neck.

After a while she murmured, "It will be all right, won't it? We *like* each other. That will see us through, more than just—just this."

He did not understand. He only recognized in her some doubt. He told her confidently, "We shall have everything together—everything for always."

The night was windless but very cold. When Quentin noticed that Natalie was shivering against his shoulder, he took her home.

She asked, as on ordinary evenings, "Coffee?"

"Yes, thank you, Natalie."

Usually when they had dined or gone to a theater together, Natalie invited him in to have coffee.

Except for the imitation fireplace, it was a charming apartment. Natalie had decorated the living room in chartreuse and gray, with accents of crimson to brighten it. The long windows afforded a view of rooftops and what Natalie called a "sideways look" at the river.

Quentin waited in the living room while she made coffee. Recollection of evenings he had spent here with Barry and Natalie and lately more often with Natalie alone disturbed him somewhat.

He had met Barry in Mexico prior to his marriage. Barry was modernizing an oil refinery and Quentin was arranging some purchases for the museum.

Barry was an industrial architect, not the sort who planned rose-twined cottages, as Natalie sometimes was obliged to explain. He was a couple of years older than Quentin. Quentin added it up. Yes, Barry must be thirty-one now. He himself was twenty-nine.

WHEN Barry first introduced him to Natalie, Quentin had thought her altogether charming with her gaiety, her amusing irrelevancies, her vivid golden beauty. But Quentin was extremely detached about women, since he was in the process of recovery from the only other serious love affair of his life.

There was a time when Quentin considered the Chandlers as happily married as anyone he knew.

Yet even before his departure for the Pacific war, he had thought them less happy than they had been.

He heard Natalie's footsteps in the hall and turned from the view, took the coffee tray from her, seated himself opposite her, in front of the fireplace where several petrified birch logs were unconvincingly illuminated by concealed electric bulbs.

She poured his coffee carefully.

He asked, "Are you tired?"

She shook her head.

"I don't want to hurry you, Natalie, but because I am leaving in six weeks, we should get the practical details settled. Do you mind?"

"No." She wore an absurd small apron embroidered in strawberries over her long dress. Quentin interrupted himself. "You weigh a hundred pounds, perhaps, to my hundred eighty-five. You look, at the moment, sixteen, not twenty-four. It's difficult to be well-behaved and sedate, Natalie."

"For me too, Quentin. It's just that this, between you and me, is not sudden, as the silly phrase is. But it seems so. Do you remember when Barry and I used to talk about building a country house? This apartment really was just for the duration. Now it turns out to be the only place we ever had. There have been times when I felt I was born here and would live here forever. It is startling to realize I shall be leaving it with you?"

He said, "You have the most honest eyes I ever saw, darling."

Her mood lightened. "I never told you about you." She stood up and moved toward him, touched his face with a fingertip. "Sit still, Quentin. One can't describe people even to oneself. I used to remember your face in bits and pieces." Her fingertip moved. "Cleft chin. What a silly expression! Beautiful nose, with a slight bump to humanize it."

"Banged by a hockey stick in youth," Quentin explained.

"Black, black eyelashes and eyebrows," her voice was mock envious. "Mine are only light brown. I use mascara, Quentin."

"Ah, a confession scene!" He caught her hand. "But we have been swimming. I know about the mascara."

She retreated to her chair. "Quentin, we aren't getting on with the practical details. You and I won't ever find a New York apartment. There are none. I shall have to live in a tent near your expedition."

"Not a tent. There would be too many snakes and a lavish assortment of insect life. You can live in a hotel in the nearest pleasant city."

He sensed that she wanted to say something important. He tried to help her. "Do you want me to write Barry for you—or to telephone him?"

"Oh, no, Quentin." She sounded almost shocked. "I'll write him myself, tonight."

"He is going to be upset anyway, when he finds he has lost you."

She said matter-of-factly, "He may even be glad to be rid of me, Quentin. He would never say that he found me boring, because he is polite, and besides, he promised to love and cherish me and all that. But sometimes I think he wishes I were more like—" she hesitated, then finished in a rush—"like the large kind of wife. You know, the ones whose husbands always want the shipyards reconverted to making alarm clocks in a minute."

"I have not met many. Tell me about them," Quentin said gravely.

"The large wives talk about Trends—economic, social, leftist, rightist. I read a long new book about China once, just to be intelligent at a dinner party for a manufacturer and wife newly returned from there."

"You are very well read in general. Don't underrate yourself, Natalie darling."

"It seems the book I had chosen was entirely Communist in viewpoint, though it had not appeared so to me," she went on. "The returned manufacturer and wife were very anti—"

"Anti-Communist?"

She nodded her head. "I did badly at the dinner party. Barry didn't get the reconversion of that one. Plane parts to phonographs, I think it was."

QUENTIN never had understood why Barry did not ask Natalie to accompany him on the journeys he took. His explanation, that he preferred to work uninterruptedly through these jobs and then come home for leisurely intervals with her, was reasonable but inadequate in Quentin's opinion. Quentin was so in love with Natalie, he found all time spent away from her just time to be "got through."

Natalie said abruptly, "Do you think you will get bored with me in time? I know you find me amusing and pretty, but you, too, are—intellectual."

"I despise the word, Natalie. It sounds so stuffy."

"Don't interrupt yet. It is difficult for me to say what I really feel." Her delicate lovely hands smoothed her apron absent-mindedly.

"Suppose you wished some day I really understood or was deeply interested in—in"—she achieved it—"entomology." She smiled with pleasure at having managed the word.

He moved quickly to the arm of her chair. She gave him her hand, but said, "Just one more minute," breathlessly. "Because I would hate you to grow bored."

Natalie paused.

He waited.

Then she asked evenly, "Do you like children?"

Quentin was less astonished than she had anticipated.

He had sensed that she wanted some core to her life more than the pleasant "duration" apartment, the ordinary amusements of a young wife in comfortable circumstances with too much leisure. Her usually gay complaints about the imitation fireplace had seemed to him to symbolize a deep discontent with a life all surfaces.

He told her sincerely, "I like and want children. With my work, to have them might be difficult for you. I want you to travel with me, though not to the most uncomfortable tent sites."

"No," she said almost sharply. "I don't mean no, I shan't travel with you. I shall not stay home except under protest. I mean, no, we don't wait for some other year, some other decade when things are settled, when everyone has houses, fireplaces, cars, vacuums. I do *not* understand *trends*. But, like everyone else, I have been through the war years and this part of the first postwar one.

"It may take a long time to have the security, all the trimmings. I want us not to wait, but to have a baby the first year we are married, even if I haul it about like a papoose in a birchbark whatnot on my shoulders."

He told her, "We could manage better than the birchbark whatnot, as you call it, Natalie. A high-ceilinged house with a patio perhaps at the nearest pleasant city to the expedition headquarters. Would you like that?"

She nodded. "Fountain in the patio?"

"Oh, yes, and a mandolin player to serenade you so you will not be lonely." His voice deepened. "You can risk having more confidence in me than you do, sweet."

She said a strangely adult sentence: "Confidence grows or wanes with time's passing."

AFTER a moment she said in a different tone, "You must go home now, darling."

The words came from his lips almost without volition: "You know I don't want to go at all, Natalie."

She was not shocked, nor even surprised. She said with a hint of

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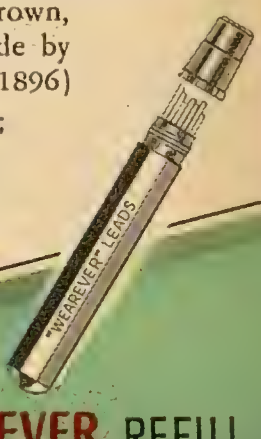

FOR RELIABLE WRITING CHOOSE WEAREVER REFILL LEADS

apology, "But I should be so *bad* at a love affair. Even one of the modern en-route-to-divorce-and-remarriage ones would make me feel sort of uncombed and mussed. Do you mind?"

He told her, meaning it, "I don't mind. It is one of the very many reasons I never will grow bored with you, Natalie. I can promise I never will."

DRIVING homeward through the park, Quentin made all the resolutions of a man sincerely in love: that he would make Natalie happy, arrange the years on her terms as well as his own.

Natalie sat a long time by the desk in her bedroom before she began her letter to Barry, but once she had begun, the sentences almost formed themselves.

She began:

"This is to ask you for a divorce. I want a second chance at all the things I used to believe you and I would have together, the things I no longer believe we shall ever share.

"These things: A permanent home for the years, with furnishings, garden, books we chose together.

"Children, whose growth and upbringing will interest us through the twenty years it takes us to grow middle-aged, interest us so much we shan't notice growing middle-aged.

"Friends—*real* friends, not acquaintances with whom we play bridge or dine or make a foursome for the theater.

"Career (*your* career, but one in which I have a part, an interest). I know I am not clever about understanding mechanical things. But I could understand, if you ever bothered to tell me any more, what you're trying to do and why; why you work harder for more and more money, for instance, when we already have more than we ever planned. 'For me, for us,' you will say. That used to be true. Perhaps you still believe it. I don't. You work because you enjoy being successful. You have made me a decoration in your life, convenient and familiar—and of some value, like a wrist watch—except a wrist watch is a more constant companion than you have chosen to make of me. So I'm supposed to shop, go to women's bridge parties, run an apartment which takes fifteen minutes a day because our maid is efficient, be decorative, and talk nonsense to make you laugh.

"You're a 'good' husband, generous, even-tempered, faithful, I know. I ought to think myself fortunate."

Natalie paused. She had used to think herself fortunate.

Then she hurried on, as if the letter must be finished at a given hour.

"I want my second chance with Quentin Wyatt. I want to be a partner in his life, not an adornment. No, I don't suppose I should be any more an efficient biologist's assistant than in handling a slide rule to help an architect. I'm not trained for either.

"But I want to be a partner in his interests, not to be filed away in some cabinet of his heart labeled 'Yesterday's Emotions — Finished Business.' "

She signed her name. Standing up, she walked around that familiar room, a compromise between Barry's taste for the austere and her own for the colorful, so that its furniture was plain dark mahogany, its curtains and bedspreads vivid turquoise like her quilted dressing gown.

While writing, she had not let herself feel, think, or remember.

Was it as she glanced at Barry's picture on her dressing table that feeling, thought, and memory began—of a Cape Cod beach in the prewar summer of 1940 when the sunlight lay golden on the sand? The water's sparkle was brighter because she walked beside a tall brown-haired young man with a serious face (but so charming when something she said lightened it).

His steady gray eyes were admiring. His quiet voice said unexpectedly humorous things sometimes.

She had been a somewhat lonely girl, brought up by an aunt who was casually generous, but made it moderately clear she hoped Natalie would "take advantage of her opportunities," in other words, marry someone suitable without undue delay after finishing school.

Natalie thought it fortunate her aunt considered Barry "suitable," because she would have married him anyway.

How did people reach their ends from their beginnings?

Would she and Quentin grow dull and commonplace to each other?

She forced the thought out of her mind. One had to go on believing in futures when one stopped believing in yesterdays.

TO distract herself, she picked up her letter to Barry and read it through carefully.

What a horrible document to send to anyone one had *ever* liked! She had implied all the blame to him, had endowed herself with all the vague virtues of the unappreciated. And she wasn't sure that she possessed many unappreciated virtues, if any!

She tore the letter into small pieces and dropped them in the wastebasket. Rather grimly she began again, and this time the writing was slow and difficult.

Sunrise was streaking the oblong of sky beyond the western window as she finished this second letter.

Natalie addressed the envelope, put an air-mail stamp on it, but paused, observing the sunrise, before reading over the letter.

When she had folded those sheets of closely typed words into the envelope, and dropped the envelope into the mail chute in the front vestibule, what began on a Cape Cod beach in June, 1940, would be ended.

Once Barry had said to her, not critically, just with amusement, "No machine ever invented could record a graph of your mind's irrelevancies, Natalie."

Natalie remembered that now, as she watched the brightening sky, because the sunrise sharply reminded her of a morning in September, 1940, in the week before her marriage. She and Barry, leaving a party late, and walking for a little while in the cool quiet empty Manhattan streets, had been startled, turning a corner, to see the sun coming up. They had had no idea that they had been walking for hours.

Yet for a long time now Barry had not found anything to talk about sufficiently momentous to fill an evening. They asked people to dine and play bridge. They went to the theater, or to pictures, or dined at other people's houses and played bridge or gin rummy.

WAS it her fault for not accompanying him on all his business journeys? His fault for seeming to find her in the way when he was working? Hers for not insisting that they take what semipermanent home in the country they could, that they begin the family, the garden, the "settled life" of which Barry talked sometimes (less often lately), as located in some year when they were richer, times more settled?

Barry never had objected to her dinner and dancing engagements with Quentin during his absences, or with the one or two of his acquaintances who in that dim time pre-Quentin in her life occasionally had invited her for an evening's gaiety. Should he have objected?

She was very tired. Her letter was no doubt inadequate, but she could not improve it. She forced herself to read it over.

"Barry, my dear,

"This is a last love letter. I very much want it to be a love letter in a way, to thank you for happy years, to make it clear I appreciate, and always shall, so much that we had together. I am glad I married you when I was nineteen.

"Today I am twenty-four. You forgot that it was my birthday. That is of no special importance. Please don't believe I am so stupid as to feel wronged because my husband works too hard to remember anniversaries, birthdays, candy for a valentine, a corsage at Eastertime.

"I don't feel wronged at all. You always have been 'good' to me. I don't remember that we ever had a serious quarrel, certainly not a quarrel which lasted.

"The only point in mentioning a birthday you happened to forget is that it illustrates as well as anything that we have changed. We have stopped thinking of each other very often when we are apart.

"You work hard. I keep myself

occupied with little things. When you do come home, we seek amusement in other people's companionship. There were years in which we never seemed to have enough of each other's conversation, when just to be together was wonderful. Those were different years, or maybe we were different people.

"You used to say, and mean, 'I work for you, for us together, so that we shall be comfortable, secure, shall have everything.' I think you still believe that is why you take on more and more work. Certainly it is not for the money. You are most generous with money, and your own tastes are simple.

"But recently I believe you work because it has become a habit. It is not any longer for me, for us, for the house, garden, children we were going to have. You are more successful now than you ever thought you would be the year we were married. Success has ceased to be a means to an end, but has become an end in itself.

"I spend months of years with a generous clothes allowance, a pleasant apartment, women friends, and, since his return, Quentin for an escort, encouraged to amuse myself.

"I have no money worries, no heavy responsibilities. It certainly is no sad destiny. But it is empty.

"So I am asking you to let me have a divorce, any kind of divorce which is agreeable to you. I want to work out a different sort of life.

"Please don't think this is an impulse or that I will change my mind. It is not. I shall not.

"There is no use in trying to get back to year before last or year before that. Just please let me go.

"But truly, I will always remember and be glad of what we had in the beginning.

"NATALIE."

Natalie folded the sheets and put them into the envelope, tired beyond emotion now. She mailed the letter and went to bed.

IT was a long while before she slept. She wondered whether, when Barry knew all the facts, he would consider she had "deceived" him by not mentioning that she had fallen in love with Quentin.

But on second thought she simply could not have written, "I'm in love with someone else!" any more than she could complain of Barry to Quentin.

Barry would have decided Quentin was solely to blame, would have dashed East to defend his house and fireside.

Quentin was *not* to blame.

Except for him, she might not have asked for a divorce? She thought sleepily, One cannot tell. Except for being blonde one might be dark. Except for being short one might be tall. Except for being born American one might have been born Brazilian.

Then she slept.

Are you in the know?

In calling for an appointment, how should she give her name?

☐ *Miss Dinah Mite*
☐ *Miss Mite*

How's your telephone technique? Whether you're buzzing the dentist or beautician—when making *any* business appointment give your full name. Thus, the gal above should be Miss Dinah Mite. Which distinguishes her from other Miss Mites; prevents needless puzzlement. And on "problem days" there's no need for guesswork—as to which napkin *really* protects you. Kotex is the name to remember. For you get plus protection from that exclusive *safety center*. There's never a panicky moment with Kotex!

This sleeping beauty's off the beam, because—

☐ *She's a curfew keeper*
☐ *She should be prom-trotting*
☐ *She's still wearing makeup*

Sleep and beauty go together—but don't dream of wearing makeup to bed! It coarsens your skin—makes mud-pies of your complexion. It invites unsightly "blossoms." So, refresh your face thoroughly at bedtime. Cleanliness and *daintiness* go together, too. And they're never more important than at "certain" times . . . that's why Kotex contains a *deodorant*. Locked inside each Kotex napkin, the deodorant can't shake out because it is processed right in. See how this new Kotex "extra" can keep *you* sweet-and-lovely!

Should a gal go down the aisle first?

☐ *Yes*
☐ *No*
☐ *Not always*

Usually, the swish dish should be first to follow the usher. But a gal doesn't *always* precede her escort. When the usher is not at the door, her tall-dark-and-Vansome leads the way. Know what's what. It keeps you confident. And to stay confident on "those" days, know which napkin gives lasting comfort: Kotex, of course. For Kotex is made to *stay soft* while *wearing*. And because Kotex has *flat, tapered ends* that don't show, you can scoff at revealing outlines!

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TWENTY-four hours later Barry Chandler received her letter.

He read it over breakfast in his hotel dining room. He read it with utter astonishment.

Had Natalie gone completely out of her senses? Even the solemn tone was unlike her.

Divorce? Of course he would not divorce Natalie! He could not get on without her! He adored her. Married five years, a man stopped saying, "I adore you." Naturally!

Barry left his coffee unfinished and started across the lobby for the reservation desk, resolved to take the first eastbound plane and find out whether she were ill.

Halfway across the lobby, an officer of the shipbuilding corporation hailed Barry, which reminded him that the president of the firm was due back from San Francisco this morning for a most important meeting.

He would be obliged to remain.

A phrase from Natalie's letter occurred to Barry: "Success has become an end in itself."

No, that was unfair phrasing. But she had no business experience. How could she be expected to phrase things correctly? In business one is reliable, as in matrimony. That was all. Talking about working out a life for herself! What at? He thought of Natalie hungry, spoken to rudely by some employer. He shuddered.

"What's the matter?" inquired the shipbuilding official.

Barry stumbled out some explanation. "Letter from my wife. She has influenza. I must make a flying trip East to see her."

"New York climate!" said the Westerner. "I don't see how you can get away this week. Why not have her come out here, when she can travel?"

"It is an excellent idea," Barry told him.

He sent Natalie a long wire beginning with his conviction she was ill, then urging that she fly West as soon as possible and concluding with "I adore you."

Barry felt somewhat undignified as the telegraph operator read that over.

When he returned from the conference, which had lasted most of the day, the reply was there:

"Please take my letter seriously. Natalie."

Inspiration came to Barry. He would telephone someone in New York whose judgment he could trust, to go to her at once, find out the facts, then call him back.

He would telephone Quentin Wyatt. Natalie always got on splendidly with Quentin, and would confide in him!

He would urge Quentin to obtain for her transportation to Seattle and himself to put her on the plane.

Feeling greatly relieved, Barry placed his telephone call.

The conclusion of this story will appear next week.

NEW ENGLAND MODERN

Continued from Page 16

for the money. And with building costs now at a high level, its economies are well worth studying.

The most unusual thing about the house is its way of combining the values of modern architecture with a general appearance that harmonizes with other houses in the Cape Cod area. This came about naturally.

The architect was Carl Koch of Plan-Tech Associates, New York and Boston. He is a thorough modernist, a young architect with a national reputation for his small houses.

Mr. Koch says: "I hope that this house says a little of what some of us feel very strongly—that the original old houses, the real ones, had some very important things that we have lost. But we cannot hope to regain them by building the clusters of pseudo-traditional Cape Cod and fake Colonial stuff being put up all over for bewildered, ignorant, or fearful little people to hide in.

"Really cheap, well-built, convenient houses may make it possible for more people to get closer to nature. Houses *can* have some of the space around them that houses used to have. If houses have big windows and something pleasant to see out of them, people may get back a little to seeing what life is all about."

There is an additional reason for the "New England look" of this house; and the reason is important because home builders of 1946 and '47 will run into it in all parts of the country. The average contractor or workman is still feeling his way in the use of new materials and new techniques. It may be necessary to modify your plans in some details so that your contractor can use methods with which he is familiar.

Mr. Koch puts it this way: "One thing that affected the design is that most houses—and certainly those down on Cape Cod—are still built with hand labor. The need for economy often helps us to achieve a result that looks a little sympathetically at its neighbors. The wood shingles and clapboard that make this house at home with its neighbors happen to be the cheapest coverings that can be had in that area."

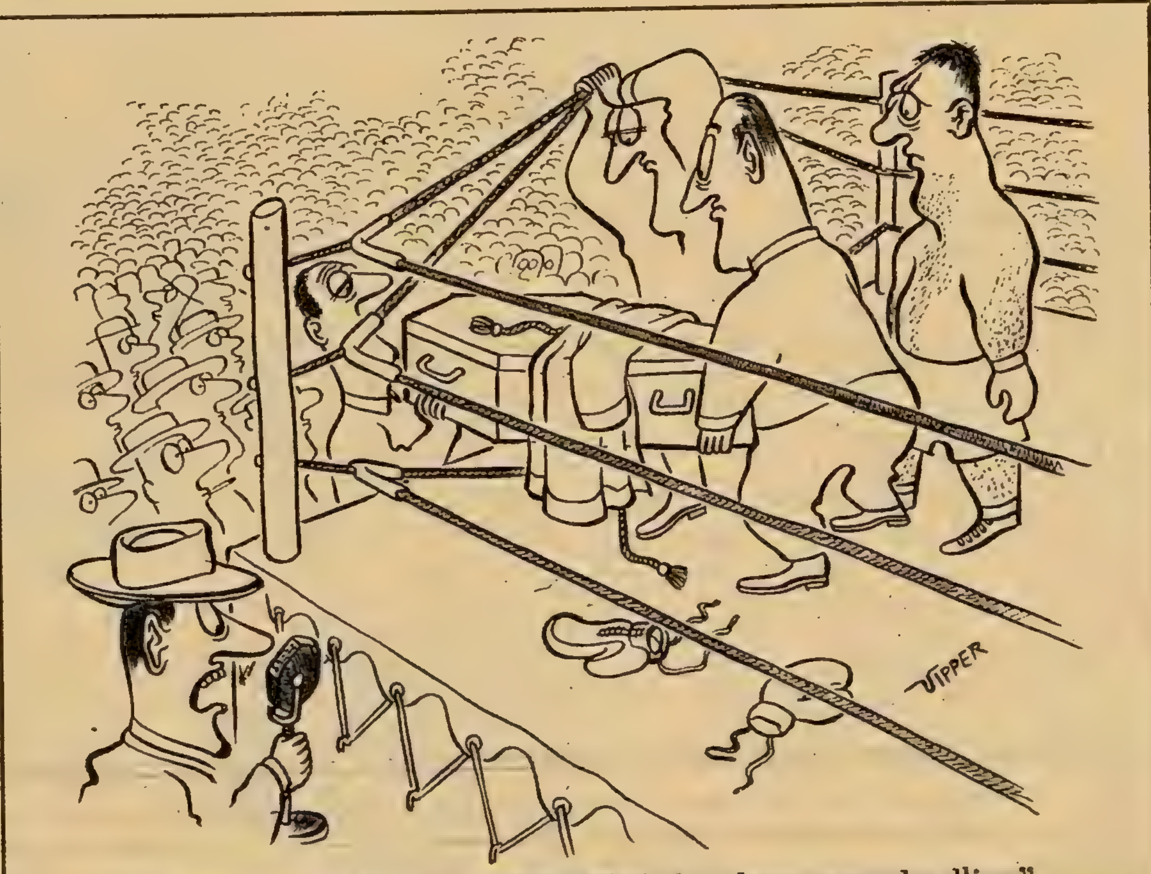
But the test of a house is in living, and the best testimony is the owner's. Mrs. Carl T. Schuneman (formerly Imogene Wolcott of radio), for whom the house was built, worked with Mr. Koch in the planning. Today she says, "There isn't a thing about the house I'd change."

Her explanation of her choice of design: "I wanted a modern house because I love the simple lines of contemporary architecture. With built-ins you need less furniture and have more space. Housework is easier when you do away with gewgaws."

OF "Inclover" ("I named the house that because I always feel like 'pigs in clover' when I'm in it") Mrs. Schuneman says: "Modern though the house is, it fits in with the other houses on the Cape, where a flat-roofed type of modern would look out of place. I feel most grateful to the architect for letting me use all the ideas I'd always wanted to put into a house—up to a point. But when something I wanted was not good design, he put his foot down. Which is exactly what a good architect should do for his client."

The result is an unpretentious frame house that could be built in any locality. It has individuality without conspicuousness. There is none of the cloying quaintness that home builders often fall for, and regret later. And, as the owner says, "a wonderful house to live in."

THE END



"It seems decided now. Even Monitzky's fans have stopped yelling." LIBERTY

THE LONDON BRERL

Continued from Page 29

Well, he does not seem hurt bad. He comes around in a moment and walks to the dugout. The doc has a look-see and pronounces nothing busted. Naturally, though, Alf is out of the game. But then, in the locker room afterwards, a funny expression comes into his eyes and he suddenly addresses Kalski.

Kalski is a dulcet-voiced man who plays third for the Brooks. He and Alf are great pals. They room together on the road, and shoot a lot of pool and cribbage. Now, however, Alfred Cinders looks at Kalski like at a weevil in the sugar.

"'Igginbotham," he says sternly, "pack our bags! We leave for Scotland himmejiately."

Kalski has his shirt half off. "Huh?" says Kalski.

"Come, come, me man," Alf says. "Daon't stand there 'arf dressed, staring hinsolently. See to the luggage! And, while you're abaht it, you might clean me boots."

Kalski opens his mouth, but Joe Carney waves for silence. Joe is getting it, dimly.

"What you want to go to Scotland for, Alf?" he asks.

Alf blinks at him. "Wot a silly question! Why, the hopening of the grousing season."

"Look, kid," Joe is alarmed, "forget Scotland! The grousing season's already on in Brooklyn. We got it the year round."

At this point Kalski gives tongue. "Hey," roars Kalski, "who's dis mug t'ink he is?"

"Tut, tut, 'Igginbotham," says Alfred Cinders, pained. "You know oo I am. The Earl of Goatfordshire and Yag, a peer of the blarsted realm and yer present hemployer. And I will thank you not to hallude to me as 'dis mug.' In referring to a member of the haristocracy, mile, the proper gentleman's gentleman favors the term 'Is Grice or, possibly, 'Is Lordship. Bear this in mind, 'Igginbotham!"

And before the dumfounded Kalski can come back, 'Is Grice the Earl of Goatfordshire and Yag goes to the showers.

"Now, look," Joe Carney says. "He's loopy from that crack. He thinks Kalski is his valley."

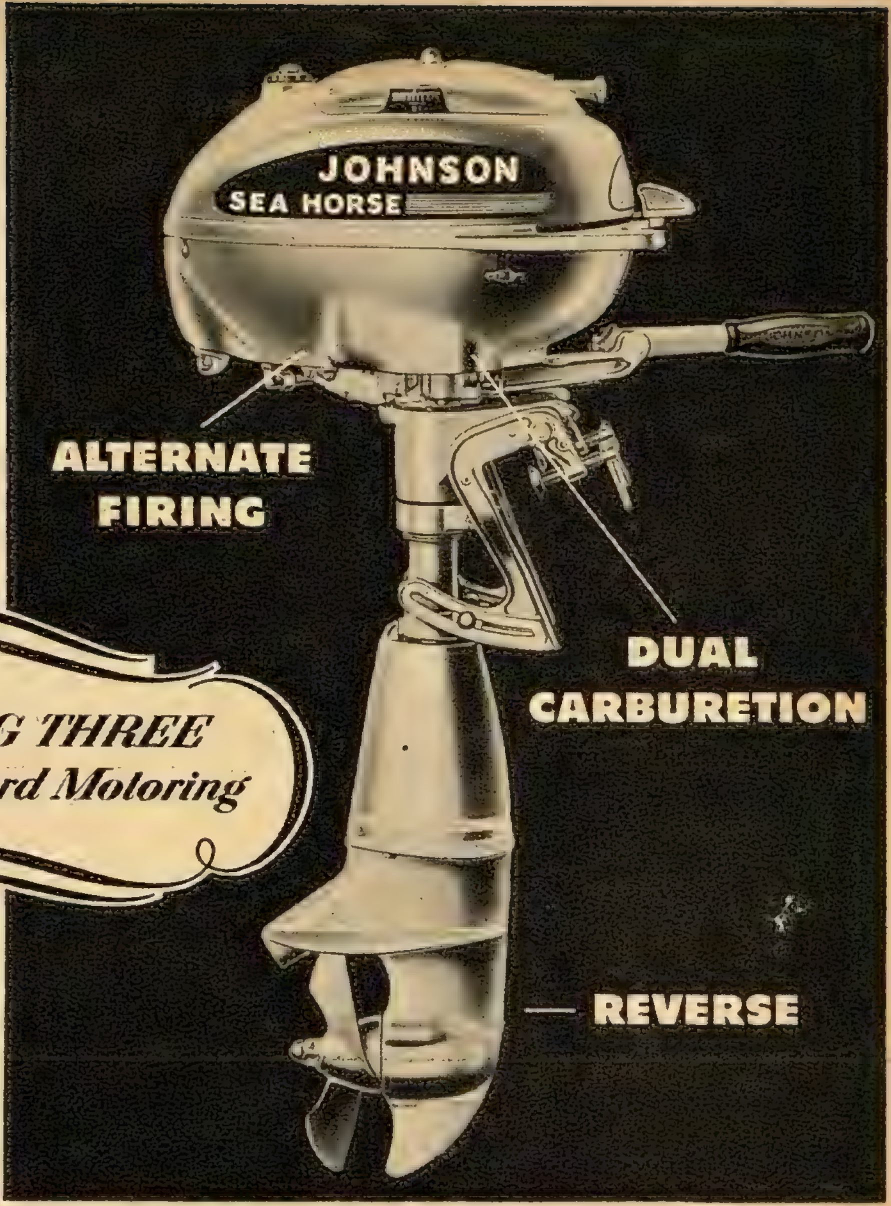
This draws sniggers from the Dodgers. But when it is made clear to Kalski what a valet is, he hits the roof.

"Why, the such-and-such son of a so-and-so!" bellows Kalski. "I'll ram his teeth down his [bad word] t'roat. I should shine his shoes!"

"Take it easy," says Joe. "We got to kid him along."

Presently the earl returns from the showers. He looks around the dressing room with distaste.

"A rum plice," he says, sniffing, "and a rum lot of coves. 'Ow did I get meself into such huncouth



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surroundings 'ere, 'Igginbotham?"

"Look, Your Grace," Joe Carney starts the kidding-along, "should ought a man of parts to drop his aitches and talk cockney?"

Alf stares at him. And all at once he seems a different guy. He speaks with great refinement. He even looks refined.

"Oh, I say," he says, "how careless of me! We should strive to eschew crude and barbaric diction."

"You hoid what the oil says, youse bums," Joe addresses the bystanding Dodgers, "and he's damn right. They's too much cussing and ryebaldry going on. Now I'm making a rule. Foist guy opens his yap crude and barbaric-like tomorrow gets socked a ten-buck fine."

"A splendid innovation," applauds the Earl of G. and Y., *né* Alf Cinders. "Unhappily, though, I shall not be present tomorrow. I'm having a spot of cricket at Lord's."

Something like this is what Joe fears. Alf, being off his rocker, may forget to show up at the ball park. But right there Kalski saves the day, temporarily.

"Hey, Your Grace," Kalski says, nerving himself, "we got a previous engagement. For rounders at Ebbets Field. . . . Boy, if I don' pop dis palooka one, me name ain't Stanislaus Kalski!" This last is under his breath.

Alf pulls his chin. "Haw! You are quite right, Higginbotham. And I shall love a jolly game of rounders."

"What the hell is rounders?" Joe whispers to Kalski.

"Aw," the nobleman's valet looks sheepish, "some game dey play in England. Like baseball, he says it is."

"Yeah?" says Joe. "Well, maybe you're the on'y guy can handle Alf just now, Kalski. So I'm making you poisonally responsible for him, see? You got to kind of noisemaid him. And I don't want to hear no squawks."

"I'm quittin' dis ball club," howls Kalski.

"Shedd up," says Joe.

WELL, Kalski is detailed to go to Alf's room next day and see he gets to the field. When the two of them show up at the clubhouse, they cause a mild sensation.

Alfred Cinders is arrayed as for an at home in Buckingham's Palace. He wears a cutaway coat, striped pants, batwing collar, and gray tie with a pearl stickpin. There is a stovepipe hat on his head and he swings a light malacca cane. Kalski falls short of this sartorial elegance. But he is toting a thermos flask.

"Pipe da Oila Goats an' stuff," he says to Joe Carney, one side. "He drags us to a clot'ing store an' spends dough like water.

"'I can't t'ink what becomes of me wardrobe, Higginbotham,' he says to me. Honest, Joe, I couldn' do nuttin' wit' him."

"What's in the bottle?" someone inquires.

Kalski snorts. "Tea, by gosh! He wouldn' move 'less I brang tea fer him. Dis," Kalski adds, with emotion, "is a helluva life fer a ballplayer."

Then they have difficulty persuading Alf out of his glad rags into a uniform. But when they do, comes the miracle.

Mr. Cinders, though preoccupied, turns in a great game, accepting nine chances without a bobble and getting two hits. One comes in the eighth, with the score tied.

"I'm hoping," Joe Carney says, as Alf starts for the plate, "that Your Grace'll deign to get holt of one. Just for dear old Brooklyn."

The Earl of Goatfordshire and Yag looks at him reprovingly. "I shall do so," he says with hauteur, "for dear old Baliol." And forthwith he parks the pill in the left-field stands.

It is nice work, but Alf is still goofy. He proves it when he comes in and they clap him on the back.

"I've had a ripping afternoon," he says, "and you are a ripping lot of chaps. You must all come up to my country place at Little Rummagely under Titteringham some day. We will have a rough shoot."

"I accept," says Joe solemnly, "on behalf of the Brooklyn Dodgers."

A COUPLA days later Joe and some of the boys get Alf to see a brain specialist under pretext that it's a meeting of the London, Liverpool & Lambeth Walk Railway Company, Ltd. This is necessary, because Alf has unanimously elected himself a director of this organization.

In the doctor's office he points accusingly at the goateed medico. "See here, my man," he says, "this won't do, y'know. I and the shareholders whom I represent find you guilty of gross ineptitude. Well, what have you to say, sir? Speak up, speak up!"

"Now, Earl," says the medico, who is tipped off, "suppose we talk this over."

They talk, the doc observes Alf, then has a moment alone with Joe Carney.

"The man," he says, "obviously suffers from delusions of grandeur. I cannot tell you why in his—ah, bemused condition, he continues to play good baseball. But you mention his powers of mimicry. Ha! Hmpft! It is clear that at some point he has been exposed to refined, even effete, influences."

"Not on the Brooklyn Dodgers," says Joe truculently.

"Well, wherever, they have left a profound impression. As to the duration of this—er, phobia, I hazard no guess. Some severe shock might bring him out of it suddenly. Meanwhile my advice is to observe him closely. Ha! Hmpft! One hundred dollars, please."

Now Joe does not wish to do anything to shock Alfred, like bopping him over the coco or dropping him out of an airplane, on account such might have grave consequences on the ball field. He figures Alf is doing O.K., even though nutty. But that about watching him is important. So, outside, he says:

"Look, Goatfordshire! A peer from England shouldn't oughta live in a foinished room in a boardinghouse. Now, we got an extry bedroom in my apartment."

"Why, that's decent of you, old chap," Alf says. "I am tired of Boodles. My club, y'know. I find the food execrable."

"Boo to Boodles," says Joe. "It ain't like taking potluck at the Carneys'."

So the earl moves in with Mr. and Mrs. Joe and Daisy.

THAT night the Carneys come in from a stroll and find the living room dark. From it, though, proceeds a sobbing. Joe turns on the light. There is Daisy, weeping gallons.

"Hey," Joe says, "what goes?"

She lifts a tear-streaked countenance. "Oh, Uncle Joe! Alfred has thrown me over for some English girl."

"Now, now," says Joe soothingly, "Alf is not himself."

"I'll say he isn't," sobs Daisy. "Do you know what he called me? A neat little bit of goods, that's what. And when I reminded him of our engagement, he said, 'Haw! Don't go getting above yourself, my girl. I am affianced to the Honorable Angela Frushmorton-Fisherwood. The nuptials are arranged for at St. George's, Hanover Square, come Michaelmas. But meantime, I have no objection to a spot of playing about.' And then he went off with a funny kind of red thing around his waist and—oh, Uncle Joe! All he wants is to play about with me. My life is in ruins."

Well, when Alf comes back, Joe speaks to him sternly. "Where you been, you big lug?" he demands.

Alf looks at him supercilious. "If," he says, "it concerns the proletariat, to a clambake on Clapham Common."

"Yeah," says Joe. "And you was with a dame. That tramp, Angela Frushmorton-Fisherbody."

The earl draws himself up. "Sir," he says, "you are speaking of the prospective Duchess of Goatfordshire and Yag."

"You see, Uncle Joe!" Daisy appears in the doorway. "He is nothing but a bounder and a wolf."

"Your Grace should oughta be ashamed," Joe says, "running around with skoits and wearing a red sash, like an a-Dago dancer."

"Isn't anybody," howls Daisy, who thinks this should be her party, "going to pay attention to me-EEE?"

Alf wheels on her. "Quiet, my girl! In England we regard women as chattels—hence unfit to interrupt gentlemen's conversations. Go away somewhere and boil your head."

"So I'm a chattel!" Daisy screeches. "I'm to boil my head! You heard him, Uncle Joe! Aren't you going to doOOO anything?"

Joe does not know what to do. He strokes his chin ineffectually. Daisy cuts loose a sob. "Alfred Cinders," she wails, "you are a brute. A beast. You too, Uncle Joe. I'll never speak to either of you again." And she takes a powder.

"Now see what you done," says Joe to Alf. "Roont me niece's life."

"Pish!" says Alf. "Tush! Girl's off her chump. Fancy her fancying herself my duchess. Can't have two, y'know. That's bigamy. Isn't done. Well, toodle-oo, old fruit. I'm for bed."

BUT next day Alfred Cinders goes into a decline. His bat connects with nothing but atmosphere; he's a stand-in for a sieve at short. In the evening he broods around the Carney apartment and does not open his yap. This state of affairs continues for a week.

Joe is very upset. But he handles the situation carefully.

"Look, Your Excellency," he says one night. "I'm on'y quoting, mind you, but people are saying that, as a shortstop, you stink."

"I know," mumbles Alf. "I can't seem to keep my mind on rounders any more. It's"—he brushes a hand across his eyes—"it's that girl. Daisy or Maisie or whatever her name is. To think she'd refuse to fraternize socially with a belted earl!"

"She done that, huh?" says Joe.

"The chit," Alf says gloomily, "will not talk or otherwise communicate with me. She infers I have acted in ungentlemanly fashion and I am most uncomfortable. If a Goatfordshire inadvertently wrongs a woman, he cannot rest till he offers redress. We Goatfordshires are the soul of chivalry."

"Don't everybody know it!" Joe is glad to find out what's wrong. "You leave this cookie to me."

So he goes to Daisy's room. "Think shame of yourself!" he says. "Ain't you got no leryalty to Brooklyn?"

"What do you mean?" inquires Daisy.

"Look," says her uncle. "The Dodgers are going to pot, on account you're high-hatting a fine upstanding lad like Alf, and him eating his heart out to redress you."

"Eeek!" squeaks Daisy. "Don't mention that low-down—" She pauses. "What's the matter with the way I dress? Has that viper taken to criticizing my clothes?"

"Hold it," says Joe. "Alf wants to square himself, is all. Now, listen! This Cinders keeps the club up there all season. But he can't play ball no more, with you cold-shouldering him. The guy's crazy for you, kid. So you beat it in there and make like you're sorry you been a heel."

Daisy thinks it over. "We-e-ll, Uncle Joe, maybe I am hard on him. After all, Alfred did get hit in the head. I"—all at once she strikes a

"Son, I wish I'd had your chance at 17"

SINGAPORE
CAPETOWN
TOKYO
MOSCOW
AUCKLAND
NORTH POLE
NOME
LONDON
HONOLULU
SAN FRANCISCO
CHICAGO
NEW YORK
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RIO DE JANEIRO
AIR MAP
B

"After I finished high school I floundered around in odd jobs for several years before I found myself.

"I think you've made the right decision. I know that I would have been away ahead if I'd been able to jump right in and get the top training for a trade that's open to you now in the new peacetime Regular Army. A lot of men will use the opportunity to become specialists of the highest caliber.

"Another thing. When you get back, under the GI Bill of Rights you can get a full college education—more than $5000 worth—at Government expense! I could never afford it for myself, or for you.

"It's your big chance, now—and your country's, too. For you'll be helping to guard the Victory that cost so much to win. We'll drive down to the Recruiting Station tomorrow."

CHECK these opportunities for men enlisting in the new Regular Army. Army pay compares favorably with the net income in a civilian job—you don't have to spend money for food, rent, clothes or medical care. Overseas, you get 20 per cent *extra* pay.

You enlist for 1½, 2 or 3 years . . . with a 30-day paid furlough each year. If you make the Army a career, you can retire on half pay after 20 years — three-quarters pay after 30 years. (For a Master Sergeant, that's up to $155.25 a month.)

Best of all, if you enlist for 3 years before October 6, 1946, under the GI Bill of Rights you may have 48 months of education in your favorite college or trade or business school after you are discharged, provided you can meet its entrance requirements. The Government will pay your tuition fees and incidentals up to $500 per ordinary school year, and will provide $65 a month living allowance for single men, $90 a month for men with dependents.

Get all the facts at the local U. S. Army Recruiting Station today.

Enlist Now!

A GOOD JOB FOR YOU
U. S. Army
CHOOSE THIS
FINE PROFESSION NOW!

chin-up pose, like Portia facing life—"I'll do it. I will sublimate my injured feelings."

"Attababy," says Joe.

Well, Daisy click-clacks into the living room and shuts the door. Joe listens outside, but all he gets is a mumble, until—

Socko!

It's a crack to spread consternation in Montauk. The next instant Daisy, kind of choking, streaks past Joe and flings herself back in her boudoir.

Then Alf reels out. He's a belted earl now, no fooling. One side of his face could double for a sugar beet. "She assaulted me, by Godfrey!" he shouts. "Me, Goatfordshire!"

Joe draws a beeline for Daisy's room. That one is sprawled across her bed, crying fit to kill. But as Joe shows, she jerks up.

"You!" She stabs a finger at him. "You horrible, deceitful old—old man. You made me make a f-fool of myself."

"Good heavens, girl!" says Joe, horrified. "You just socked the best damn shortstop in the big leagues."

"Who wouldn't?" Daisy yells, doing handkerchief work. "You said he wanted to redress me. But if you want to know what he did do, he offered me a job as kennelmaid on his estate at Little Rummagely under Titteringham. I— Oh-h! I was never so m-mortified."

Joe goes flatter than a fried fillet of flounder. "Boy," says Joe, "I wisht somebody'd leave me be a kennelmaid. Right now I am making a living the hard way."

WELL, up comes a crucial five-game series with the second-place Giants from New York, which starts with a double-header on a Saturday. Around noon Joe wanders into Alf's bedroom. He is staggered to find the nobleman climbing into his cutaway and striped pants.

"Hey, Your Eminence," he says, "is that a rig for the ball park?"

"Ball park?" Alf looks at him vacantly. "Oh! Ah! I shall be unable to distinguish myself on the playing field today, old boy."

"What?" hollers Joe.

Nonchalantly Alf hands him the newspaper, and Joe reels. It says there that the Earl of Goatfordshire and Yag, now visiting America, is to address the Brooklyn Bureau for Civic Betterment at a luncheon at 1 P.M.

"I happened across this little item by chance," Alf says, smirking, "and though I should have preferred to remain incognito, I acquiesce gladly. Who am I to disappoint my public?"

"B-but," yammers Joe, "how's about the thoity thousand Flatbush fans packing the stands today just to see you? Besides, I bet you ain't even wrote no speech."

"Ha!" says the earl. "Me write a speech? Back of me stand ten generations of Goatfordshires, likewise Yags, accustomed to think on their feet in the House of Lords. I shall ad lib."

Right then Daisy pauses in the doorway. Same does not have to go torture a typewriter on Saturdays.

"Wh-wh—" goggles Daisy, stopped cold by Alfred's ambassadorial attire. Then Joe takes her one side.

"But that's terrible," Daisy says. "Rat though he is, we cannot let Alfred impersonate somebody in public."

The earl slaps on the stovepipe hat and grabs his malacca stick. "Well, pip-pip," he says. "I'm off to better Brooklyn."

Not knowing what else to do, Joe and Daisy trail him. In the street, Alf hails a cab with lordly air. But the Carney delegation stays right with him. And all the way to the Brooklyn Bureau for Civic Betterment they argue—to no avail.

Well, the B. B. for C. B. has hired a dining room in a hotel for their jam session. At the door stands a bird in uniform. Inside a lot of gals and guys are milling around.

"Announce me, my good fellow," Alf Cinders says to the uniform, stating who he dreams he is.

Uniform looks blank. "There must be some mistake, sir."

Alf fixes him with an awful eye. "Do as I command, minion!"

This takes care of the flunky. He rolls his eyes, but fills his lungs. Then: "THE EARL OF GOATFORDSHIRE AND YAG," he booms.

Which causes a commotion in the chow parlor. Conversation stops, heads turn. But suddenly a guy breaks from one of the groups.

HE is a burly mustached individual who looks like he's on a diet of roast beef rare since the Year of the Big Wind. He bears down on Cinders and Co.

"I say," he asks, "was someone paging me? I thought—" He pulls it, eyes bugging. "Cinders! What are you doing here, dressed like a mountebank?"

With that, Alfred Cinders undergoes a personality change that makes tramps out of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. One minute he is smiling, confident, domineering—the next he seems to shrivel up like an aged dill pickle.

"Y-y-yer Grice!" he mumbles dazedly. But there is a glimmer of intelligence in his eyes. Definitely Alf has just got the shock the doctor orders.

"Cinders," roars the beefy-faced guy, "you are a worm, an insect and a—harrumph!—ingrate."

"You can say that again, mister," says Daisy Zimmerman.

The twenty-four-carat earl swings on her. "This wretched man," he says, "was my valet. But he deserted his post and left my wardrobe in a shocking condition. Did a bunk, by Christopher, wearing my own heather-mixture trousers—"

"There was an 'ole in them pants," whines Alfred, and all his recent refinement and hoity-toityness drop from him. Likewise back comes his cockney accent full strength. "Besides, I clime hextenuating circumstances. It's this 'ere biseball I learn off them Yanks. It got in me blood, Yer Grice. Nothink would do, sir, 'cept I 'ave a go at pliying for the Dodgers."

"The Dodgers?" exclaims the bona-fide peer. "Haw! You don't say, Cinders! Why, one of my purposes in coming to America was to see the Dodgers.

"They are even more famous than Niagara Falls."

"Niagara Falls?" Joe Carney looks down his nose. "Them bums! Listen, Your Oilship, Alf cannot explain this right, on account he is loopy. Alf suffers from anesthesia, seeing he forgets to duck one day. And now he thinks he is the guy you think you are, and he is also giving me wife's niece, Daisy here, the run-around over some honorable tomato called Angela Thrushbottom-Dogsbody or whatever. But, that one side, he's a great shortstop. You get me, huh, pal?"

"Quite, quite," says the earl. "That is—er, not quite. I don't see how Cinders can be running about with Angela."

"Humph!" Daisy kicks in with a ladylike snort. "That is not the half of it. He even wants to marry her."

The earl assumes a sandbagged expression. "But that's impossible, y'know. I married her myself, last Whitsuntide."

"You!" Daisy gives a cry. "Then Alfred could not really—"

"Geez," says Joe Carney, "did me wife pick herself one dumb buncha relatives! Ain't you hoid me telling the oil, kid? Alfred's anesthesia gives him halucynations, is all."

"'Ere!" Alfred Cinders says suddenly. "Wot's all this? Oo's running abaht with oo? Me? It's a blarsted false'ood. Me 'eart belongs to D'isy." He looks at herself with eyes like a cocker spaniel. "Speak to me, D'isy!"

"Oh, Alfred!" breathes Daisy.

THE Earl of Goatfordshire and Yag takes a stance. "Now, Cinders," he says, "buck up! I shall expect to hear that, today, you struck one of those jigamathiggers—d'ye call 'em, run homes? In this event, I am prepared to overlook your monstrous conduct—also my heather-mixture trousers. But fail, Cinders"—he hands Alf a glare that comes over with William the Conqueror—"and I hunt you up at your lodgings and personally wipe your eye. Be off now, my man! Hop it!"

Alfred Cinders dry-washes his hands. He is all present again—completely compote mentis, as the fella says.

"Very good, sir," he says. "Yes, sir. Quite so, Yer Grice. I shall hendeavor to paoke one str'ight out to Biy Ridge, s'welp me!"

S'welp me, he pokes two. To Bay Ridge, at that!

THE END

THE THREE GAZETTEERS

Continued from Page 18

conferences, new political alignments in the several countries, rockets and radar and atomic energy to cope with, represented one of the largest overhauling jobs in Almanac history. They never thought they'd make it.

Part of the answer lies in the fact that the Almanac editors write very little of the material that's crowded into the book's 816 fact-packed pages. It's solicited from top authorities in each field. Thus, U. S. government departments furnish them with the raw material for great chunks of the book. State and civic officers apply blow-by-blow reports on election returns, information on governors, mayors, and so on. Other sources tapped annually include foreign legations and embassies, schools and colleges, and scores of private organizations like the American Automobile Association, the International Amateur Athletic Federation, and the American Medical Association.

BUT even so, wading and weeding through the thousands of pages of printed matter received yearly from such sources is a corps-size task. Mr. Irvine estimates that not more than 10 per cent of all the material he receives goes into the finished book. That's how much whittling is done. Every statistic, vital or otherwise, has to be checked afresh each year. Everything new or important that occurs during the course of each twelve months must be included.

They get no breather between books. Just as soon as the current edition hits the bookstalls, around the middle of January, work begins on the next. Already Mr. Raymond, whose job includes the soliciting of information from public and private sources, has begun preparing his check-up letters and questionnaires for the 1947 book. Some 20,000 of these are mailed each year.

By May, Mr. Irvine has edited and Mr. Martin has proofread the manuscripts for those sections of the book which remain fairly constant each year—memorable dates, world facts, material on the states, and so on. From then on, messengers daily carry manuscripts, proofs, stone proofs, and final copy back and forth between the Art Color Printing Company in Dunellen, New Jersey, and the Almanac office in Manhattan.

By the middle of November, when Mr. Martin's eyes are aching from the strain of having proofread 816 pages of five-point Ionic type, not once but three and sometimes four times, there yet remains the grueling task of indexing. Each of the thousands upon thousands of items scattered throughout the book has to be brought into alphabetical se-

Why Bus Lines specify Champion Spark Plugs

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THEY'RE DEPENDABLE!

The bus lines of America are indispensable to our transportation system. They are experts on maintenance of equipment because efficiency and economy are absolute essentials to success in their business—no factor is too small to escape detailed study. That is why most bus lines with the best maintenance records specify dependable Champion Spark Plugs. This is another example of preference for Champions by experts—substantial evidence that they're better spark plugs for your car.

**Champion Spark Plug Company,
Toledo 1, Ohio.**

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS . . . DEMAND DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

PARERDISE: A potato peeler out of this world.

METER WAITER: As in "Show meter waiter go home."

F-LACKS: No linen.

STIR-LING: A silver spoon.

SATANNIC ACID: For burns that hurt like the devil.

SMORGAS BORED: Tired of Scandinavian hors d'oeuvres.

SEACRET: What's in Davy Jones' locker.

SPURPOSE: To make a horse go faster.

HAWK-PSHAW: I don't believe he's a detective.

BUOYCOTT: To stay away from channels.

quence and page-marked. Mr. Raymond types 2,500 to 3,000 separate filing cards at this point, and then the three men sort them into piles from A to Z.

There are occasional tense moments during this final round of their year's bout with facts and figures when the three gazetteers argue the merits of listing "Elks Club" under E or under B as "Benevolent Order of Elks," or whether the American Geographical Society should properly belong under A, G, or S. Usually they manage to strike a compromise, cross-referencing the subject under discussion.

THAT index is the pride of the gazetteers and the delight of librarians. In Mudge's Guide to Reference Books, published by the American Library Association, the World Almanac's indexes are held up as models of clarity and simplicity for all makers of encyclopedias and reference books to follow.

With that kind of send-off, it's no wonder that Mr. Raymond still shudders when he recalls an incident that happened thirty years ago. The index went to press that year, complete and concise as usual. But when the first batch of books, 20,000 of them, was distributed, the horrified editor discovered the printers had neglected to set up page numbers after the alphabetized items. There was not a single clue as to where any of the facts could be found within the body of the book.

"It's all right to tell that now, I suppose," says Mr. Raymond, appealing to Mr. Martin for reassurance. Mr. Martin agrees that time is a healer.

The World Almanac today retains few of the features of its prototype, the quaint farmers' almanacs that flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. But the astronomical data and weather reports that formed an important part of the old almanacs are still given feature billing. Compiled by Mrs. Hannah Hedricks, well-known astronomer, they are so accurate that pilots and sea captains are reported to have charted courses by them.

Scattered throughout the book are certain odd bits of advice and information that carry the flavor of the old gazettes. The listings of holidays and religious calendars, for instance, the perpetual calendar by which you can tell what day of the week any date will fall on, or fell on, from 1753 to 2000 A.D., household weights and measurements, proper terms of address for persons of rank, the listing of the Ten Commandments and the Apostles' Creed are all inheritances from the past.

And until 1945, still in the tradition of the old gazettes, the World Almanac carried seventy-odd pages of mail-order advertising which offered readers an unlimited supply of panaceas and business know-how. At minimal cost, or for free, Almanac readers could learn how to talk with God, how to stop smoking, how to become a successful lawyer, writer, hotel hostess, or what they would. They also were offered relief from rheumatism, false-teeth brightening, eyeglasses, and six slightly used dresses for $2.95.

But the wartime paper shortage resulted in cutting the advertising, as well as ninety-six pages of facts and figures, from the 1945 and 1946 books. The gazetteers didn't mind. Mr. Irvine thinks the book is more dignified without it.

But whether the advertising will be resumed in the future is not theirs to decide. It's up to the business management of the World-Telegram. A lot of old clients are clamoring for space again. Apparently they find it a good medium, because the same advertisers used it year in and year out till 1945. The rates are certainly reasonable, considering the Almanac's circulation and 365-day basis; they range from $900 for a four-color job on the back cover to $45 for an eighth of a page in a less-preferred inside spot. But the World-Telegram hasn't made up its mind yet.

Whether the Almanac makes money or not is another moot point. Multiply seventy-five cents, the retail price of the shiny paper-covered edition, by 600,000 and you get nearly half a million dollars. And that doesn't include the several thousand hard-backed cloth copies which sell for $1.25 each. But it's difficult to discover what to subtract from this estimated gross, because, according to H. J. Fletcher, assistant business manager of the World-Telegram, the operating costs of the Almanac are merged with those of the newspaper.

IN spite of the grinding monotony of the work, the gazetteers love it, all three. Mr. Irvine wouldn't exchange his present berth for any of the former editorial desks he's occupied on important newspapers from Cincinnati to New York City. Neither would Mr. Martin, who edited the classified and the resort and travel sections for the World-Telegram before he came to the Almanac in 1940. "It's more worry and more work," says Mr. Martin, "but it's a lot more educational."

And proof of Mr. Raymond's undivided affection is furnished by his long tenure with the Almanac. He says he's a bachelor, but that's not quite accurate. He's been married for going on twenty-five years—to the Almanac.

It's not that there's more money in getting out a gazette. But it does carry a certain prestige, and they have a special feeling about it—something like the way newly ordained ministers feel toward their chosen profession. Their work is consecrated and dedicated to the proposition that all men who ask questions, women and children, too, should be answered as quickly and accurately as possible.

The public exploits that dedication to the fullest. Mr. Irvine estimates that they receive at least 5,000 queries a year. Most-often-repeated questions concern the dates certain holidays, like Easter and Thanksgiving, will fall on, and marriage. But people want to know about everything under the sun, and beyond it.

Radio quiz fans lead all the rest in variety and abundance of requests, with soldiers and sailors a close second. Nearly 200,000 copies of the Almanac were ordered by the Army and Navy in 1944, and thousands of men overseas, always prolific letter writers, discovered a rich new sounding board for barrack-room battles.

Although answering correspondence and telephone calls of the quiz hounds cuts into the more pressing job of assembling and editing the

Almanac, the men enjoy this personal part of the work—it's a diversion. And sometimes there are dividends to be gained.

Mr. Raymond, for example, has a cherished file of letters from famous theatrical personalities. He compiles the section Bright Lights of Stage, Screen, and Radio, and sometimes, when the age of a bright light is challenged, he writes directly for verification. Among the answers he treasures is one from Josephine Hull, featured player in the current Broadway hit, Harvey, wherein she graciously gives the right year of her birth and appends a gentle postscript—"Is it necessary?"

And once Mr. Irvine received an unusual reward for his courtesy. He had sent some routine information along to a banker in Jamestown, North Dakota, and then, being a plains boy himself, he added this note: "Are the prairie chickens still as plentiful as they used to be?" A few days later, two plump pheasants were delivered at the Almanac office, along with a letter explaining that prairie chickens were scarce but the banker hoped Mr. Irvine would enjoy the pheasants.

Press almanacs used to be published by almost every newspaper in the country. But today the World Almanac, which took its name from the old New York World, which first published it, is the only one of stature remaining. There are a few others in existence like those put out by the Dallas Morning News, the Evening Bulletin of Philadelphia, and the Providence Journal Bulletin.

But all of these are confined mostly to local matters. The World Almanac is the only one which is truly a "world" book.

THIS year, 1946, marks the sixty-first anniversary of a reference book that's become, over the years, a "must" for everyone who needs facts at his fingertips. And there's only one blot, excepting that time when the printers neglected to put the page numbers after the indexed items, on the book's long and honorable record.

It happened more than half a century ago, when a bleary-eyed Almanac editor, weary of it all, decided to be different. The title, printed in large sprawling letters across the cover, read, The World's Almaniac, A Compendium of Useless and Interesting Information. Inside was a choice collection of jokes, cartoons, and limericks.

Mr. Irvine and his associates, even at this late date, would rather not talk about that edition. It reflects on the integrity of the profession. Rebellion may swell in the souls of these three modern gazetteers, too. But they have an obligation to several hundred thousand fact-hungry readers.

Theirs is a sacred trust. The Almanac must go on.

THE END

KEEPER OF THE PEACE

Continued from Page 13

under the scrutiny of the UNO, and to examine the operations of various trusteeship schemes which are set up. To do these tasks without appearing to encroach on the internal affairs of sovereign nations would tax any diplomat's talents.

Lie got his new $20,000-a-year job as a result of just the type of big power international maneuvering in which he will certainly be involved in the next five years. He was a "compromise" candidate, and he unquestionably will have to be the designer of many similar international settlements.

If the Russians had had their way at the opening of the Assembly, Lie would not have become secretary-general. He would have been elected to the presidency of the Assembly, but he was beaten by only three votes by Paul-Henri Spaak, Belgian Foreign Minister for whom the British government had been stumping. That is probably one reason the Russians were so willing to support Lie for secretary-general.

The defeat of Lie in the presidential election created one of the first ugly diplomatic situations in the Assembly meeting and made him want to stay out of the running for the post of secretary-general. The United States had been asking him for several months to run for the presidency and had been promising him American support. He thought his election was certain when, about three weeks before the Assembly opened, Moscow decided to join the United States in backing him. The British were busy lining up votes for Spaak, mainly because they wanted to make a gesture to Belgium. But Lie lost the presidency mainly because of a sudden half-change in the United States delegation's attitude. American officials had been pressing him for months to accept American support and then, at the last minute, they decided that the support should not include an open nomination by Secretary of State James F. Byrnes.

RUSSIA didn't feel that way. When the meeting began, Andrei Gromyko, deputy head of the Soviet delegation, quickly nominated Lie. The Soviet Ukraine, Soviet Byelo-Russia, and Poland spoke in ardent support of the Norwegian Foreign Minister.

It looked as if Lie couldn't fail, because everybody knew that the United States also was backing him. But Byrnes stayed in his chair. The acting chairman waited nervously for someone else to demand the floor. No one did. So a vote was ordered. The heads of the delegations were instructed to write down the name of the candidate on a piece of paper and put it in the ballot box.

When the votes were counted, the

Advertisement

"That's nothing—you should see him reach for his Wheaties!"

You'll see some big-league reaching at your house when you serve milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions." Those crisp-toasted, malt-flavored flakes are famous for "second helping stretch." And you're reaching for champion nourishment in Wheaties. They're flakes of rich whole wheat.

chairman announced the winner: Spaak, a "write-in" candidate. The British lobbying had won. The United States' candidate had lost by only three votes, which everyone in the hall believed would have gone to Lie if only Byrnes had spoken for him.

It developed later that Byrnes didn't want any public nominations to be made, and when Gromyko surprised him by speaking for Lie, he thought it would have been "undignified" for the United States to join in the little procession of Soviet supporters.

Lie was stunned. He didn't say so, but it was clear to all his friends that he felt he had been let down by the United States. The final result, however, turned out to the best for him. He got a job of infinitely greater importance for himself, for Norway, and probably for the rest of the world in the next five years.

It is important that the job of secretary-general should be held by a man from a small country, to reduce as much as possible the tendency of the Big Five or the Big Three to dominate the new world organization. It is important, too, that the small country should be one that is not tied too closely to any of the big powers.

For several of the war years Lie and Norway have been the object of alluring offers from Britain and, to a lesser extent, from Russia to join hands in various kinds of regional organizations. But Lie has always resisted them. He believes in the unity of the Scandinavian countries, but he is convinced that it would never be good for Norway to become involved in any blocs, because he knows that they are unhealthy for all but the one power which usually runs them.

EVEN though Lie has rejected all the British and Soviet efforts to form close alliances with them, he has managed to keep the best sort of relations with them. He is a shrewd politician who knows what is best for little countries, particularly Norway.

By the standards of most of his fellow diplomats in the United Nations, however, Lie is not a widely experienced international statesman. He became Foreign Minister of the Norwegian government in February, 1941, when the government was in exile in London.

Although Lie and his government were regarded by a lot of people in those days as "just another of those foreign exiles," he soon became one of the most influential men behind the scenes of Allied events. His influence stemmed partly from the fact that his country's large fleet of merchant ships had escaped from the Nazi invasion forces in Norway and had been thrown into the Allied shipping pool. Unlike some other belligerents, Norway pulled her weight in the war.

In London, Lie at first was a shy figure among the many exiled diplomats who gathered gradually in the British capital as the German armies overran Europe. He spoke scarcely any English—only about 400 or 500 words. But he studied hard and now his English is extremely fluent, though spoken with a strong Norwegian accent.

As he began to feel more at home in his new surroundings, he became increasingly popular among diplomats and other officials who worked with him on the problems of the Allied war efforts. He showed himself to be a kindly, warm-hearted Norwegian who combined a friendliness and gentleness in his personal relations with an ability to make people work hard for him and like it.

He is not widely read, but he is quick to grasp the important details and the significance of what he is told—and he demands that he be told everything on any particular subject in which he is interested. Except for his official conferences and official documents which he reads, he gets most of his information about world events by listening to the radio.

IN his spare time he likes to play tennis, partly because he likes the game, partly because of the exercise he gets on the courts, and partly because he likes competition. He plays with more enthusiasm than ability, but he has fun. He likes especially to beat his diplomat friends, if he can, and if he isn't sure enough of his chances, he is apt to bring along a friend as his partner in a doubles match. His friend usually is good enough to make his triumph certain. If he feels he owes a diplomat a social favor, however, he can have just as much secret fun by letting him win.

He also likes hunting and skiing and, as a young man, he was a pretty good amateur wrestler. He was always active in Norwegian sports.

His life in Norway, however, lacked most of the spectacular color that might be expected in a man who is now the No. 1 citizen of the world. He married shortly after he was graduated from the University of Oslo as a lawyer, and now has three pretty blonde daughters.

He became interested in politics when he was studying law and began his public life at twenty-two, when he became secretary of the Norwegian Labor Party. From then on he was always a strong supporter of the labor movement in Norway and served for several years as legal adviser to the Trade-Unions central body.

He first attracted national attention in Norway when he became Minister of Justice at the age of thirty-nine. He thus became the youngest Cabinet Minister in Norwegian history. As Minister of Justice he performed one of his first important international tasks: he expelled Leon Trotsky from his Norwegian asylum because Trotsky was beginning to cause political troubles in Norway.

His experience in Norwegian ministerial posts gave him a wide background for many of the jobs he will have to supervise or handle himself in the United Nations Organization. He advanced from the Ministry of Justice in 1939 to the Ministry of Commerce, which he ran until 1940, when he moved to the Ministry of Supply and Shipping. Then, after the government fled from Oslo just ahead of the German invasion forces and escaped to England in a British warship, he became acting Foreign Minister. In February, 1941, he was confirmed in the post which he held until his selection as secretary-general of the United Nations.

WHEN he had finally settled down in London, Lie rapidly became one of the most powerful men in the Norwegian government. His constant watch over events in Nazi-occupied Norway was one of the most important—and secret—jobs he handled. He also was in closest touch with Allied military plans which involved Norway, such as commando raids and saboteurs' attacks.

For example, the famous exploit of the destruction of the great "heavy water" factory at Rjukan, where the Germans were trying to find the secrets of atomic energy, was partly due to Lie. Through reports from Norwegian agents in Norway, he had followed the progress of the Germans' work at the factory. He passed on all his information to British intelligence officials, who finally decided the factory would have to be destroyed.

Lie thought it over carefully. He knew the area well. A full-scale bombing raid, such as was being considered, would wipe out the whole town and probably kill or injure most of its inhabitants, and, if Norway's experience in other big air attacks was anything to go by, the bombs might miss the factory. Lie urged the British military chiefs not to bomb. "Use saboteurs," he advised. "They'll do the job properly. And I'll get you the men."

Lie's view prevailed, and after nearly a year of special training of his volunteers, the great "heavy water" plant which might have given the Nazis the world's first atomic bomb was blown to bits in one tremendous explosion.

He always maintained close contact with events and people inside Nazi-occupied Norway during the war, but he sincerely resented the fact that he had to live in the freedom and comparative comfort of London and not in his native country.

Lie's constant efforts on behalf of the people in Norway were not, like those of so many other European exiles in London at the time, intended to secure domestic political prestige for himself.

Lie's comparative inexperience in

international affairs finds him in the topmost job in the world with a highly unorthodox style in negotiation. He doesn't like the maneuverings of the professional diplomat. They run against his natural, honest instincts. He says what he means and stands by what he says.

Late in October, 1944, as Lie and his government were preparing to return to Oslo, the Foreign Minister flew to Stockholm for a series of conferences with Swedish government officials. One of his main tasks was to get a Swedish loan. He walked into the office of a high Swedish government official. As always, he didn't see why he should employ the usual pokerlike diplomatic technique.

"I want one hundred million kroner," he said. "I don't want it as a loan, because you're not going to get it back. But I want it. And you're going to give it to me."

The Swedish official was astounded.

"Norway," Lie went on, "has been fighting in this war for five years—as much for Sweden's interest as anyone else's. This hundred million kroner will be Sweden's contribution toward our war effort."

Lie got the money.

AFTER he had finished his business in Stockholm, he flew on to Moscow to look around and meet Soviet officials on their own ground. There was one incident during his Moscow visit that his friends like to recall to demonstrate his quick grasp of affairs. It occurred during a conversation he had with Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov. They discussed postwar plans, including the subject of Norwegian war criminals and traitors.

According to the story, Molotov smiled at Lie and said:

"You must be sure to rout out all the traitors. You mustn't be soft. Who are you going to get?"

Lie reeled off a list of quislings, traitors, and war criminals. And, almost as an after-thought, he added, "And Knut Hamsun."

Hamsun was one of Norway's greatest writers who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1920. His works had been widely read in Russia before the war.

"Oh, no," Molotov protested. "You mustn't do anything with Hamsun. He's a fine artist."

Lie agreed that Hamsun had been a great writer and a great Norwegian, but he had turned Nazi during the war and was an active supporter of the German occupation authorities in Norway.

"You really ought to be more tolerant," Molotov said. "Even in Soviet Russia we have artists whom we once regarded as traitors, but a lot of them are now working freely and are accepted in our state. Hamsun is a great writer."

Lie quickly seized his chance to chide his host. "Mr. Molotov," he said, "don't *you* be too soft."

THE END

Tough

BUT OH SO GENTLE

When you install new piston rings, it will pay you to get Hastings rings. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear, *restore* engine performance. Ask your motor specialist.

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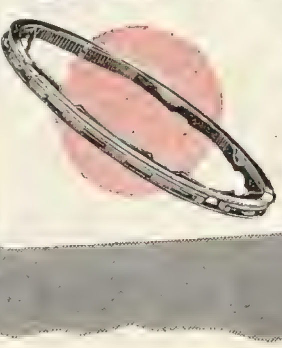

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TOUGH ON OIL-PUMPING GENTLE ON CYLINDER WALLS

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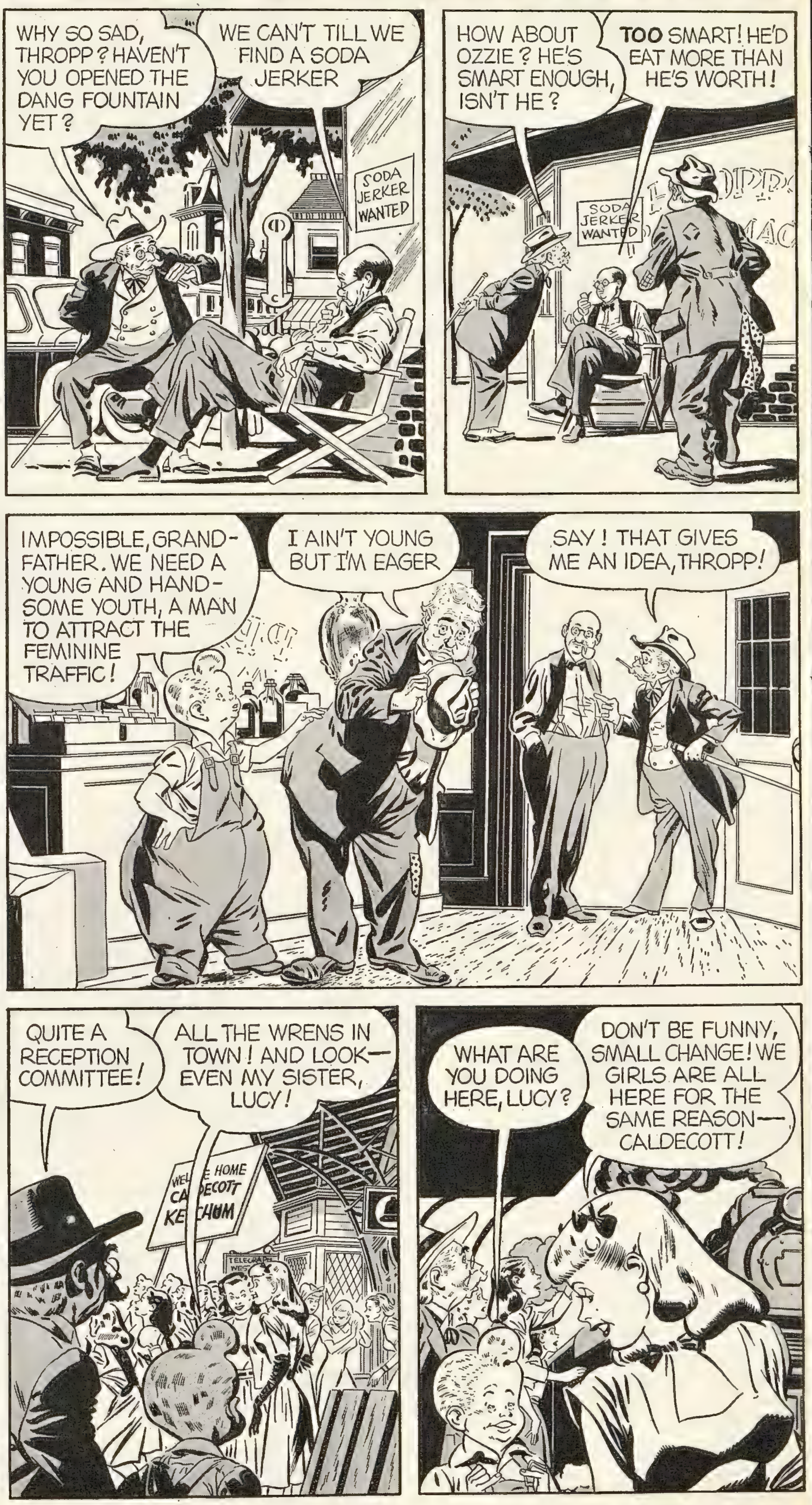
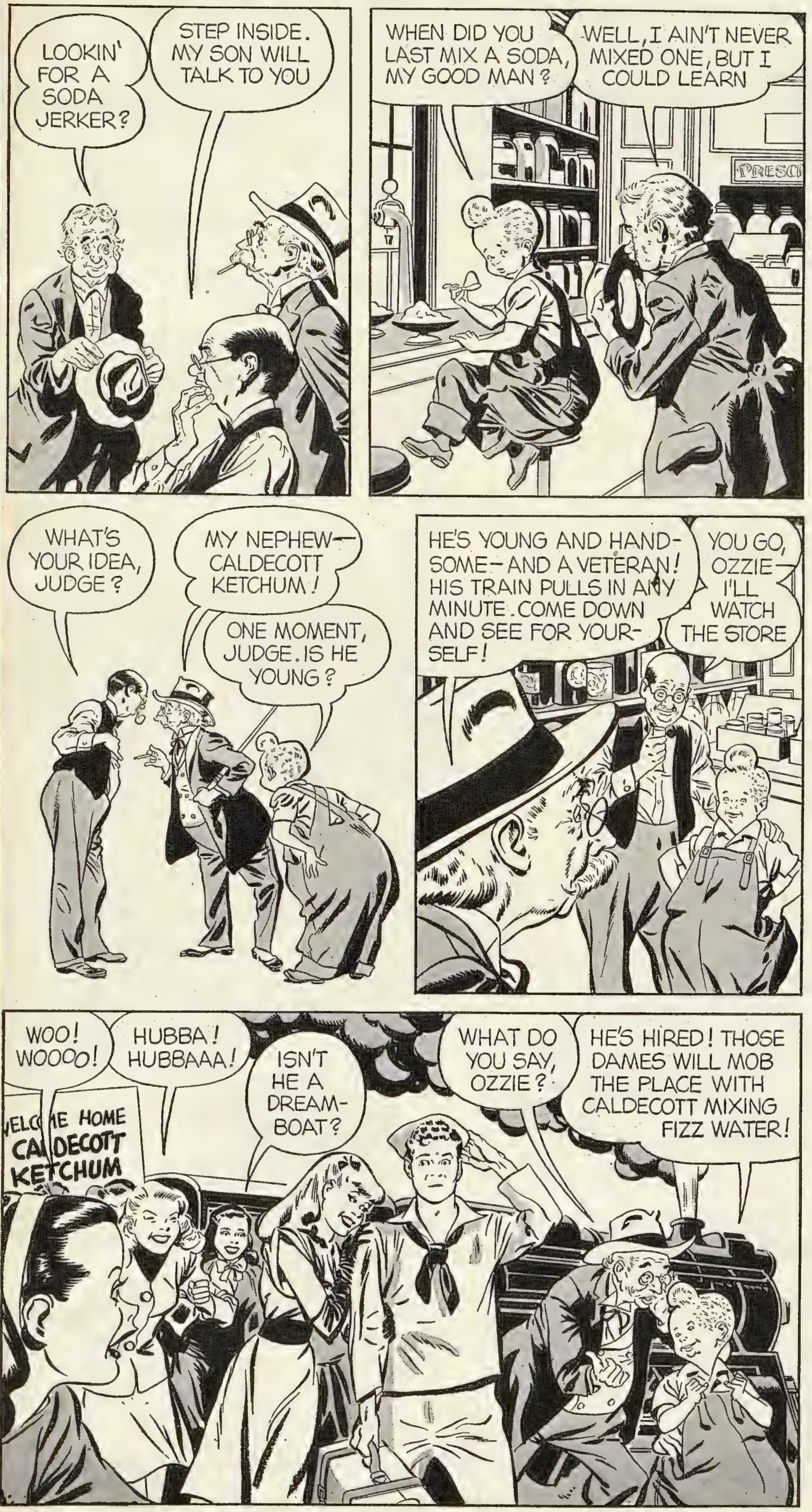
5 BLADES FOR 25¢
Here's a blade you'll like!

THE THROPP


WHY SO SAD, THROPP? HAVEN'T YOU OPENED THE DANG FOUNTAIN YET?
WE CAN'T TILL WE FIND A SODA JERKER
SODA JERKER WANTED
HOW ABOUT OZZIE? HE'S SMART ENOUGH, ISN'T HE?
TOO SMART! HE'D EAT MORE THAN HE'S WORTH!
SODA JERKER WANTED
IMPOSSIBLE, GRANDFATHER. WE NEED A YOUNG AND HANDSOME YOUTH, A MAN TO ATTRACT THE FEMININE TRAFFIC!
I AIN'T YOUNG BUT I'M EAGER
SAY! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA, THROPP!
QUITE A RECEPTION COMMITTEE!
ALL THE WRENS IN TOWN! AND LOOK— EVEN MY SISTER, LUCY!
WEL E HOME CA ECOTT KE CHUM
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, LUCY?
DON'T BE FUNNY, SMALL CHANGE! WE GIRLS ARE ALL HERE FOR THE SAME REASON— CALDECOTT!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


LOOKIN' FOR A SODA JERKER?
STEP INSIDE. MY SON WILL TALK TO YOU
WHEN DID YOU LAST MIX A SODA, MY GOOD MAN?
WELL, I AIN'T NEVER MIXED ONE, BUT I COULD LEARN
PRESC
WHAT'S YOUR IDEA, JUDGE?
MY NEPHEW— CALDECOTT KETCHUM!
ONE MOMENT, JUDGE. IS HE YOUNG?
HE'S YOUNG AND HANDSOME—AND A VETERAN! HIS TRAIN PULLS IN ANY MINUTE. COME DOWN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!
YOU GO, OZZIE— I'LL WATCH THE STORE
WOO! WOOOO!
HUBBA! HUBBAAA!
ISN'T HE A DREAMBOAT?
ELC ME HOME CA DECOTT KETCHUM
WHAT DO YOU SAY, OZZIE?
HE'S HIRED! THOSE DAMES WILL MOB THE PLACE WITH CALDECOTT MIXING FIZZ WATER!

Continued next week

SWEET TONED FARADAY CHIMES FOR DISTINCTIVE BEAUTY

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SINCE 1884 • MANUFACTURERS OF FIRE ALARMS • SIGNAL SYSTEMS

THE BARKER IS BACK

Continued from Page 15

shows will be headed by the midgets and a new wrinkle, the ice show. The whole works will be dolled up in new plastic and luridly lighted show fronts.

According to Ray Marsh Brydon, the Cavalcade's talent boss, there will be fewer sword swallowers this year (nobody is certain why) and fewer freaks, until agents can tramp freely over Europe to recruit them. Most side-show freaks are legitimate, according to Brydon. Tall men can be stretched by platform shoes and high hats, and fat women padded, but nearly all the rest must undergo such close scrutiny that faking would inevitably be detected.

BECAUSE thrill rides attract the younger crowd particularly, owners are forever seeking new and better ones. But for this year, most will have to rely on improved prewar models. Tied up by war work for the past years, the amusement manufacturers are now working full blast to fill back orders. John Wendler, president of the Allan Herschell Company of North Tonawanda, New York, one of the largest concerns, won't be able to fill his orders until next year.

But new ideas are on the drawing boards, and Harry Illions of Jamestown, New York, who combines management of the Celeron Amusement Park with the manufacture of equipment, will even have some in operation this year.

He is gambling $50,000 on a magic carpet that takes the customer on a rug slide through a two-story building with moving scenery, scary animals that jump out, and a collapsing chair that propels him, dizzily bewildered, back onto the Midway. Illions is careful not to scare children too much, because a real fright would keep them away for good. So when a ferocious lion pops out in front of the kids, it suddenly melts into a merry laugh, softening the scary effect but leaving the thrill.

A ride that should draw youngsters in droves is an airplane that stunts realistically on pulleys and wires and must be landed with skill or it will come down safely (but embarrassingly) on its nose.

Another which just got started before the war is the sure-fire "looper"—a seat held on long metal arms that rocks back and forth and finally loops.

Roller coasters have been developed which can safely ride on an angle of ten degrees past the perpendicular and do thirty-five to forty miles an hour.

Another group of show people not yet recovered from the war are the wild-animal outfits. Even Frank Buck hasn't yet been able to get overseas to bring 'em back alive. Later this year the supply may open up.

Clif Wilson of Miami, rated as tops in the "snake" shows, is still getting along with nine prewar pythons eighteen to twenty-nine feet in length. He's belaboring foreign suppliers, but it looks like it'll be another year before he gets deliveries.

An authority on snake history, Wilson speaks fondly of them. He believes that women instinctively fear them, yet can't resist them. He trades on this theory, placing his snakes within easy reach of the customers. It gives them a feeling of danger, he thinks, and fattens receipts. He tames his snakes by muzzling them to prevent their biting their handler, then tires them down by letting them strike at blankets, and gradually accustoms them to being petted by hand.

"Sit quietly, sonny, and stop making faces at the gentleman behind you!"
LIBERTY

And of course no carnival is complete without popcorn, peanuts, and soft drinks — staples which Larry Hall of Milwaukee, for one, has parlayed into a fortune. He's set for overflow crowds this year. Popcorn and peanuts are tied up with still another phase of the outdoor show business, the greatest of them all—the circus. It, too, is looking for a record year. The smell of sawdust, the stirring roll of drums during a high-wire act, the tumbling clowns and lumbering elephants each year chalk up new attendance records, and this season should top them all. The big Ringling enterprise, for example, is pointing for a season's audience in excess of 10,000,000 customers.

Also due for their best year since they started here in 1804 are the country fairs, backbone of amusements in the rural areas and themselves big business. Raymond A. Lee, manager of the Minnesota State Fair, largest in the nation, expects 1,000,000 visitors this year, against the old record of 870,000 in 1941.

THE fair is a big drawing card because it combines fun and education. The farmer likes the fun on the midway as much as he enjoys the exhibits of livestock and new farm equipment. The missus wants to see the latest merchandise for the home. And the fair is a traveling showcase of the latest industrial products.

Rodeos have become an important entertainment factor at the fairs. Only the Madison Square Garden rodeo tosses out more coin to the bronco busters than does John Guthrie of Muskogee, Oklahoma.

Guthrie explains its drawing power this way: The contest appeals to the crowd, for it can't be fixed. And it has the element of danger: plenty of riders are killed or seriously injured every year.

Readying a tour that will take his rodeo, complete with real Indians, through nine Middle West states this summer, Guthrie has been rounding up Brahman steers, the mean long-horned critters from Texas, and bucking horses from the western plains. Buckers are the biggest problem, because rodeo operators find only five suitable horses out of the usual batch of thirty candidates.

The real comeback on fair grounds this year will be made by automobile racing. The famed Indianapolis 500-mile classic will be back for the first time since 1941 and the dirt trackers will be churning up dust. Al Sweeney, who heads one of the best racing circuits in the country, believes new fuel and improved engines may soup up the dirt-track machines as much as ten miles an hour.

The only major sport to suffer a complete shutdown during the war, automobile racing will come up with new motor power based on aviation advances. On a half-mile track the average speed should now approach eighty miles an hour and the mile racers may top 100.

As an indication that his circuit will gross $200,000 this year, Sweeney points to his sole date last year, squeezed in as gas rationing went out. At Hutchinson, Kansas, his drivers drew 60,000 fans, tumbling a thirty-eight-year-old record.

The thrill shows have also worked out new angles to pack in the crowds.

Jimmie Lynch, the forty-four-year-old stunt driver, who has defied death in daring automobile acts for years, has come out of a three-year war retirement and sent three units of car jockeys throughout the country.

While some other stunt shows will feature the wartime jeep in rugged broad jumps, Lynch has vetoed them as too sluggish. Instead, he will add new wrinkles to his two-wheel balancing, car rolling, and leaping techniques. He is also working on a track that will allow cars to be looped safely.

IN six months Jimmie is sure he'll be heading back to his Texarkana, Texas, ranch with the biggest pocketful of cash he has ever had. He believes bigger crowds will roll through his turnstiles than did during his two-year run at the New York World's Fair, where he played to 11,000,000 persons.

While the war shut down his show, it brought Jimmie hundreds of letters from G.I.s all over the world, who wrote that they had rolled a jeep over and lived. Now they wanted to join his show. But they won't do, he says. His drivers have to be able to roll a car over, but do it with deliberate precision. He believes his stunts are actually safer than a Sunday drive along a highway—for the stunt driver has only his own driving to worry about, not the other fellow's.

The year is certain to offer scores of new ideas for the show world. Many will be utilizing DDT to keep flies and other insects away from the tents and eateries. Some may even come out with renovated barrage balloons, or use the Army's amphibious "ducks" for an amphibious paying ride.

There'll be a million thrills on sale this year for the customer at carnivals, circuses, fairs, and stunt shows. He'll ride the roller coaster, stare at the freaks, try his luck at bingo, breathlessly watch the stunt artists, and breathe in the carefree atmosphere of Fun, Unlimited.

Munching popcorn and with money to spend, he'll hear the barker—

"Don't miss the big show, mister. It's bigger and better than anything you've ever seen before!"

And he won't be able to resist. He won't even want to.

THE END

BIG FOOT
LITTLE FOOT

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
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You have confidence on the road when you have Grizzly Brake Lining in your car!

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His advice is sound, too, when he recommends Grizzly Brake Lining! He knows that 30 years of brake engineering makes Grizzly Brake Lining tops!

Economical, too, because Grizzly Brake Lining is unusually long lived with amazing freedom from adjustment.

BIG FOOT or LITTLE FOOT . . . you're on your way with assurance and far beyond the bounds of simple safety when you drive with Grizzly Brake Lining's extra protection! Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio.

"Bear in Mind". . . ask for

GRIZZLY
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
BRAKE LINING

WHEREVER BRAKES ARE SERVICED

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

MORE than 2,500,000 veterans of World War II have come out of the service physically the worse for it, more or less disabled. To their number must be added unknown thousands whose service-connected disabilities are not yet apparent but may crop up later to blight their lives and livelihoods.

In the present drive to find jobs and homes for all veterans, it is understandable that the peculiar plight of the disabled veteran is temporarily obscured.

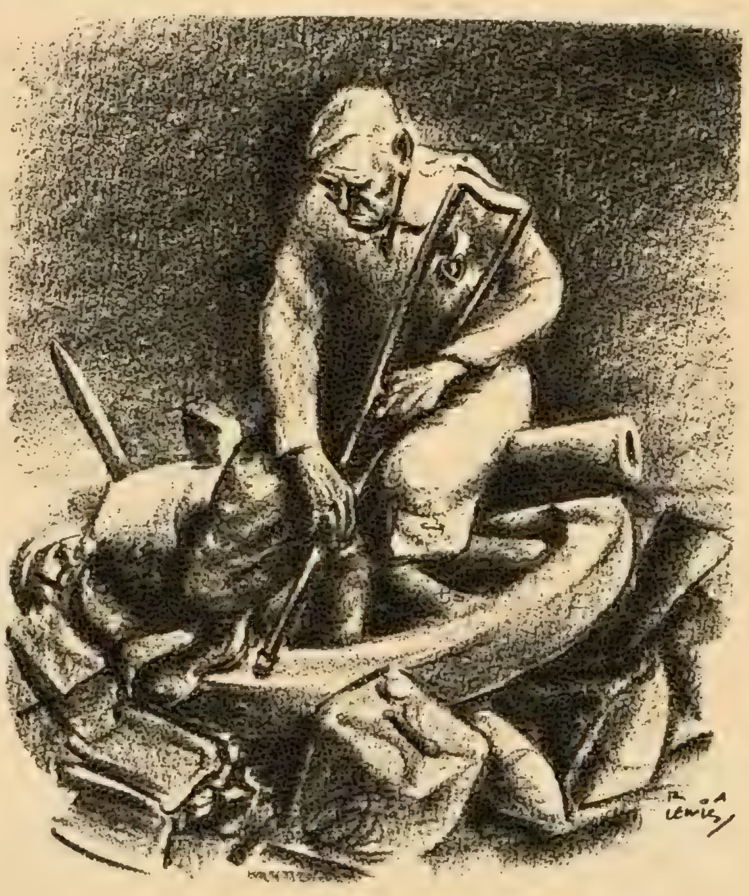
During the war, physically handicapped civilians performed remarkably in jobs nobody supposed they could do. There is no reason to suppose that disabled ex-servicemen cannot equally well fit into the normal industrial picture of today.

A recent survey conducted by the U. S. Employment Service yields some telling statistics. In a group comprising some 300 employers and 62,283 workers in varied fields, it was proven that 87.2 per cent of the disabled workers were as efficient as their able-bodied colleagues; 7.8 per cent were *more* efficient.

These facts need emphasis and re-emphasis. Fortunately there is a bang-up organization which is equipped and prepared to present the case. The Disabled American Veterans, 100,000 strong, under the leadership of Dow V. Walker, has for twenty-five years fought for public recognition of the disabled veteran as a normal citizen with normal aspirations.

The nation-wide staff of the DAV aids disabled veterans in the preparation and prosecution of just claims for medical examinations, hospitalization, disability compensation, vocational training, employment, and other problems of rehabilitation.

In an effort to keep up with the swelling ranks of the disabled and help the Veterans Administration overcome its limitations, the DAV has been setting up intensive six-month training courses at the American University in Washington, D. C. From this program will emerge 400 selected disabled veterans of World War II as full-time service officers.



CARTOON BY ROSS A. LEWIS*

We can't scrap warworn men like warworn material.

To finance an expanded program, the DAV is now raising $10,000,000. President Truman, General Bradley, and many other leading citizens and public officials are appealing for wholehearted public support.

If you have a disability problem, be sure to get in touch with a DAV service officer. You will find one in all Veterans Administration regional offices and in 1,300 local chapters throughout the country. The address of the DAV National Headquarters is 1423 East McMillan Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Commander Walker has this tip for all prospective veterans. He says he can't emphasize it too strongly: "Before you are discharged, be sure you consider carefully filing a claim for pension if you believe you have a just case. Remember: the slightly lame back or trick knee that you do not consider important now may well be a serious handicap later on. By putting your complaint on the record at time of discharge, you will make infinitely easier the prosecution of your claim later."

* * *

Lt. E. T. Croder, St. Louis, Mo. Now, Eddie, when we said that to get to be a member of the Caterpillar Club you had to have bailed out of your plane to save your life, we didn't mean that guys who fell asleep waiting for the take-off, dreamed they were in trouble, and bailed out onto the ground, could join, too. Sure the club turned you down! Wish we had room to print the whole story—it's that good.

* * *

Mrs. J. R. Curran, Reno, Nev. No, I can't agree with you that it's a waste of time and money to teach German prisoners of war how our system of government works. As a matter of fact, a considerable number of prisoners, picked from a group whose records showed that they had always opposed Hitler, have been trained for administrative and police jobs in the American zone in Germany. Hitler's power grew from a dissatisfied minority. Maybe a strong force for democracy will stem from our efforts to re-educate German prisoners.

* * *

Donald Stokes, Raleigh, N. C. As to getting distribution rights for radios and refrigerators for your store, the only suggestion I can think of is that you go after new name products that other electrical appliance stores haven't already sewed up. After all, the other stores have had their franchises for a long time. The manufacturers have gotten results from them and built up good will through them. It just wouldn't be smart business for them to make a change, even to help a veteran get started. Why don't you call on the Better Business Bureau in your area for a list of possible new prospects?

* * *

Mrs. A. Tallent, Dallas, Tex. According to the War Department, few enlisted men are requesting that their families be allowed to join them right now because they are not yet sure what their future assignments will be. Also, it's difficult to find suitable living quarters in many out-of-the-way billets. So be patient—I'm sure he will send for you just as soon as he can see his way clear.

* * *

R. R. Roscoe, Phoenix, Ariz. It is possible to draw a wartime rate of pension for an injury received in peacetime service. The disability must result from armed conflict or be sustained while engaged in extra-hazardous service in line of duty.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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* This cartoon is Mr. Lewis' contribution to the DAV's National Service Campaign. He is editorial cartoonist of the Milwaukee Journal.

HOUSEHOLD AMBASSADORS

Continued from Page 23

a good supplementary crop, the HDA learns all about planting, picking, shelling, and preparing them.

HDAs must be able to gain the respect and friendship of the rural citizens, to think on their feet, and give and take sensibly and with good humor. One agent giving a course on child care was heckled by a somewhat slovenly mother of three. "What do you know about children?" asked the mother. "You've never had one."

"No," answered the HDA, "and I've never laid an egg—but I know what to do with one!"

THESE hard-working home advisers represent the cream of the graduates of state universities. It takes a strong healthy girl with a love of the outdoors and a fondness for all kinds of people to make a good HDA.

The field is uncrowded, and the agent may advance to specialist, state leader, or supervisor.

Having organized a home demonstration club, the agent arranges meetings at different homes once or twice a month. During the war there were many "made-over clothing" meetings, when every member wore a made-over dress and explained how she made it. These clubs are often the farm wife's only social activity. These meetings prove how important and well loved the HDA has become in the rural areas of America. In Erwin, Tennessee, one woman from a small farm in the Great Smoky Mountains greeted the HDA, "We were mighty sorry you couldn't get to our last meetin'. It was just like the lamp was there but it wasn't lighted."

To keep from going stale on the job, agents are shifted from one area to another. The service also grants leaves to HDAs who want to improve their knowledge by working in the business world or doing postgraduate study. For example, Miss Nita Orr, shown in the accompanying pictures, is on a year's leave with a frozen-food concern where she is becoming a specialist.

Her background is typical. She was raised on a farm and began extension service work when she attended the University of Tennessee twelve years ago. All HDAs operate on the county level, and it's the county officials who decide whether an agent is needed and what her salary will be. The money actually comes from the federal government (under the Smith-Lever Act), from the state, and finally the county. Percentages differ in different states, but of the $11,082,000 allotted for HDA work in 1946, about 60 per cent will be provided by Washington and 20 per cent each from state and county.

In Erwin, Tennessee, near the Kentucky and North Carolina borders, the mountains are gorgeous, but in the words of a mountain woman, ". . . they're mighty hard to dig a livin' out uv." It has been Miss Orr's job to help with the digging.

An inventory of items in her car reveals the variety of her work and contacts: steam-pressure cooker, jars, small canning equipment, canned food (donated by appreciative women), yellow wool socks, half a loaf of bread, and two thermos bottles of hot soup for her roadside luncheons, dark glasses, mountain greenery and wild flowers, dairy thermometer, box with darns and patches for demonstration, garments in various stages of alteration, apples, raincoat, galoshes, umbrella, slacks, beach towel, tools, blankets, charts on waste fats and cheese making, and a large terrapin she had rescued on the highway.

In an average day she will teach canning, patching, and mending, making over matresses, building kitchen shelves; suggest a reading program, test pressure cookers, and provide the latest information on DDT. She is usually up at six, and by 6 P.M. you'd think her day would be over—but she will probably run a square dance or a library meeting that night.

Nita Orr has had many adventures on the road—her most amusing when she picked up an elderly mountain woman late one evening. The woman commented, "You're mighty pretty, but I bet you're not married."

"No," answered Miss Orr, "I'm not. But what makes you think so?"

"Because," she said, "hit's marriage that fades a woman."

Last year the work of these agents reached more than 5,000,000 farm families and 3,000,000 non-farm families. Because the cities have become a little jealous of the agents' rural operations, there are now HDAs in the suburbs of most cities. Right now, Long Island, New York, has a project to get hurrying commuters to eat good breakfasts. The HDA prepares tasty and attractive demonstration breakfasts, and works with the housewives to get them eaten. In Brooklyn a group of boys is getting HDA advice on keeping bees atop their apartment building.

When I asked one of the extension department directors in Washington whether he didn't have to cope with a large labor turnover among the girls, he laughed and said, "Well, yes, in a way. You see, they're so expert at homemaking that most of them sooner or later get married."

"But what's so funny?" I asked. "It's pretty tough to lose such well-trained personnel."

"That's just it," he answered. "We don't lose them. They marry the best farmer in the neighborhood, become president of the Home Demonstration Club—and from then on they work for us for nothing!"

THE END

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

WITH HELEN PARKER

For Groucho & Co.—with or without Camel—many a moviegoer will walk a mile.

A NIGHT IN CASABLANCA

(United Artists)
The Brothers Marx, Lisette Verea, Sig Rumann, Dan Seymour

THE Marx Brothers are back. Those who have waited an unhappy five years since their last picture won't be disappointed. Neither will those who have never seen them. Here at last is a picture which lives up to *their* reputation.

A Night in Casablanca is Grade A Marx Brothers, and contains—over and above Groucho's waggling brows, Chico's piano antics, and Harpo's delicious pantomime—a beautiful German spy (Lisette Verea), an obese and ludicrous German spy (Sig Rumann), several nameless and shapeless German spies (Central Casting), and a sinister caricature of a chief of police (Dan Seymour).

Groucho, by a mere fluke (this is one of the finer features of their films—everything occurs because of a fluke—just as in real life), becomes the manager of the Casablanca hotel where the last four managers have met death—"accidentally."

The skulduggery is traced to an unprovocative *agent provocateur* (Herr Rumann, to whom Harpo plays the most comic valet ever) who is aware that a plane load of Nazi loot is hidden in the hotel and wants it for himself and his Führer. To this end he sets the burlesque vamp Verea on Groucho, who doesn't seem to find his fate sad at all!

When she whispers into his ear, "Come up to my room in about half an hour," he retorts, "If I didn't know your voice, I'd have sworn I said that."

Before the quixotic madcaps recover the treasure for the United Nations and United Artists, there is a hilarious, nerve-racking race around an airfield until our boy Harpo gets the controls of the enemy plane, eventually setting it down in the middle of the city jail.

The trio of wits has its sentimental facet, too, and there's a love story threading its way through the film, but it really doesn't interfere with the horseplay very much.

Note of warning: This is a Marx Bros. movie, so you had better sit way down front if you want to catch all of their rapidly delivered, highly literate wisejapes. The boys wear better than almost any California product, and this is a vehicle in which they can really ride, to their own obvious delight as well as their audience's.

A YANK IN LONDON

(Herbert Wilcox—released through Fox)
Anna Neagle, Dean Jagger, Rex Harrison

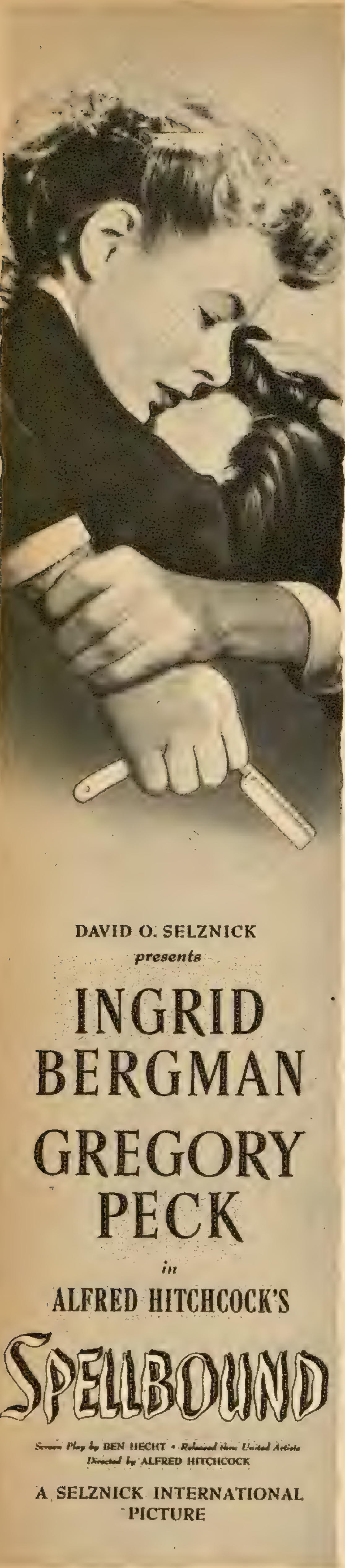
OVER comes another hands-across-the-sea gesture from Great Britain.

This one, produced by Herbert Wilcox and showing off his wife, Anna Neagle, to what he considers her best advantage, tells the story of an American flyer with a laconic drawl (Dean Jagger) who falls in love with a noble lady (Neagle) who is affianced to a peer (Rex Harrison).

The lady is allowed to fall in love with the flyer, in spite of her better judgment, but he is killed in the third quarter of the picture, so the lady's fiancé has suffered practically no loss of face, and the Empire remains intact and inviolable.

But in spite of this, A Yank in London has a lot of charming moments.

Even if your son or brother didn't week-end with a duchess, you'll get some feel of what his time in London was like.



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SPELLBOUND
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Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

CUMSHAW

Continued from Page 19

pened to the item in question. If the investigation is satisfactory, the captain approves the survey and the expenditure is made by the supply officer, who maintains the records.

The survey during the war, whenever great quantities of stuff were lost or damaged in combat, became a procedure much abused by commanding officers bent on acquiring choice items of government property. One supply officer, for example, speaks of his first combat. His was a newly commissioned ship, under the command of a rugged old skipper who knew Navy procedure and every inch of red tape. After a five-minute Jap strafing attack the captain ordered a survey prepared on a pair of the best binoculars, stating that the expensive glasses were "lost in combat," a reason for survey which is seldom questioned by any bureau. The captain winked at the supply officer and declared that he would probably find the binoculars one of these days whenever he had an afternoon at Santa Anita.

As for title "C" items, no survey and very little accounting are required. Each ship carries a large storeroom with countless articles needed to carry on the ship's routine. Officers are allowed to draw any item in the storeroom from the supply officer whenever it is needed. There is nothing to prevent them from accumulating as much as they can pack away in sea chests.

THE popularity of the practice of cumshaw is remarkable, for every man enjoys having a reputation as a big-time operator, admired and envied because of his large quantity of cleverly acquired items, or the pile of dough he made selling cigarettes to the natives. Unquestionably a great deal of cumshaw exists because it has the stamp of approval from the top down. I do not mean that the top brass deliberately make a practice of taking stuff for their personal use, but many of them do practice what every man in the armed forces brands as cumshaw.

For example, take a look at any Washington admiral's pay card. You may be surprised to find that he is "on sea duty," which means he is paid 10 per cent of his base pay extra because, under special wartime legislation, men on sea duty are considered to be on hazardous stations, and thereby entitled to extra compensation. Much as we may recognize the many hazards of the capital city, we must note that the pay is acquired on a technicality. Each man is allowed the extra pay if he is attached to a "sea-going unit." The admirals are attached to something afloat in the Potomac, and the cumshaw is theirs.

Washington is by no means the only place where this sort of grab is made, however. In practically every naval district where there is water, the staff is stationed on something afloat in order to gain the extra bonus.

The flying braid and brass make an even larger grab, for they are allowed 50 per cent of their base pay extra, provided they fly four hours a month in a service plane. Conformity is simple, and they are paid the same bonus that was given to the boys who bombed Tokyo!

In the Navy, a ship's commanding officer has a position of immense power. Navy Regulations practically require him to be a recluse, withdrawing into the confines of his cabin. And to ensure his complete isolation, Navy Regulations provide that the commanding officer of the larger units must eat in a separate mess, with separate attendants and stewards, and thereby hangs a tale of cumshaw.

MESSES are complicated. On larger ships there are several separate ones so that no officer will be forced to break bread with his inferiors. One of the messes is the cabin mess, theoretically operated by the captain. The supply officer operates the general mess on a ration basis. He is allotted about seventy cents daily for each man, but he seldom uses that much, and the accumulated unexpended balance sometimes runs into the thousands. Thus, the captain "buys" from the supply of stores maintained by the supply officer, but it is simple for the supply officer to destroy the Old Man's mess chits and charge them against the unexpended balance of the general mess. Think how small the captain's mess bill can be, and consider the eminence of the supply officer in the eyes of the Old Man!

But, many times, that is not enough —certainly not if the commanding officer is aware of the various maneuverings that can be arranged. The cabin mess is staffed with cooks and stewards, and since every enlisted man is entitled to a daily ration, if he is subsisted on another mess, the mess draws that ration in cash from the supply officer. Thus, at the end of the month, if the ship's supply officer has charged off the Old Man's mess chits against the unexpended balance of the general mess, the captain owes nothing except perhaps a token payment for his food. But what about his mess attendants? The supply officer owes the captain sixty-five cents a day for each of them, so that the captain can collect forty dollars or sixty dollars in cash, besides getting his food free! And it is all perfectly legal so far as the paper work is concerned!

It is obvious that no such malicious procedure as this could be carried on without the full co-operation of the supply officer. Periodically the commanding officer submits to the Bureau of Naval Personnel documents known to every naval officer as fitness reports. The captain can record what he pleases. Certainly a supply officer who insisted on being metic-

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ulous with the cabin mess might be adjudged nonco-operative, unfit for promotion, or especially qualified for shore duty in some Siberia. . . .

The story of one supply officer who had incurred the wrath of the captain is an example of this. He had insisted that it was dishonest to charge the cabin mess chits against the general mess, and had refused to do so. He was unhappy about it. Imagine how much more unhappy he became when he received dispatch to report to an LST flotilla which, it was rumored, was operating right under the Jap guns. Then, with the ship but one day out of port, he was overjoyed and considerably puzzled to receive another dispatch canceling his orders. It was not until months later that he found that both messages had been fabricated by the captain to frighten the supply officer!

The commanding officer can always cumshaw the services of any man aboard. The ship's carpenter, for instance, is usually kept busy building mahogany desks, buffets, and almost anything else the captain wants. And if the ship makes the skipper's home port, carpenter's mates may be assigned to mend the garden fence and do other odd jobs around the house. Furthermore, the supply officer procures the best in lumber and fittings and practically anything desired by the captain.

ONE supply officer declares that when his ship was tied up at San Francisco in the early part of the war, his butcher reported that the captain's steward was drawing tremendous quantities of meat, strictly rationed in those days. The supply officer approached the captain about it, but the Old Man indicated quite tartly that he did not appreciate any of his officers meddling in his business. The supply officer, sufficiently nettled by that time, watched the captain leave the ship every day with two enlisted men struggling with large suitcases. It was clear the captain was either giving away the meat or selling it to a black market!

And practically all high-ranking officers have their peculiar requirements. One brass hat in the Aleutians, for example, was famous for his efforts to grow grass at his post. He used two cargo planes to haul fertilizer at a time when space was precious in the fight to make men more comfortable in the cold weather.

Most commanding officers who are not completely oblivious to the elementary principles of psychology constantly seek the esteem of their officers and men. And there is nothing that sells every man aboard on the merits of the skipper so much as generous efforts exerted by the Old Man in behalf of cumshaw for the crew, be it movies or souvenirs.

One such case occurred in Korea right after the war. The Army, in an effort to keep firearms from the Jap-hating Koreans, began dumping huge quantities of captured Jap rifles a mile or so offshore. Several commanding officers said they saw no reason why ships returning to the States should not take back a load of rifles as souvenirs for the men.

And one commanding officer gave the supply officer a gruff command to get a Jap rifle for every man aboard. Protests from the supply officer that procurement from the Army just wasn't done, drew only unkind words from the Old Man. So a deal was made with the Army for 400 rifles. And the captain, via the ship's amplifier, took full credit for effecting the procurement, and thereby gained great admiration from his men.

But don't think cumshaw is restricted to commanding officers, for the lowliest seaman may have his share also. Overseas stories have well established the fact back home that the most stable international currency, especially in war-torn countries, is the American cigarette, and that certainly is true in the Pacific. Americans in service seldom pay more than fifty cents a carton for cigarettes, so profits are tremendous. Of course the military police, the F.B.I., and the high command take all precautions to prevent such traffic. But still it continues.

But tobacco is by no means the only salable item. In the Philippines natives were virtually selling their lives for clothing. Once on my ship, when we were anchored off the island of Panay, near Iloilo, a storekeeper reported that 3,000 skivvy shirts had been sold to the ship's company in two hours. Investigation showed that the men were rushing to the beach, getting practically *anything* they wanted in trade, and were collecting fifteen pesos ($7.50) for a thirty-five-cent skivvy shirt.

Then there was the survey prepared on ten tons of flour because of weevils. The flour was being thrown overboard. Filipinos in bumboats swarmed around the ship, grabbing each bag as it fell. One remarked that it would bring a tidy sum. The supply officer promptly stopped the dumping and loaded fifty sacks in a boat. In a short time he had collected sixty pesos ($30) a sack.

SUCH instances of petty profiteering as these, however, cannot match the stories of the amazing wealth being made in Europe. I know of only one story of Pacific cumshaw which might cause any man in Germany to curse the fate that did not send him to the greener pastures of the Pacific. There was an Army lieutenant in Korea who was placed in charge of inventory taking in a large factory district. The project seemed a thankless one until he discovered a musty room in a large warehouse literally filled with bullion silver in large nuggets packed in crates. He carefully reported the discovery, but he knew it would be days before the top brass would take steps to put the stuff in vaults, or even post a guard. Meanwhile the lieutenant became a collector of metal Buddhas and brought them by the dozens. He told his friends he was mailing them back home for his postwar den. What he did not tell was that every Buddha was filled with molten silver before it went to the States. Best estimates were that the lieutenant had mailed some $75,000 in bullion silver!

The stories of whisky trading in the forward areas have long been top-notch news in the States. Many a reader has marveled at the fact that American soldiers were paying $100 a quart for booze. Navy Regulations prohibit the possession of any alcoholic beverages aboard ship by individuals, but it is custom for officers to carry about as much as they can get aboard surreptitiously. And most any G.I. will plank down a month's salary for a quart.

The boys who were stationed on forward bases came in for their share of the whisky money too. Throughout the Philippines native whisky is always available. The boys called it "Gook juice," but some of it had the indelible stamp of American production, with well-known brand names and brightly colored labels.

SOME of the most successful cumshaw boys operated as civilians back in Stateside shipyards. It is amazing how very "co-operative" these patriots were. When a ship came in for repairs they were eager to do practically anything—for a price! During the cigarette shortage, ten cartons would handle a sizable job, and a case would move mountains. But sometimes it required a side of bacon or a ham to get a craneman to co-operate in loading your ship. And the truck drivers handling your supplies could cause delays, but a can of rationed coffee would make speed demons of them.

Ah, the aspects of cumshaw are endless. They may be seen in the countless sea bags, duffel bags, and chests returning to homes throughout the country; in that large quantity of expensive drugs which the home-town doctor brought back with him; in the fine set of instruments marked USN which the veteran dentist uses on your teeth with the explanation that he became attached to them during the war; in the best set of ship fitter's tools the Navy could buy, which the boy at the plumbing shop cumshawed; in the strange-looking parts which the husband-in-service mailed to the wife, all in separate packages, but which he easily fitted together into a carbine when he returned, and so on down to those beautiful white blankets made of virgin wool, stenciled USNAVY in blue. All is cumshaw.

Ordinarily, one would expect a chap who compiled such an accusing article as this to have garnered pounds of documented evidence and to offer to produce it upon inquiry. I have not a single sheet. In fact, this article is based entirely on the word passed along the sailor's grapevine—scuttlebutt—but just ask any sailor how true he thinks it is!

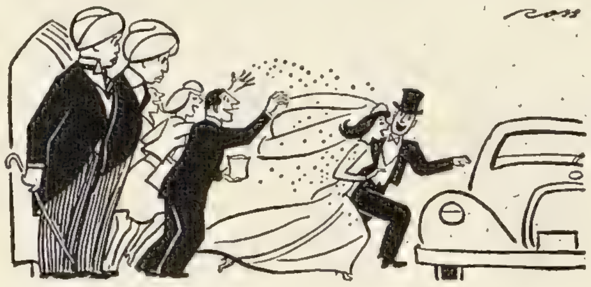
THE END

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK

FIELD DAY FOR MOTHERS: You can hardly avoid knowing that May 12 will be Mother's Day, what with every department store in the United States nagging you to buy her gifts, but let me remind you, anyway, with a few assorted suggestions. While she will doubtless be entranced if you contrive to ferret out that washing machine and electric mixer she's wanted since 1941, she will be even more starry-eyed if you give her something personal and flattering. Cosmetics, perfumes, flowers, jewelry, clothes, and accessories give her renewed assurance that you think of her as an attractive woman and not just a household drudge. If you're in the chips, you might settle for a diamond heart-shaped brooch decked with ruby flowers, or a pair of diamond hair clips ending in large sapphire stars—from Cartier. . . . Flowers never fail to please Momma, whether they're Pop's favorite red roses or a young son's excited offering of fifty cents' worth of lilacs. . . . Cosmetics and perfumes are sure fire too. Tone's new cake make-up in its pretty flat pink-and-white case is called "Milk-Tone" because of its milk protein base which is non-drying. ($1 plus tax.) DuBarry's Beauty Cake make-up ($1.50 plus tax) also comes in a handy and attractive flat pink container, and both conceal minor blemishes, besides serving as fine foundations for make-up. . . . One of the prettiest of the new face powders is Yardley's "Zinnia," packaged in a lovely round box with the usual plump Yardley bee reclining in bas-relief on top. (One buck plus tax.) . . . Among the many other moderately priced charmers are Varva's "Nonchalant" and "Follow Me" toilet water. The three-ounce bottle in either fragrance is a dollar plus tax. . . . Richard Hudnut's "Yanky Clover" cologne is as fresh and cooling as its name suggests. ($1.10 plus tax.) . . . Still another dollar-plus-tax cosmetic is Primrose House Chiffon Hand Cream. . . . Fine perfumes aren't necessarily prohibitive in price either; you can buy a cunning pocketbook-size flask holding one dram of Lynette's "Spellbound" in a leather case for $1.75 plus tax. . . . And Leigh's charming new stand-up packages contain bottles of perfume set in removable plastic bases. (One fluid ounce, $3.50 plus tax.) . . . If you're bent on spending more dough, Lynette has special Mother's Day gift sets with various combinations of powder, toilet water, perfume, etc., at $5.50, $8 and $12.50 plus tax, . . . And how about a pair of nylons? Mother would be dazzled in a big way by both the stockings and the dogged devotion which kept her benefactor standing in line to get them. She wouldn't turn her nose up at rayons either!

DIAPERS ON YOUR DOORSTEP: National Baby Week is now being celebrated, this first week in May. Which suggests this practical measure: Mothers moving their young to the country, or anywhere else, would do well to notify their diaper service in advance. Even half a dozen diapers left like orphans on the back doorstep of a closed house may mean that some other baby will be deprived of that number. There aren't diapers enough to go round, so let your service know when and where you are moving. Ask your driver to recommend a new service in your new neighborhood. Or if your own service is a member of the National Institute of Diaper Services, it will transfer your account to a company in the community to which you are going.



FOOD HITS THE WRONG SPOTS: From famine-stricken India came a food mission to Washington. Imagine their distress as they encountered a rice-throwing wedding party outside a church! One member declared that in a few minutes enough rice was wasted to feed one of his starving countrymen for a whole week. The mission hopes President Truman's food-conservation campaign and Herbert Hoover's "invisible guest" at every table will prompt prodigal Americans to dispense with the old custom and use the far prettier and less dangerous confetti in its place.

"I told you so"

THERE are women all around you who consider Tampax so logically "right" that they believe you *must* come to it in time. Tampax, you know, is modern monthly sanitary protection. It is an internal absorbent of conforming shape and when it is in place you are unaware of its presence. No belt with Tampax! No pins! No external pad!

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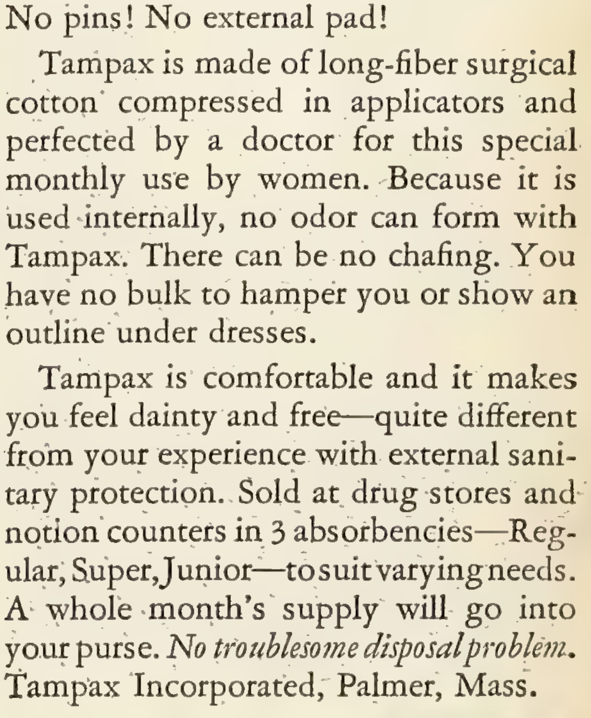

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YOU'LL GET ALONG, KID

Continued from Page 33

SHE was much more beautiful than I'd expected. I caught my breath as she came into the reception room at the hospital.

"Mike," she said, "this is so nice. How is my off-hours patient?"

Her eyes were sea green, wide spaced, long lashed—and they looked straight at you. She didn't have to be a glamor girl to make me fall in love with her, but it didn't hurt any. And I knew I was in love with her as we stood in that little room. Don't ask me how—I just knew it.

"Frankly, your patient is a little dizzy at the moment," I answered her, "but I'll tell you about that at dinner. Shall we go?"

IT was Saturday, a week later—and what a week it had been! I'd had four dates with Geri. I suppose you could call them dates. My pitching was done in the harsh halls of the hospital, in jeeps, and in the crowded common room of the local Red Cross. I didn't even get around to kissing her until the third date. But when I did—well, we both said all the things you've read before. Only this time I meant them, and I'm pretty sure that she did, too.

That particular Saturday morning the window framed the same square of Mediterranean as I sat there, hardly believing the voice I heard coming from the next room—Thomas Gardiner Brokaw III had arrived to win the occupation.

"You'll find the intelligence officer in here, sir," I heard my sergeant saying. And there he was, glittering in the doorway. The military tailor's dream of an Officer and a Gentleman. To me, Thomas would always be a cocktail commando—but I liked him, glamor and all. I grinned, and pleasure flooded his handsome face.

"Mike!" he said. "By all that's holy! But what a break—my new boss my best friend! Gosh, I'm glad to see you!"

We shook hands heartily.

"Grab a chair, Thomas," I smiled, "and tell me what brings you to Bruletto. I thought you were set in that soft touch as the General's aide."

"Ah—slight contretemps with the charming daughter—remember? The old boy got stuffy. I managed to pull a few wires in Washington—and here I am." He looked out the window. "Rather a beastly little place, though, isn't it?"

"Well, it's hardly the Riviera," I told him.

"Any night clubs? How about women?"

"Thomas," I said. "Hold your hat, boy, while I brief you on night life in this part of Italy. The local belles, if they're decent, won't touch you with a ten-foot pole—and the others are so dirty that you won't touch *them*. This leaves a couple of dozen nurses, FANYs, and WACs, to which the line forms on the right—and it's a long line, brother, with plenty of rank. You're behind the black-and-white ball, Thomas, and you're not going to like it."

Thomas stared at me.

"You're kidding," he said. "It can't be that bad." Then he grinned—that special little-boy grin that melted your heart. "You're kidding," he said again. "Something can always be done, Mike, you know that. I always got along, Mike. Remember?"

I remembered. I remembered how he got along the first time I met him. Nine years rolled away and I saw him again in the Balt, apart from the noisy crowd. Sandbach had smashed Cornell's gamble, and Princeton had won. Portly old grads, orange feathers askew, singing the Cannon Song with bottled-in-bond enthusiasm; fragrant young goddesses from Vassar and Smith, with long legs and red lips, chrysanthemums gleaming on dark fur coats; students in bright tweeds and reversibles and dirty saddle shoes, each with the scrubbed look of healthy American youth.

He was staring at the bananas in the window, his classic profile turned like Byron's on the death watch over the body of his love. He seemed lonely, and I felt so sorry for him that I drifted over to his table. We were both freshmen, and that gave me sort of an introduction. "Come on and drown it with us."

He turned slowly, looked me in the eye, and deliberately winked.

"Thanks," he said, his lips hardly moving, "but I'll get along, boy. Watch that dame with Herrick."

When I looked at her, I saw what he meant—poor old Herrick might as well turn in his suit. She was staring at Thomas, fascinated—she was staring like a cat stares at its private, personal mouse. Only Thomas was no mouse. No indeed—mouse blood and wolf blood don't mix.

For some reason, Thomas liked me. Maybe I was a good straight man for him, I don't know. Thomas could be very charming and very warm when he wanted to be. He had the knack of making you feel sort of special because he'd singled you out. He had no close friends but me—if you could call us close. No, Thomas was strictly a lone wolf—emphasis on the wolf.

FORT BRAGG, North Carolina, 1943. I met a girl. By Powers standards she wasn't beautiful—but she was gay, she was chic, she was the real thing. I fell for her.

One night we were dancing on the terrace of the club when I felt a light tap on my shoulder and I heard a familiar voice.

"Really, Mike! Doing all right for yourself, aren't you?"

I stopped short.

"Thomas! In uniform! What the—"

He shrugged.

"Oh—got so tired of those 4-F looks from you service guys that I squirmed out of that defense job."

He was carefully ignoring my date—so carefully it was obvious.

It wasn't until he was dancing off with my girl that I woke up. I was the Herrick this time. He was giving her the profile and the sadness—and already she was buying it.

Thomas was doing all right. I didn't like it at all—but Thomas was getting along.

OUTSIDE of the office I didn't see much of Thomas. I was seeing Geri regularly.

On Thursdays we went to the movies on the roof of the Red Cross. This night Geri and I were chewing PX candy and holding hands and loving it. The reel ran out and the operator snapped on the lights. I glanced around, and my head suddenly stopped with a click. Two rows in back of us was Thomas—and the look he was giving Geri was strictly from Minsky's second-row center.

The next morning he didn't say a word. He was all business—the history of the Hill 906 operation, the fortress at Sbrizzi. Sure, Thomas was all right. After all, I was his boss and his best friend in Italy.

Just before noon the radio got busy. A signal came in from the north that the C.I.C. had uncovered a cellarful of collaborationist documents. There wasn't even time to telephone Geri—I caught the afternoon courier and flew to Casciano.

I came back to Bruletto on a Friday morning after two of the longest weeks I ever sweated out. I whipped out a brief report to the chief, thumbed through my basket in a hurry, and rushed over to the hospital without stopping to shave.

She was as cool and as fresh as lilies of the valley in a country garden. I kissed her—right in front of a medical major, who glared.

"O.K.," I said. "Start telling me how much you missed me, darling."

"Oh, I *did,* Mike, so much!" She patted my cheek. "It would have been worse if you hadn't been so thoughtful."

I guess I looked stupid.

"Your man Friday," she said. "You know—Thomas. It was swell of you to send him out. I like him, Mike—he's an awfully sweet boy. He telephoned the afternoon you left and we had dinner together that night. He explained everything about your being called away and how you couldn't keep our date."

"Mmmm," I said. "What else did he say?"

"Oh, he told me about Princeton and Fort Bragg and a lot of things. He certainly thinks the world of you, Mike. And he really kept his eye on me while you were away."

I found my hands balled up into fists.

"He did, did he?" I asked her.

"Oh, Mike, we had fun!" she said. She looked straight at me. "He's like a little boy, all mixed up in a world too big for him. He's so shy and so sensitive and he hates Italy so. I'm glad we both like him, Mike. You see—he needs friends like us."

THOMAS had left the office by the time I got back. I hung around, feeling plenty lousy. Suddenly the phone rang and it was Geri again.

"Mike," she said, "I forgot when I saw you—Thomas asked me for dinner tonight and I said yes. He won't mind if we make it a threesome. Would you ask him for me?"

"By all means," I said.

"Mike! You sound—funny. If you'd rather not, I can see you tomorrow night. I'd break it, but—well, he does seem so lonesome."

"Yes," I said. "Yes he is, I guess." I gritted my teeth. "Sure," I said, "I'll tell him, Geri."

I went over to his billet and walked in without knocking. Thomas was in front of the washbasin, immaculate in fresh khakis, tailored riding boots, and hand-turned silver spurs. He was a cocktail commando if I ever saw one.

"Listen," I said. "Geri tells me that it won't be too rude if I horn in your little party tonight. O.K. with you?"

He had the grace to look embarrassed.

"Gee, Mike," he said, "I meant to tell you, but I didn't get a chance. I hope you don't mind my protecting her from the wolves while you were gone."

I didn't say anything.

"She sure is a nice girl, Mike."

"Let's take off," I said. "And it's my party. Got a special place I want you to see."

"Whatever you want, Mike."

We drove the four miles to the hospital in a purple silence. Geri got in and we drove back to Bruletto. We were headed toward the harbor—past fish stalls heaped high with squid, octopus, and sea urchins; past a tawdry little barbershop; past the grease-stained portals of houses built in the time of the Caesars and not cleaned since. It was still broad daylight when I parked the jeep at the head of Via de Romita.

"We walk from here," I told them.

"*What* a neighborhood!" And Thomas wasn't kidding. "Mike, for heaven's sake—we're not going to *eat* here, are we? These restaurants are off limits for Americans!"

I ignored him and stopped short.

"Wait," I said. "Look at that little girl, Geri. I think there's something wrong with her."

I pointed out a forlorn little figure in the shadows at the fringe of a family. She was a kid of about nine, barefooted and spindly legged, with button-brown eyes and a ragged white dress. Cradled in her arms was a wooden doll. One side of her face was drawn in pain.

Geri took off like an eager beaver. She went straight to Papa, who was squatted in the center of the group.

"*Buona sera, signor,*" she said in

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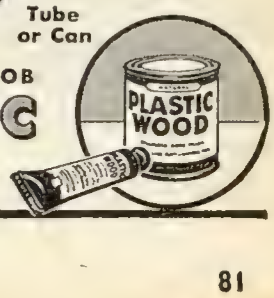

careful Italian. "The small one—is she ill?"

"It is the evil eye which follows my *bambina*," he moaned. "God be with us! Two strong sons under the sands of Africa—now the little one swells with the poison and will drop from the vine! And Beppo upstairs! Mother of saints!"

"I am an American nurse," Geri said gently. "Perhaps if I examined the little one closely, I might draw out the poison."

The bandy-legged man made a sweeping bow.

"I kiss your hand, American. America is good. Come, let us leave the eyes of the street."

"Geri!" Thomas looked uncomfortable. "You're not really going inside that dump, are you?"

"It'll only take a minute. This child has got to have attention, Thomas. Come on, you two." With the girl's hand in hers, she stepped over the sill and led the way up the narrow stairs. Thomas coughed harshly. He took out a handkerchief and covered his face.

"We're going to catch something here, sure as hell," he muttered.

WE groped our way to the fourth floor. In the large room were just two articles of furniture—a massive table and a huge battered cabinet. Packing cases and ration crates were used for chairs.

The youngsters followed us in and distributed themselves along the wall. Mama sneaked quietly to the darkest corner and stared at us with beady eyes. Papa pushed two crates away from the table, trembling with excitement.

"Americans, my home is honored. I beg you to seat yourselves. I am only ashamed that I cannot offer you wine."

"It is no difference, signor," Geri smiled. "I shall be only a moment examining the little one."

She turned to the child and took the ragged doll gently.

"What is your name, small one?"

"Maria, signorina."

"That's a pretty name! And the name of your doll?"

I nudged Thomas.

"Get a load of that kid over there," I whispered.

In the corner by Mama, there was an open packing box which served as a crib. Inside, covered with rags, was a little boy.

I pulled Thomas toward him. The boy cried softly.

"Thirsty, *mamma mia*," he whispered. "Beppo is thirsty."

We went closer. Thomas suddenly turned clam white.

"Mike! Mike!" he stuttered. "Cholera! Get back, Mike! Cholera!"

"You're kidding!" I scoffed.

"Look at him! Look! Emaciated, perspiring, thirsty!" He turned quickly. "Geri! We've got to get out of here!"

She looked up calmly.

"Thomas, behave yourself!"

"Geri!" he demanded. "You haven't seen that kid in the corner! We've got to go, quick!"

I didn't move. Geri squared her shoulders and stared Thomas in the eye.

"Thomas," she said, "you're forgetting yourself. You're a soldier and I'm a nurse." She bent over the child again.

Thomas looked at me helplessly.

"We've all had cholera shots," I said. "We're probably all right."

I went over to the corner, smiled apologetically at Mama, and lifted the little boy out of the box, rags and all.

"Look," I said. "I don't think he's got anything but malnutrition. See?"

I thrust him in Thomas' face.

Thomas reeled back.

"I think you're nuts," he blurted. "I don't care what you do—I'm going!" He leaped for the doorway.

Geri stood up from the kid.

"Primary abscess under that tooth," she said. "We'll have Doc Houlihan yank it in the morning. . . . Did Thomas go?"

"Yes," I said. "Thomas went."

"I'm a little shocked at him." She was grim. "Frankly, I thought your friend had more courage in him."

My friend?

Oh, well—women.

Geri was holding the baby in her arms.

"And what's this?"

"I give up," I said. "Thomas was yelling cholera, but I'm not so sure."

"Nonsense." She smoothed the baby's forehead. "A little fever and a vitamin deficiency. Darling, you have the key to the compartment—will you run down and get the first-aid kit from the jeep?"

I WENT down. Thomas was standing at the front wheel, kicking the tire moodily.

"You still here?" I asked him. "Thought you'd gone."

He looked at me bitterly.

"Made an ass out of myself, didn't I?" he said.

"Well," I told him cheerfully, "the best of us make mistakes.

"Well," he said, "I'm going. I guess I'm through, after that exhibition."

"Oh," I said, "I wouldn't worry about it, Thomas. You'll get along, boy—you'll get along wherever you go."

Something in my voice made him stare at me.

"I think you did it deliberately!" he said. "I think you cooked up this little expedition just to frame me!"

I grinned at him.

"Well, Thomas," I said, "I might have, at that—and then again, we could blame it on Fate, couldn't we? Come to our wedding, boy—you'll never know for sure whether I'm the heel or Fate's the heel."

Get that chatter. Fate? The day he walked into my life, it was dog eat dog—or dog eat wolf, I should say. After all—I've got to get along *too*, haven't I?

THE END

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OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

Continued from Page 35

feet on the ground before he acted, but Randell moved in, almost like he was pushed, and put his hand on Rivers' arm. We couldn't hear what he said, but we saw Rivers jerk his head around and saw his mouth working, and we got up and lagged over to where they were.

"They peck their own damn eyes out," Rivers was saying.

"That isn't a reason to knock 'em out."

They stood there looking at each other. Rivers had his stubbly chin out, like a terrier.

Swede put in his oar. "Maybe you got a better way, Randell?"

"Why—" he said. "Why—" and moved over and began untwisting the turkey necks with his hands. When he got them untwisted he kneed the birds apart and said, "Shoo now," waving with his hands. The gobblers trotted out from him, each in a little half circle that brought them bumping back together again about ten feet from him. He got them apart and said "Shoo" again—and it was the same old story. I guess he separated them six times before he finally got one headed one way and one another.

It was sure funny, seeing that big man sweating over those birds, flopping after them and getting between them and saying "Shoo" and having to do it over and over again. It was a fool business that just by accident had got to be important.

When Randell came back to us, Swede Jorgenson said in a voice as mild as milk, "You know, it ain't so easy, puttin' a stop to a turkey fight?"

Randell looked around, his eyes wide like an owl's. "It's no good makin' things suffer," he said.

AFTERWARDS, I went to the barn to turn the teams out. It was just getting dark, I remember, because at first, looking out from the stalls, I couldn't see who was leaning over the half door. He swung it open for me and the horses trotted through and one by one lay down outside and began to roll.

"Stock's in good shape," Randell said.

"Always was," I answered, "under Curly."

"Yeah?"

And then, because I was just a pup and smart-alecky and loyal to Curly, I said, "You'll be seein' him."

"You think he'll show up, eh?"

"Sure."

In the dusk I could see those winkless eyes fixed on me.

"What if I whip him, kid?"

"You won't."

"But if I do? What would it do to me here?"

For the first time I felt uneasy under his gaze.

"It would set the men against me more than ever."

"What if you lose to him—which you will?"

"I'd have to leave. Don't you see?"

"Heads I win, tails you lose."

"Yeah." He was silent for a long time, standing big and dark and thoughtful as the light died out of the west. When he spoke again it was as if I wasn't there. "I don't know. I don't know. A man has to fight, though, if it comes to that."

His "I don't know" was knocking around in my head when I went to the bunk room, where Swede gave me hell when he learned I had been talking to Randell. "Leave him alone, kid. Hear? We'll handle Old Mother Hubbard." It was the first time I had heard the new name.

JORGENSON and Bethune didn't waste any time setting their trap. I caught snatches of their plan that night, lying there in the dark on my bunk and hearing them mutter to each other.

"You think he'll fall for it, sure enough, Swede?"

"Sure. He can't stand to see a dumb brute beat. He said so himself. Anyhow, we can't hurt anything by trying. Oh, by damn, it'll be funny to see that clodhopper on Bullet."

I heard Slim chuckle and Swede say, "I knew a guy like him once, so all-fired gentle with animals, and he was a mean man with men." And then sleep washed over me and I didn't think about things any more until after breakfast next morning when the bunch of us started to get the horses and gear into the field. There was Slim and Swede inside the corral with Bullet, a half bronc that nobody had been able to stick except Slim, who had won second in the riding contest at the Great Falls Fair the year before.

What made us all stop to look was the way they were handling Bullet. They had snubbed him up short, and Swede was working him over with a club, and every once in a while Slim would kick him in the belly and jerk at the cinch, as if he was trying to knock the wind out of him so he could snug up the saddle, and both of them were cussing and making a racket.

Randell had gone to the truck, but he halted with one foot on the running board and watched. After a while, while I held my breath, the foot came off the running board and moved ahead of the other, and then the other moved ahead of it, toward the corral. We all started that way then.

Bullet was plunging from one side to the other and trying to rear, and with every plunge Swede socked him, yelling, "Stand still, you damn jughead!" And then Slim would kick him again. You could hardly see Bullet's eye for the white in it.

Randell said, "What's the idea?"

Jorgenson stopped with the club held over his head. "Ol' Cap's too stove up to use for wranglin' any more, so we're gentlin' this one."

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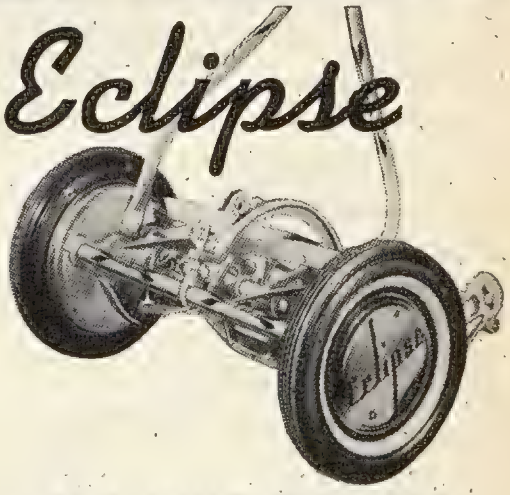

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"You have to beat him to death first?"

Swede let the club come down slow and leaned on it. "Mister," he said, "you never twisted this here bronc."

Slim seemed to have the cinch tight now. He turned around. "You got to knock the meanness out of him, or he'll buck hell out of you."

"I never heard of a bronc like that. You're puttin' meanness into him."

"Well!" said Slim. "Maybe you know better. Maybe you would like to top off this Bullet horse."

They had him then. He looked at us for a minute with that still face of his, and then he took a breath and said, "All right."

Along with the rest of the boys I climbed quick to the top rail of the corral. Slim and Swede mounted up with us to watch as Randell tested the cinch, untied Bullet and snugged the reins up in his left hand. He lifted his foot for the stirrup, looking more like a plow jockey than a rider. It was a narrow stirrup, and his shoe was wide, and Bullet kept dancing away from him just as he was about to get his toe in. He hopped as the horse danced, his left foot raised, his right hand twisting the stirrup for it.

From behind his hand Swede said, "This here is known as the clodhopper's waltz."

"Gobble. Gobble," said Slim.

I thought we would fall off the rail laughing, but just then Randell got his toe in the stirrup and heaved himself up. At the same time, Bullet got his head down. There was a bow in his back like an angle iron. He was off the ground before Randell ever found his seat, up high and twisting, coming down with a jar that shook your bones just watching. Then he pitched again and the big flopping figure of Randell went over his right shoulder and thumped on the ground. We could hear the breath go out of him.

HE lay there a minute while we perched on the rail, and then he picked himself up and went after the horse again. His face wasn't twisted, or frowning, or smiling, or even set. He didn't say anything. But somehow you could see purpose sticking out from him like a flag. He caught the horse and spoke once to him and turned the stirrup.

Broncs are funny. Sometimes they'll buck and sometimes they won't, and sometimes they'll just give a couple of crow hops and then gentle down like a dog. Maybe Bullet was being that way, just notionable, but I had the feeling that in the face of that purpose he knew he was licked. Anyhow, he stood quiet as any old cow horse and let the man mount. Randell rode him around the corral and later through the east field and came back and unsaddled him and turned him out. Slim Bethune said, "I'll be damned!" and that went for all twenty of us.

It must have been a long day for Randell. We had one trouble after another. A team ran away, breaking the pole on a sulky rake. It just happened, of course, that the driver was safe on the ground, getting himself a drink, when the horses decided to break. Every engine in the field coughed and spit and died at one time or another. With most of them, it was gas-line trouble. Somehow or other, hay had got into the tanks. The stacker broke, under a big load of wet hay that one of the bull-rakers had pushed in from a slough. And it was pitiful how little we knew about motors or repairs. We stood around while Randell fixed things up.

HE spent the day keeping things in order, going from one piece of machinery to another, not getting impatient or mad, not showing he suspected us, but just doing job after job and doing all of them well. We kept thinking he would flare out at us, giving us something more to hang our dislike on. We kept hoping he would chuck it, finding things too tough. We yelled "Gobble, gobble!" when we were off from him, knowing our voices would carry.

Maybe we would have liked him better if we could have got under his skin. Maybe we would have liked him better if he hadn't been capable. And it's certain we would have liked him better if we hadn't been thinking about Curly. Curly would have been shouting or cussing, or singing, putting new life into you, asking you how you'd like a beer along about four o'clock when the sun got below your hatbrim and peeled your lips. Curly was a character, all right.

I got to the barn first that night, being a teamster, and was unhooking my horses when here came Curly out of the house, walking briskly. "Hi, ol' hoss," he said.

Closer up, I could see that his eyes were red and sunk in his head. Maybe you've studied the face of a man who's been punishing the whisky hard for five or six days, and seen something strange there and walled off from you, so that you didn't know how to figure him and felt kind of uneasy. That was the way it was with Curly.

The other men were coming in now in the pick-up, on sulky rakes, and loaded in the flat-bed stacker truck, and Curly was hollering "Hi!" to them. I heard Swede Jorgenson give a regular war whoop and saw him and Slim jump off the truck and shake Curly's hand, like he'd been away for a long time. They stood there talking.

Randell climbed out of the cab of the truck, moving slow and thoughtful as if his mind was far off. Swede made a little gesture toward him, and Curly stuck his head out and started for him. Randell didn't pay him any heed, maybe he didn't even see him, until Curly was right in front of him, saying something I didn't hear. He looked up then, just in time to get Curly's fist in the mouth. He faltered back, shaken but still not looking as if he understood, and Curly swung again.

This time Randell went down. "Steal my job, will you?" Curly asked, cussing.

Randell got up, and Curly hit him again, and Randell fell again. There was blood running from the corner of his mouth.

He turned over slow and got on his knees and lifted himself up again and stood there, and you would have thought he didn't intend to fight back, but as Curly charged in he struck one heavy, clumsy blow, and Curly went over as if he had been hit by a log. He went over on his back, not quite flat, supporting himself by his elbows while his eyes swam in his head. Randell stood a little piece from him, his hands down, as if he didn't know what to do next.

At first I didn't see. I just heard a gasp, as if everyone had sucked in air at once, and then I saw it, the revolver shining blue-black in Curly's hand, its nose pointed at Randell. It leaped in Curly's hand, and a puff of smoke went out of it, and the bark of it rang in my ears. The bullet knocked a wisp of dust from Randell's shirt, under the shoulder. It shook him, as maybe you've seen a tree shaken by a heavy blow. I thought he would go down.

Curly was sitting up. His mouth was tight and drawn over to the side. The revolver in his hand moved and his eyes narrowed over the sights, and I knew, without being able to stir, that he was going to shoot again.

All of us were paralyzed, I guess, standing there with our mouths open and our eyes wide while a man was being murdered. But Randell was not finished yet. For a big slow man he moved like a streak. He dropped below the line of the barrel and threw himself ahead. His fist swung as he smothered Curly, and Curly went out, lying there motionless, the revolver resting a foot from his loose hand after Randell got up. Jorgenson stepped over and took possession of the pistol.

Swede turned to me. "Take the pick-up, kid. Quick! Get a doctor." His eyes went down to Curly, and it was as if he had something bitter in his mouth. "You'll have to bring the sheriff, too."

"No! You hear? No!" It was Randell speaking, speaking louder than ever I had heard him.

"Go on, kid."

"No. I won't appear against him. I won't testify." He got hold of his voice and spoke slow, as if to make sure we understood. "He's young and drunk." I didn't really know, until I put things together afterwards, why my mind flashed back to Rivers and the gobblers and Randell saying, "It's no good makin' things suffer," but afterwards I did know it all went part and parcel with the man.

Randell turned and started for the house, while we stood rooted to the ground. He had taken a dozen steps, maybe, when his legs began to give down. He straightened himself once and forged on, but they went weak again and he stumbled and fell forward in a big sprawling heap.

We ran to him, Swede, Slim, John, and I. We picked Randell up and carried him into the house and laid him on his bunk. "Hot water! Lots of it!" Swede yelled, and we could hear Rivers banging buckets around and working the pump handle and shaking down the range.

We straightened Randell out and got his bloody shirt loose while he looked at us out of a pale sick face, not saying anything. The hole looked pretty high, but a good deal of blood had run out of it front and back.

"Rags! Clean ones!" Swede said to John Goodin.

The boys had all crowded into the bunk room and stood there silent. By and by one of them took off his hat, and one by one they all did, as if at a funeral or something. It struck me sudden and strange that deep in my gizzard I was hoping for Randell not to die.

Then the screen door banged, and it was Curly, coming in wild-eyed and red in the face. Our eyes went to him, and our silence broke against him; he pulled himself up, and his mouth began to run with words. "I thought he had a gun. He made as if to pull a pistol."

Nobody said a word. Jorgenson looked at Curly long and slow. There was hurt in that big Swede's face and something else, something old and sad and wise.

He didn't speak to Curly, but he turned and put his hand on Randell and said, "Take it easy, old-timer. You're gonna be O.K." I felt a shout leaping into my throat, for all at once I just knew in my bones he had to be O.K., but I didn't let the shout out, because just then Jorgenson's eyes came around and saw me and his voice rose big and stormy in the room. "Damn you, kid! I told you once. Get goin' for the doc!"

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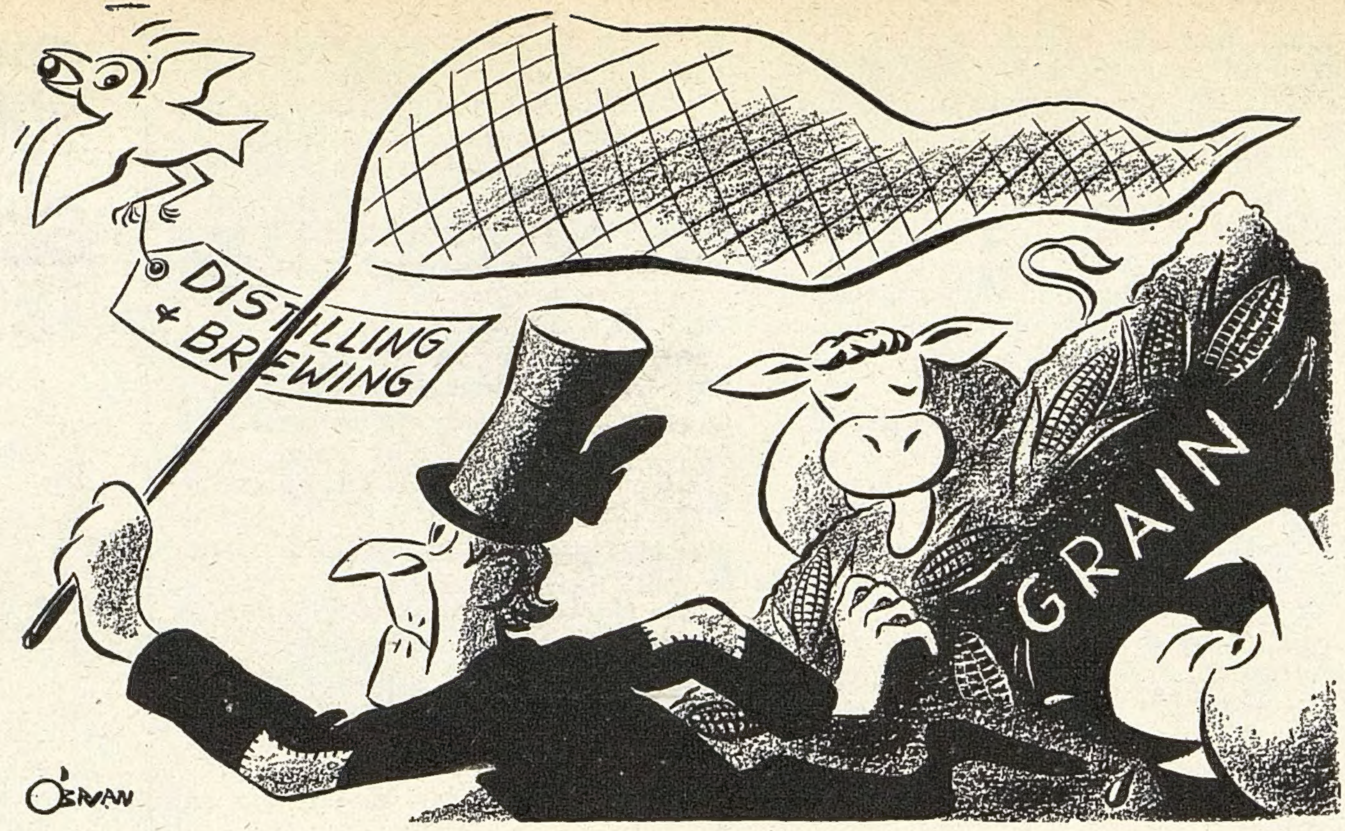

IS IT GRAIN CONSERVATION—OR DISGUISED PROHIBITION?

AMERICANS are willing to take any sensible steps to cut down our use of grain in order to save the lives of folk in less fortunate lands. However, it is foolish and futile to take steps based upon inadequate facts or a wrong interpretation of such facts as we do have. It is also tragic, because while thus salving our conscience we are likely to neglect other measures which would result in real conservation.

It is, of course, simple and makes good headlines to put the distilling and brewing industries on the spot. In the popular mind these industries are thought to be big consumers of grain.

Ergo, shut them down and we solve the food problem.

Actually, the distilling and brewing industries use comparatively a small amount of grain.

Normally 60 per cent of the total grain crop of this country is used for livestock feeding. Somewhat less than 2 per cent is used for distilling and brewing. Only a tiny portion of this is wheat, the chief grain for human food. But even this 2 per cent does not represent a drain on the supply, because after use the residue is returned as animal feed, immensely enriched by the processes through which it has gone. When it is returned, it represents a greater food value for animals than it did in its original state.

For example, the figures show that it takes 275 bushels of corn to produce one ton of meat on the hoof. However, only 268 bushels of corn are required per ton if 10 per cent of it is first passed through the distilling processes and the residue converted into feed. Thus brewing and distilling, far from using up scarce grain, make more of it available for relief than would be the case if we had no brewing and distilling industries.

Our whole farm economy and our food supply are built around livestock production. Obviously we can't eliminate our livestock population altogether. Of necessity we must continue to feed a high percentage of our grain crops to animals. This being the case, we gain rather than lose by first putting some portion of this grain through distillation and brewing.

Furthermore, these industries employ more than a million people and pay nearly three billion dollars in excise taxes. It is the height of foolishness to destroy these sources of revenue and employment and at the same time make ourselves worse off for food grains than we were before.

These are the facts and the way they add up. When added up any other way, we had better be sure that it isn't being done by a prohibitionist pencil. If a subtle return to modified prohibition is the objective, rather than the conservation of grain, it's time the American people became aware of it. Actually, brewing and distilling would continue—illegally. But the return of the bootleggers would cost us grain.

They would use more than legitimate distillers and brewers, and the residue would be thrown away and wasted rather than returned as cattle feed. With the present dearth of food grains, we can't afford a return of the bootlegger.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

Flashes from the Kentucky Derby

1875 **Telegraphic flash** from Churchill Downs: "Aristides winner first Kentucky Derby. 1½ miles in 2:37¾, best for 3-year olds in U.S. $2,850 purse. Ten thousand people at fast track." This Blue Grass classic was launched in Corby's 17th year of Canadian fame.

1903 **News flash** from Louisville: "Judge Hines takes 29th Derby, 1¼ mile in 2:09 for $4,850 purse. Twenty thousand in stands and enclosure." New management had just taken over at Churchill Downs as Corby's reached its 45th year as a renowned Canadian name.

1941 **Radio flash,** Louisville, The Downs, May 3: "Seventy thousand see Whirlaway set new Derby record of 2:01⅖ for winner's net purse of $61,275." Whirlaway's record, made in Corby's 83rd year as a great Canadian name, still stands as trainers prepare for this year's Derby.

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JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA - ILLINOIS

1946 **Advance bulletin:** "Seventy-second Kentucky Derby, to be run May 4th, now looks like greatest of all. Large field of 3-year olds for record purse, before biggest crowds in Churchill Downs history." And the name Corby's, coming to the U.S.A. from Canada five years ago, is hitting its stride, too. More people are enjoying the light, sociable blended whiskey with the grand old Canadian name. Have *you* enjoyed Corby's lately?

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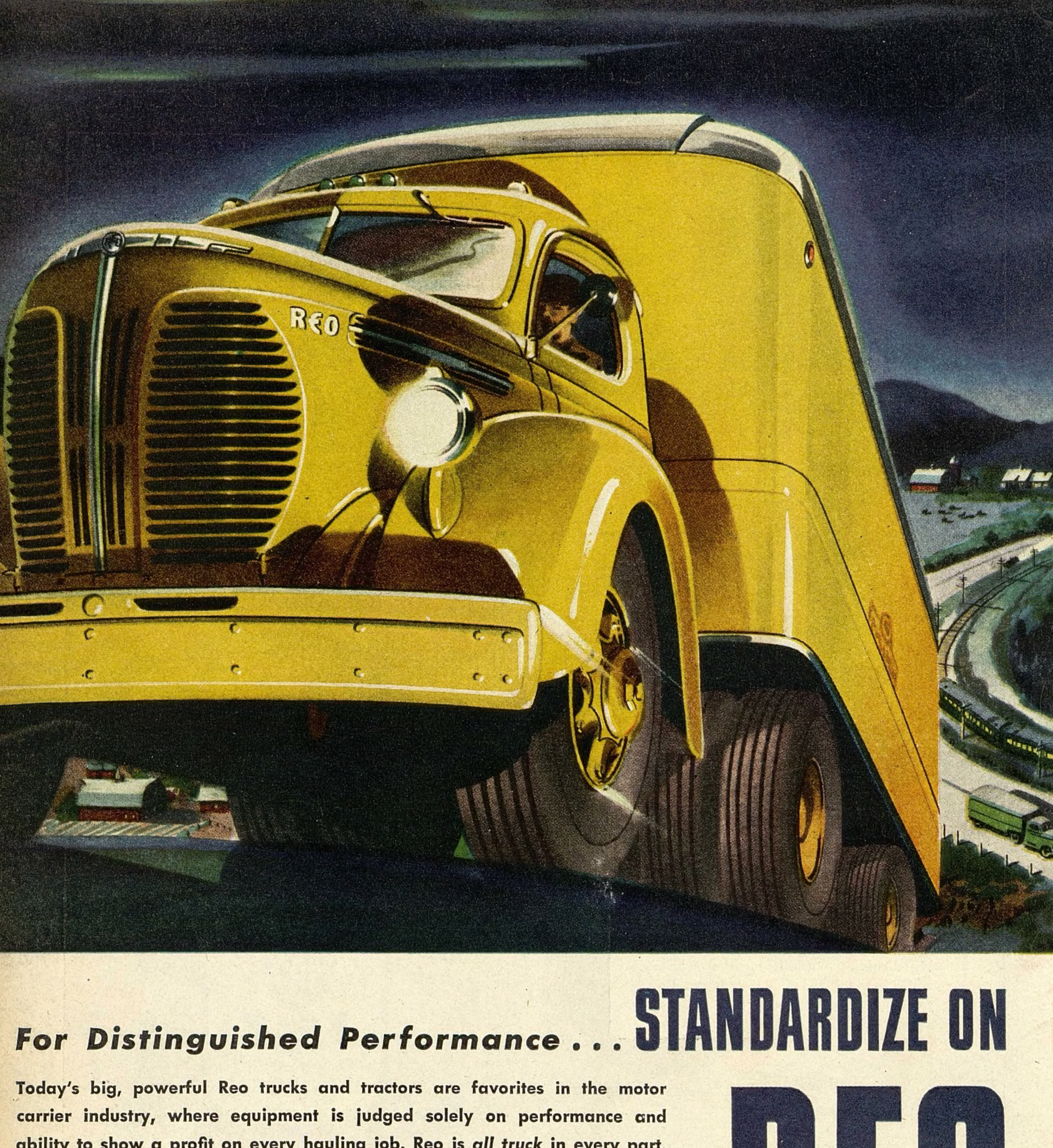
PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.



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